★ Sept. 15, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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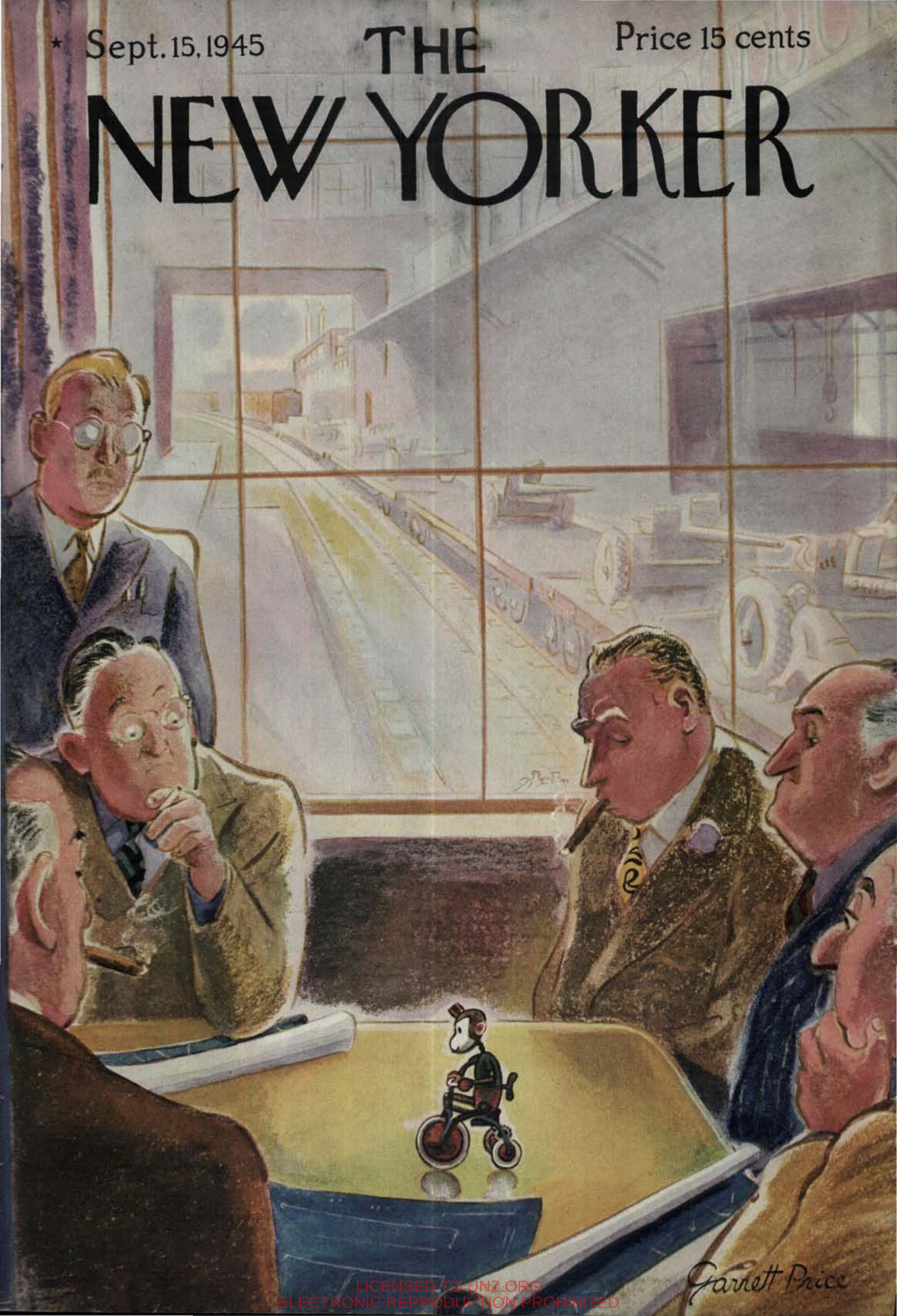
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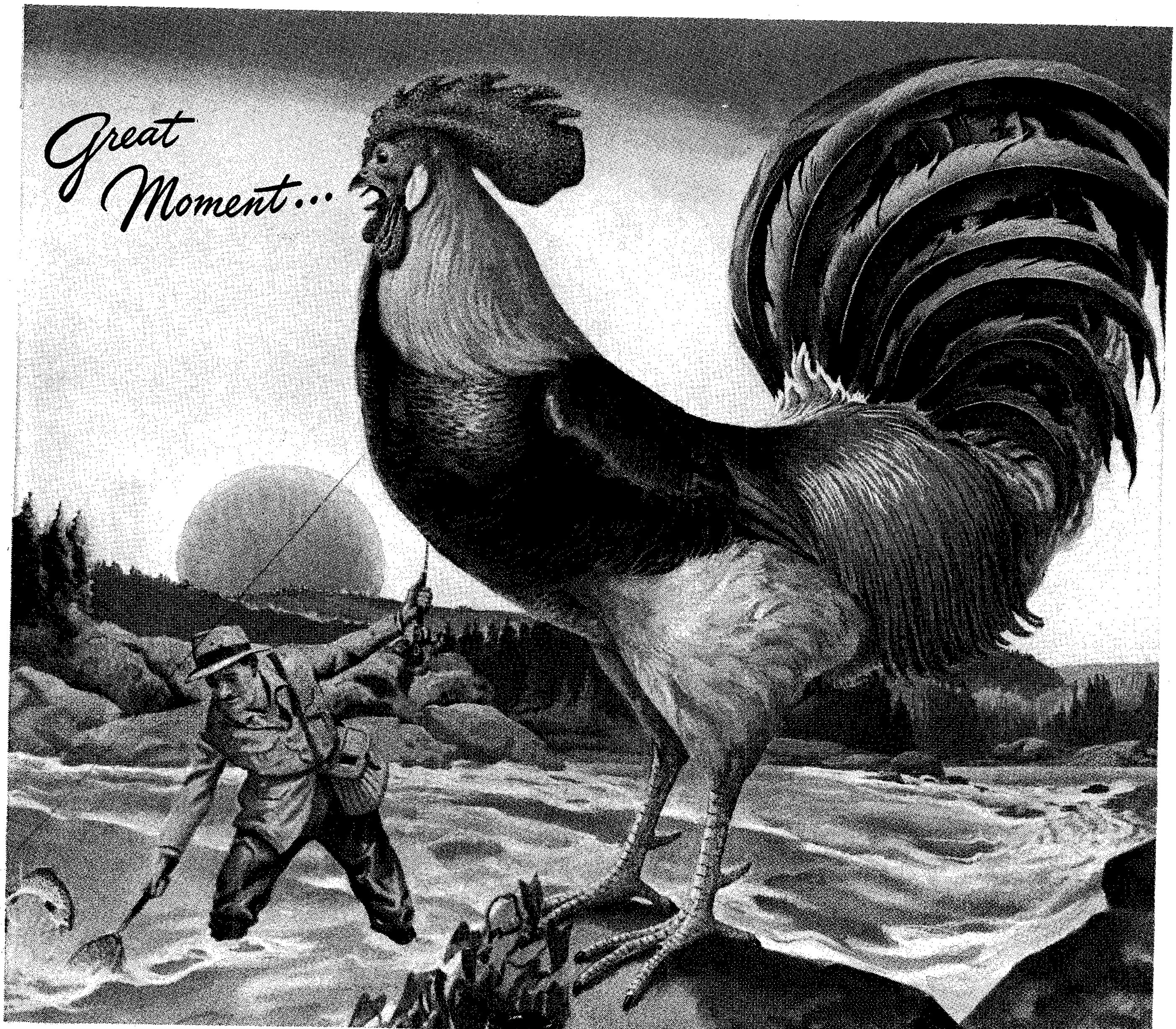
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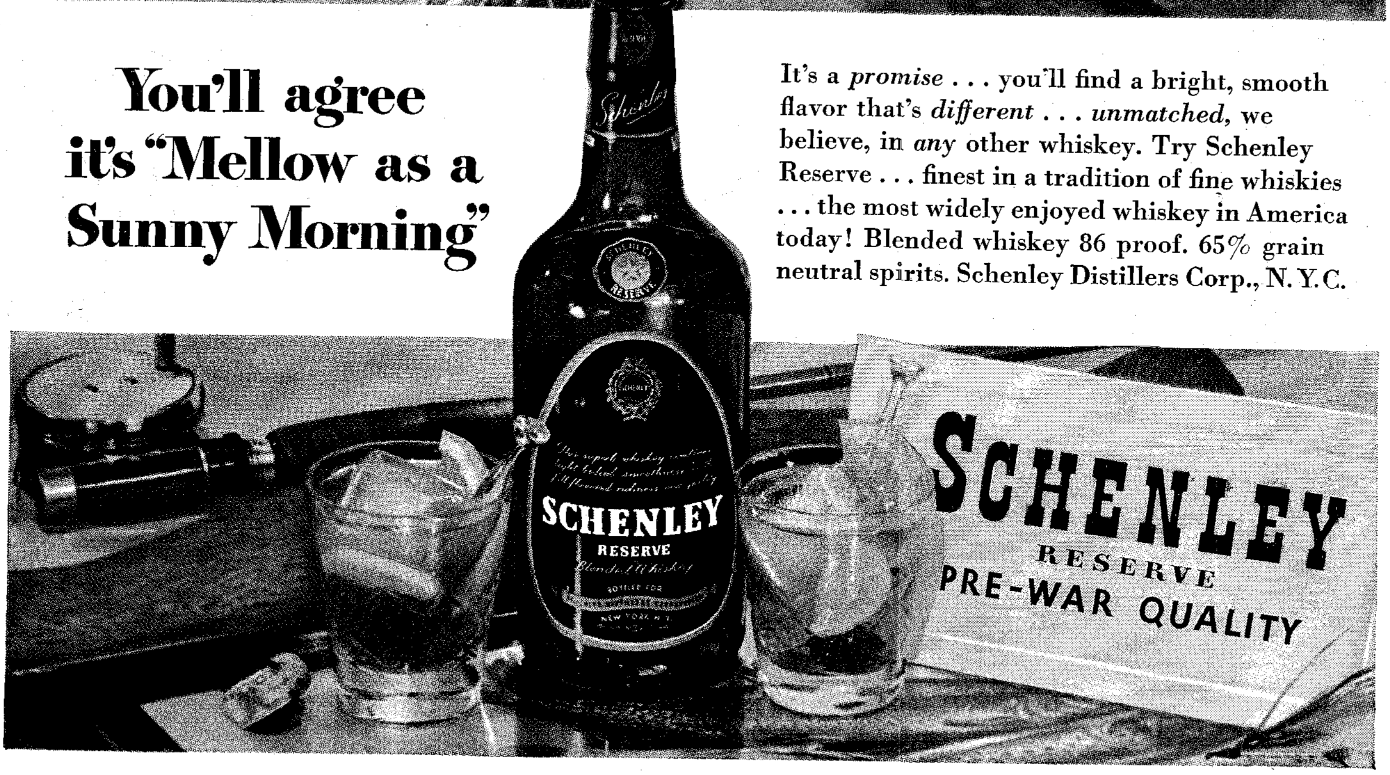
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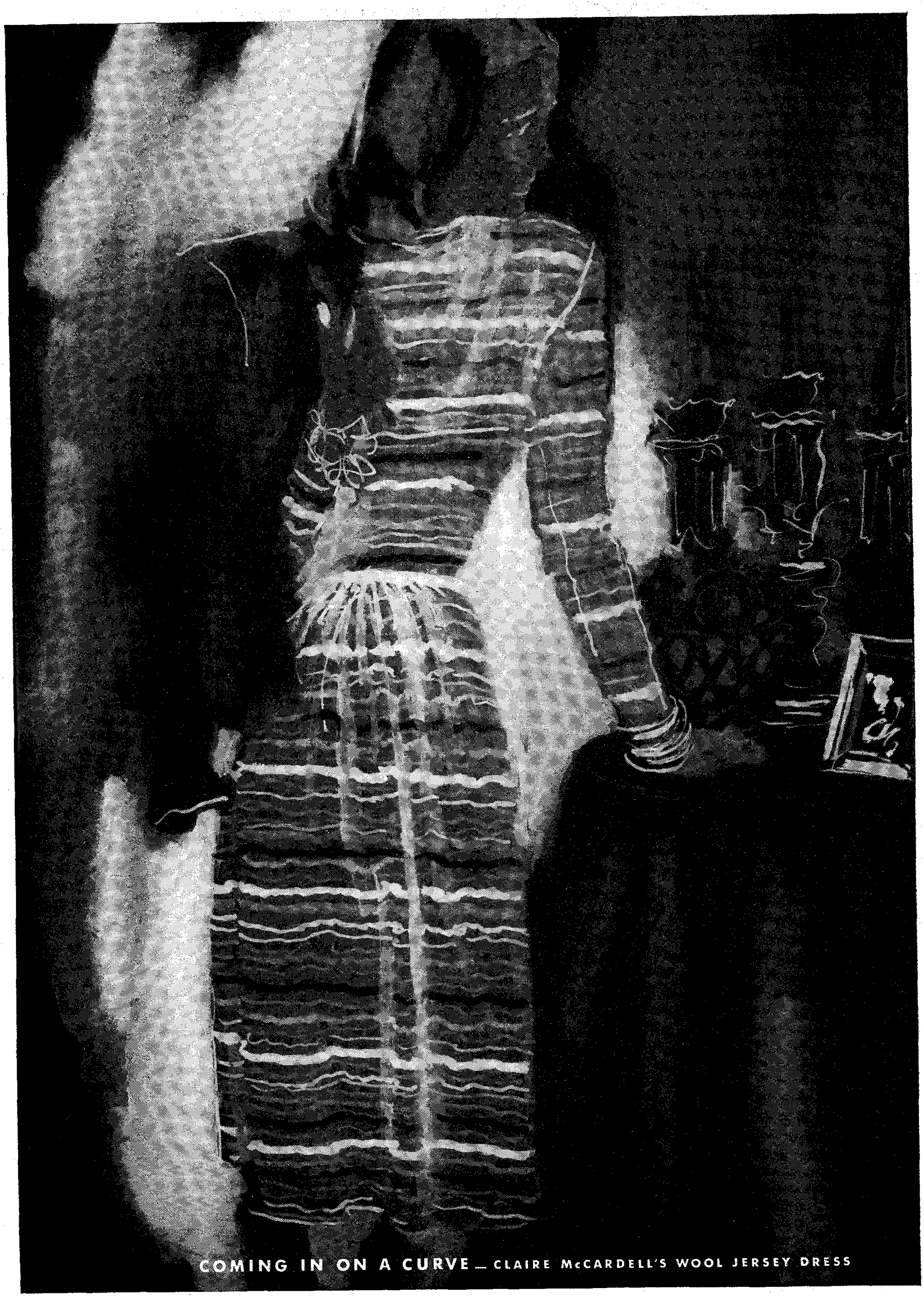

COMING IN ON A CURVE — CLAIRE McCARDELL'S WOOL JERSEY DRESS

WITH THE NEW ROUNDED SPORTS SILHOUETTE. 35.00 OURS ALONE. LORD & TAYLOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play, now in its second year, that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Boy Who Lived Twice—A psychological play by Leslie Floyd Egbert and Gertrude Ogden Tubby, with Claire Windsor. Directed by Paul Foley and produced by Hall Shelton. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Devils Galore—A comedy by Eugene Vale, with Ernest Cossart and Rex O'Malley. Directed by Robert Perry and produced by William Cahn. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably fetching. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—An operetta based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts (through Fri., Sept. 21), Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Make Yourself at Home—A comedy by Vera Mathews, produced by Albert N. Chapereau and Johnnie Walker, and directed by Mr. Walker. The cast includes Bernadene Hayes and Philip Huston. Opens Thurs., Sept. 13. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—"Ballet Imperial," "Danses Concertantes," and "The Red Poppy," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 13. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Concerto Barocco," "Grand Adagio," and "Scheherazade," Fri. Eve., Sept. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Grand Adagio," and "Rodeo," Sat. Aft., Sept. 15. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Concerto Barocco," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., Sept. 15. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Coppelia," Sun. Aft., Sept. 16. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Grand Adagio," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. Eve., Sept. 16. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Comedia Balletica," "Grand Adagio," and "Rodeo," Mon. Eve., Sept. 17. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Concerto Barocco," "Comedia Balletica," and "Le Beau Danube," Tues. Eve., Sept. 18. . . . "Chopin Concerto," "Mozartiana," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Scheherazade," Wed. Eve., Sept. 19. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Scheherazade," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 20. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Comedia Balletica," "Grand Adagio," and "The Red Poppy," Fri. Eve., Sept. 21. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Comedia Balletica," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., Sept. 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Danses Concertantes," "Comedia Balletica," and "Rodeo," Sat. Eve., Sept. 22. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this calm and cool underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Russell Swann, one of our more expert magicians, and Bob Grant's merry orchestra. Closes Thurs., Sept. 20.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Kenneth Spencer (a songbird), and Edmond Hall's orchestra, and other pleasant trappings.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, the songs of Susan Reed, and the ingenious music of Benny Morton's band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A reasonably close approach to elegance, helped out by the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the Cotillion Room, Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, will be replaced on Tues., Sept. 18, by Gali-Gali, that entertaining magician. Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band will stay on. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, way-upstairs, long-ago-and-far-away setting

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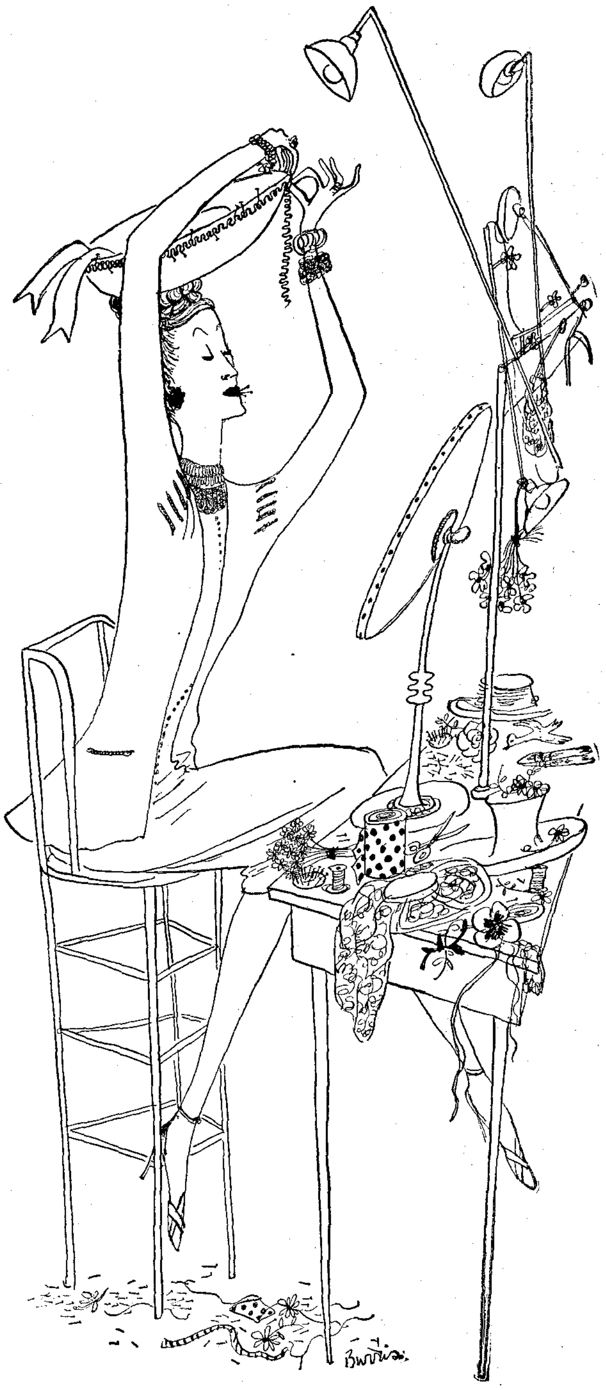
SPECIALISTS of the HOUSE

#1 Tatiana du Plessix



LIKE THE HATS she makes at Saks Fifth Avenue, Tatiana du Plessix is full of surprises, all neatly related by a mad, indestructible logic. She makes hats that look like gardens, and other hats you could eat with a spoon. Behind her own house in the East Seventies she has made a garden that looks like a hat—flowery, feathery, and full of color. This garden she created literally with a spoon.

"What become of my kitchen ladle?" her cook called out of a window one early morning to Madame in the garden below. Tatiana waved the ladle cheerfully and went on digging a marigold-bed with it before she left for work. She is probably the only woman who ever cultivated soil with an egg-beater, while wearing black satin and pearls. An idea is all she needs to make a garden or a hat—tools are not important.

Tatiana is tall, tanned, and debonair with gold hair done in a topknot usually cascading because she pulls on so many hats experimentally over it. She twists it up again without looking in a mirror and goes on talking in English and French, fast, with a Russian accent. Born in St. Petersburg, of Russian, Greek and Turkish parentage, she grew up in Paris with her uncle, a painter who taught her to work with colors. Her first husband, a Frenchman, was killed early in the war and she, herself, was a prisoner of the Germans.

With her present husband, she likes to give casual parties in the house with the egg-beater garden, and she is a light-hearted hostess. When forty people come to supper and the meat coupons give out, Tatiana shrugs and tucks in her topknot. "So, we will geeve da feesh" she announces, and strolls into her garden to cut flowers for the table—with a pair of manicure scissors.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE New York · Chicago · Beverly Hills · Detroit

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Eric Correa's orchestra and Decita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, Jane Pickens sings in rather regal fashion at the supper hour. Standard dance music by George Olsen's orchestra and gay dance music by Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison trio, and Stuart Ross at the piano; i.e., a perfect excuse for sitting up nights. . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio are at work. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): elegance and lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in the doldrums, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis managing, under forced draft, to be even funnier than the customers. Dance music in between times by Noro Morales' and Joel Herron's orchestras. The Phil Moore Four upstairs in the Copa Lounge. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Broadway night life, made tolerable by Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of young fry seething to Sammy Kaye's music. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Stan Kenton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra (to be replaced by Shep Fields' on Thurs., Sept. 20).

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

•

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio and Don Frye as solo pianist, as well as other entertainment; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7594): Art Tatum doing his special piano music; Tiny Grimes and his guitar; the Loumel Morgan trio and another band for dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

Al Fresco—At the **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

A couple of sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Alexander Calder—The artist's first gouache show: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 6.

Groups—At the **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 14. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 14. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 29. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., Sept. 15. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 22. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 15.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art from the Stone Age to the third century B.C.; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 13.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 15.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's permanent collection. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sat., Sept. 15 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Sun., Sept. 16 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17-18, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20-21, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Wed., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs., Sept. 20, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Danny Bartfield vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 14; Jake LaMotta vs. Georgie Kochan, middleweights, 10 rounds, Mon., Sept. 17; Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Sept. 21. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Dog Shows—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Sat., Sept. 15. (A benefit for the Darien Citizens Committee of the U.S.O.) . . . Interstate Kennel Association, Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Conn., Sun., Sept. 16. (A benefit for Dogs for A.A.F. Convalescents.)

Golf—L.I.G.A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Wheatley Hills G.C., East Williston, L.I., Thurs., Sept. 13. . . . L.I.G.A. Seniors' Championship, Pomonok C.C., Flushing, L.I., Tues., Sept. 18. . . . New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Best-Ball Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J., starting Sat., Sept. 22.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** daily at 1 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 15. (Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 13; Beldame Handicap, Sept. 15.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . **BELMONT:** weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 17. (Fall Highweight Handicap, Sept. 17; Jerome Handicap, Sept. 18; Manhattan Handicap, Sept. 19; Matron Stakes, and Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 22.) Train times to be announced.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun., Sept. 16, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the rather timely title of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. (Extra performance Sat. only at 11 A.M.)

Mineola Fair—The annual exhibition of practically everything you can raise on a farm, as well as a rodeo, square-dancing contests, fireworks, and a pair of Chinese walking fish: Fair Grounds, Mineola, L.I., through Sat., Sept. 15, from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and English eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art owned by Samuel P. Avery, Jr., and others: Fri. and Sat., Sept. 21-22, at 2 P.M.

Note—Beginning Sat., Sept. 15, the Post Office will accept, without a letter of request, Christmas packages for the Armies of Occupation. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men and women in all services must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

Music—A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Sun., Sept. 16, and Thurs., Sept. 20, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Sept. 15, at 4:30 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 22, at 5:30 P.M., WJZ.

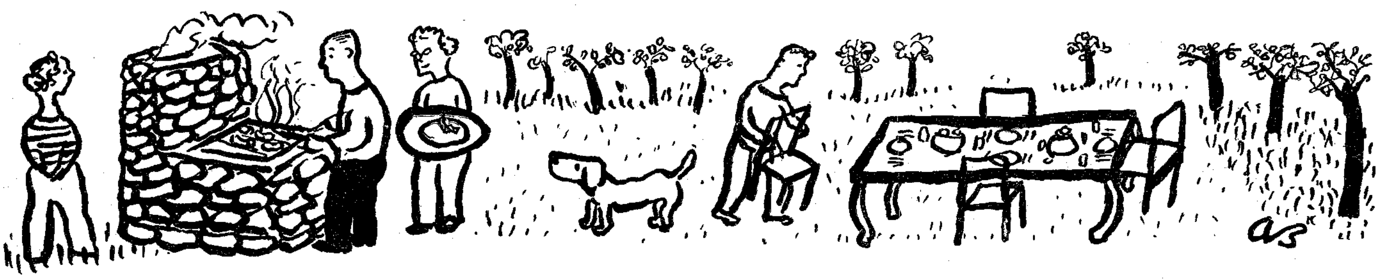
Sports—Boxing: Danny Bartfield vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Sept. 14; Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, Fri., Sept. 21; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: U. of Michigan vs. Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Sat., Sept. 15, at 1:45 P.M., WABC, WJZ, WEAF; U. of Pittsburgh vs. U. of Illinois, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:45 P.M., WEAF; Purdue vs. Marquette, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

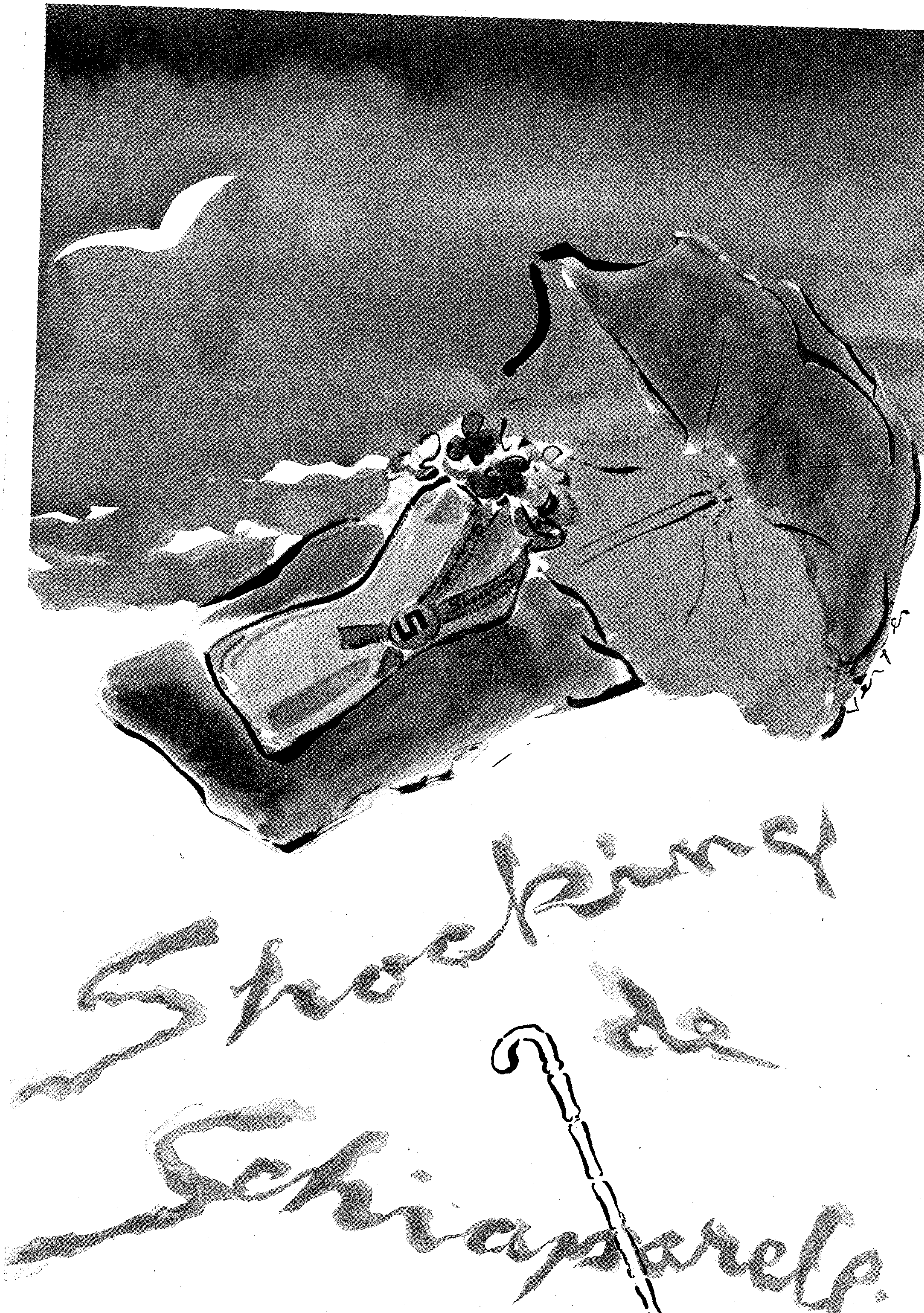
News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 19-21. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Sat., Sept. 19-22.)

Our Vines Have Tender Grapes—Life on a highly photogenic farm and some excellent acting by Ed-

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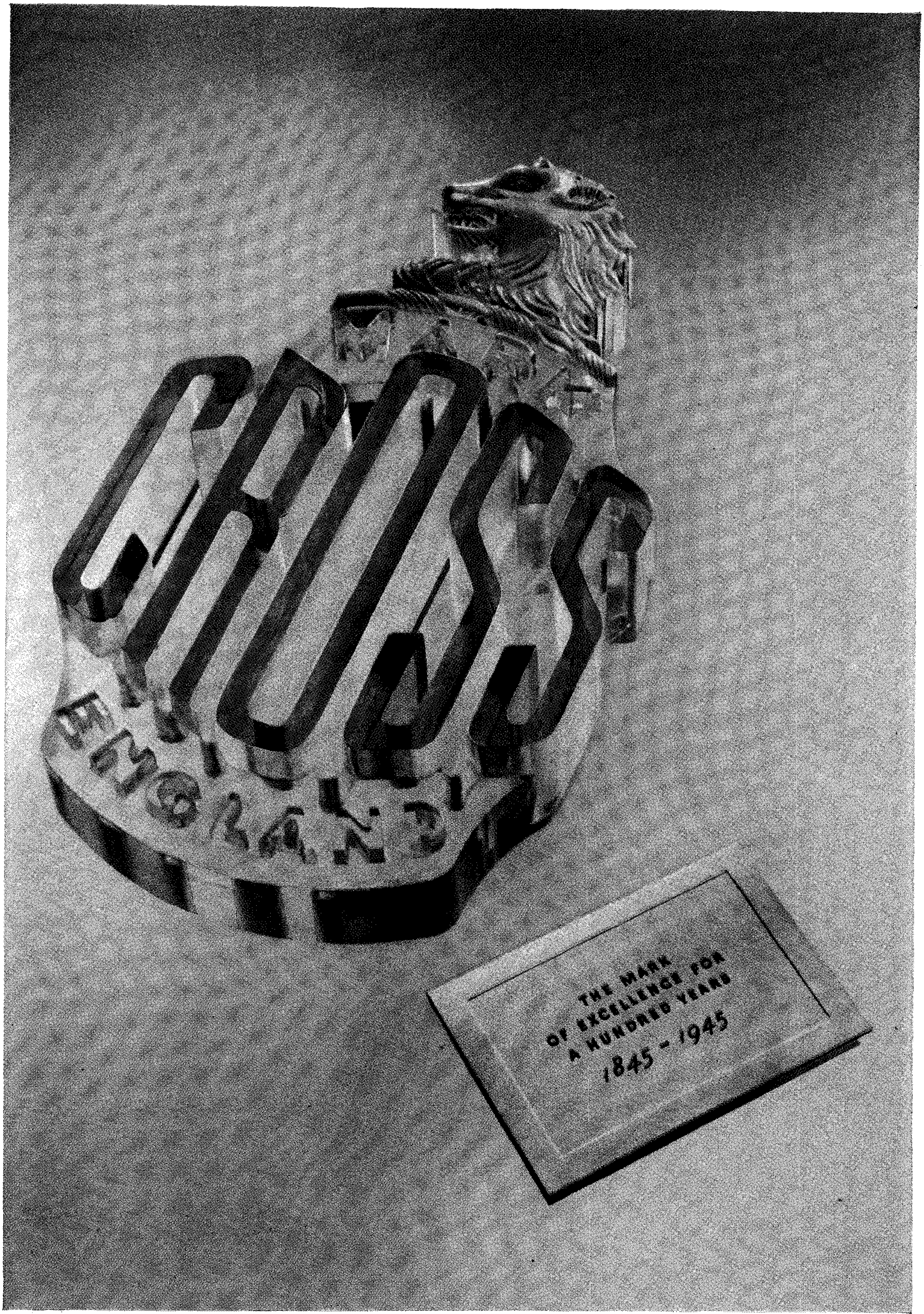
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OF EXCELLENCE FOR
A HUNDRED YEARS
1845 - 1945

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ward G. Robinson and Agnes Moorehead, who are assisted by such wunderkinder as Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also rather confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Sept. 19.)

The True Glory—The invasion of Europe described in eighty-eight minutes by fourteen hundred cameramen and practically everybody in the Army, including General Eisenhower. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

The Way Ahead—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Sept. 13. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., E. of 6; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19-20.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (*1941*)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 13.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Sept. 19.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6; starting Wed., Sept. 19.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 13.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 16-17.)

In Our Time (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17-18.)

The Iron Duke (1935)—George Arliss at Waterloo. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19-20.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and others, torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 18-20.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. With Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 14.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Sept. 19.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Sept. 13.)

Pinocchio (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51; through Sat., Sept. 22.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 15.)

Stage Door (1937)—The Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 13.)

Standing Room Only (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington during the war. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 18-20.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 18-20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., SEPT. 13: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 14-16: nine short films showing the development of animated cartoons from 1879 to 1933. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., SEPT. 17-20: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. . . . FROM FRI., SEPT. 21: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow.

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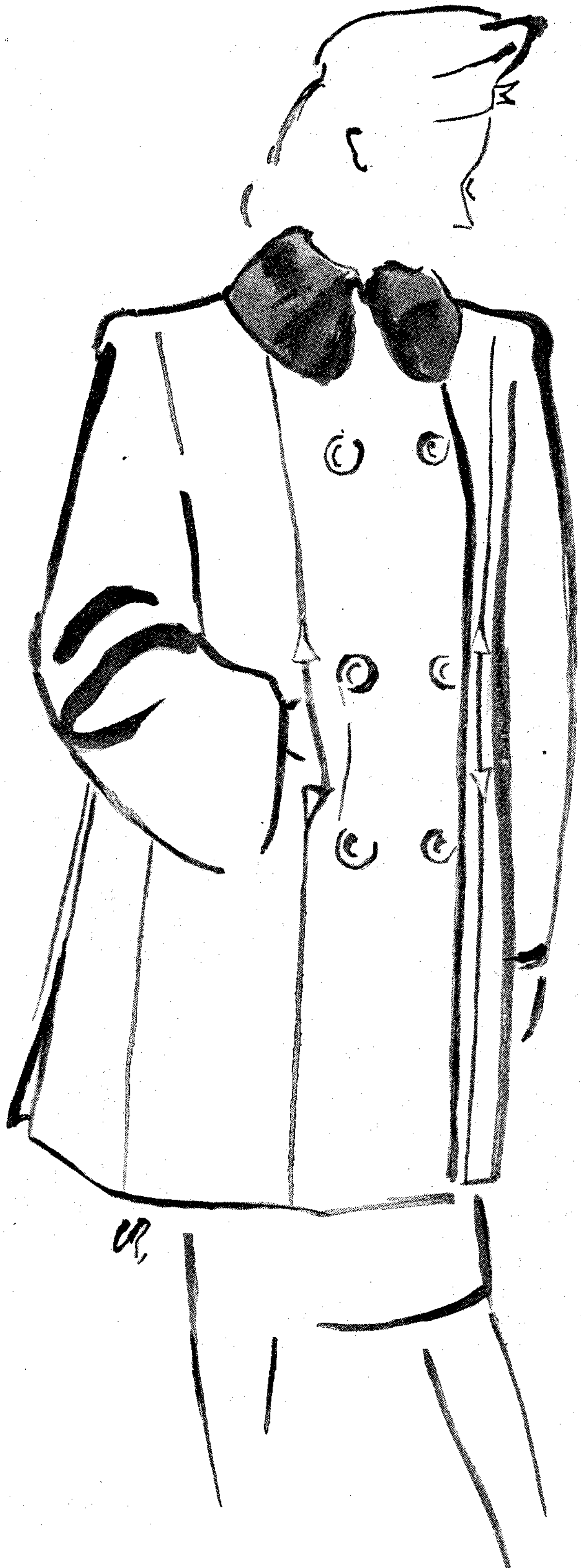

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black . . . sizes 10 to 16.

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Henri Bendel
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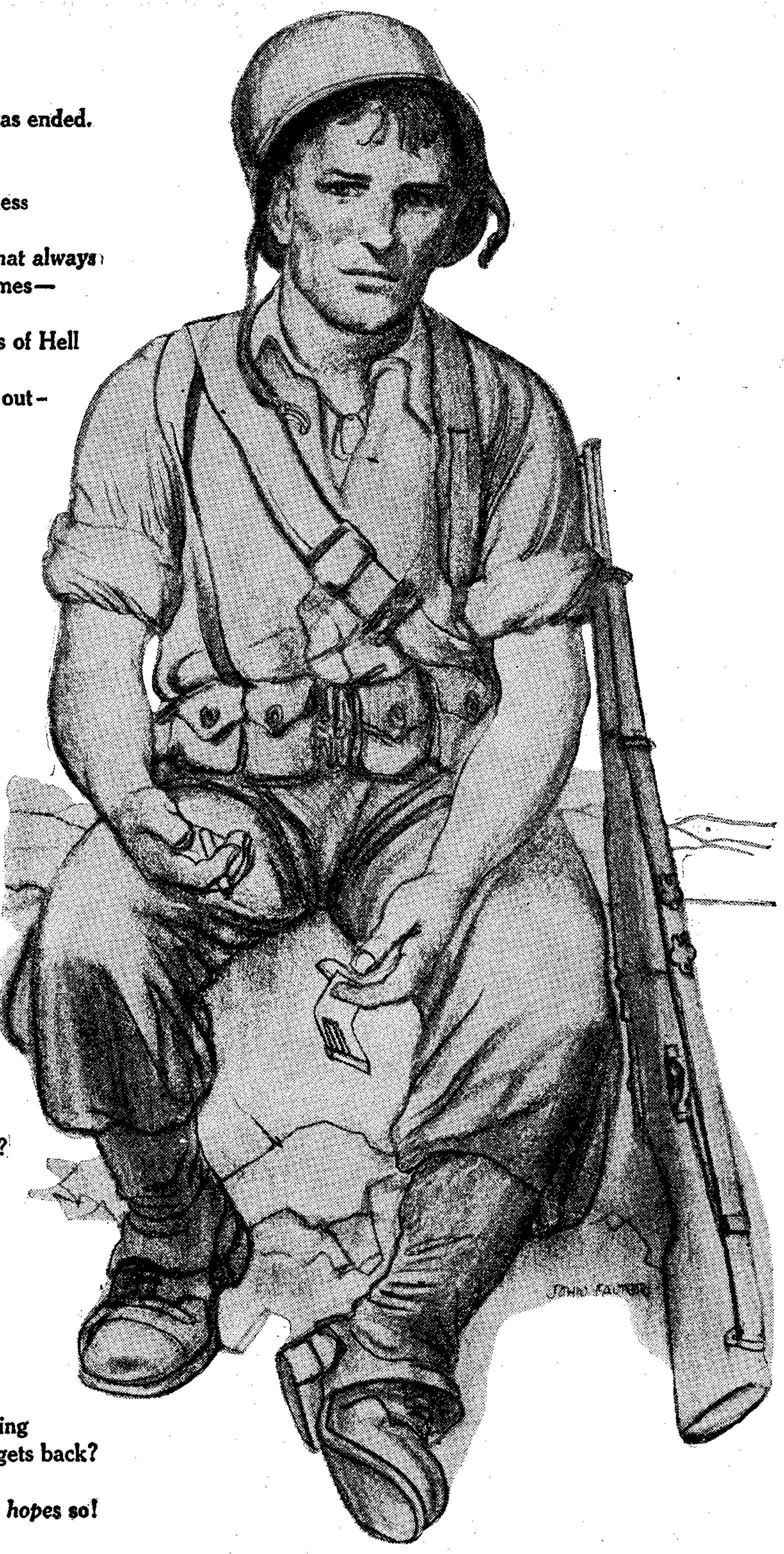
NEW YORK 19 NY

Have you any use for a hero?

He's won. He's safe. And now he's coming home.
Yesterday came the order: "Cease firing". The war was ended.
He couldn't believe, for a while, that this was really IT.
Then he felt a wild elation that somehow stumbled over
the lump in his throat, summoned by a sudden homesickness
. . . for Main Street, filled with Saturday shoppers.
For Mom and Pop, and the bathroom shower at home that always
dripped a bit. Funny, what little things get you sometimes—
a tough soldier like him!
Sure, he was tough. He'd looked inside the doors of Hell
plenty times—and kept coming.
He'd taken everything those Krauts and Nips could dish out-
and threw back two for one until they cracked.
But now the gun in his hands feels strange.
All of a sudden, it doesn't seem natural.
Like a farmer holding an anchor.
And that same gun had been like his right hand
—up to that last wonderful command.
But now he's going home, see?
Home! A gun's no good there.
A wrench, a saw, a plow—*they're* good.
Because this hero stuff is going to fade.
A fellow's got other things to face
besides death.
Like buying food and clothes.
And getting married, or lifting the mortgage.
That doesn't take a gun.
It takes a *job.*
It kind of scares him to think maybe there won't *be*
a job. Maybe he's outgrown his pre-war slot
with Old Man Jones—or maybe Jones & Co.'s
business will be shot, and they can't use him.
Then what?
After the Victory parades and the speeches,
he'll be just another guy in civvies.
But where'll he wind up without a job?
Yeah, *you* know. On the town.
Say, could *that* be all this bloody business has been carrying
him to? Is *that* all he's going to pull out of three years in hell?
W-a-i-t a minute! Take it easy.
The folks back home said they knew he was fighting
for them, laying his life on the line to let them live
the way Americans *have* to live.
They swore they were grateful.
Do they really mean it?
Do they understand his job is done,
that now it's their turn?
Are they going to fight for *him* now?
Are they really thinking and planning and acting
on ways to let him make a living when he gets back?
He hopes so.
Oh, how he *hopes* so!



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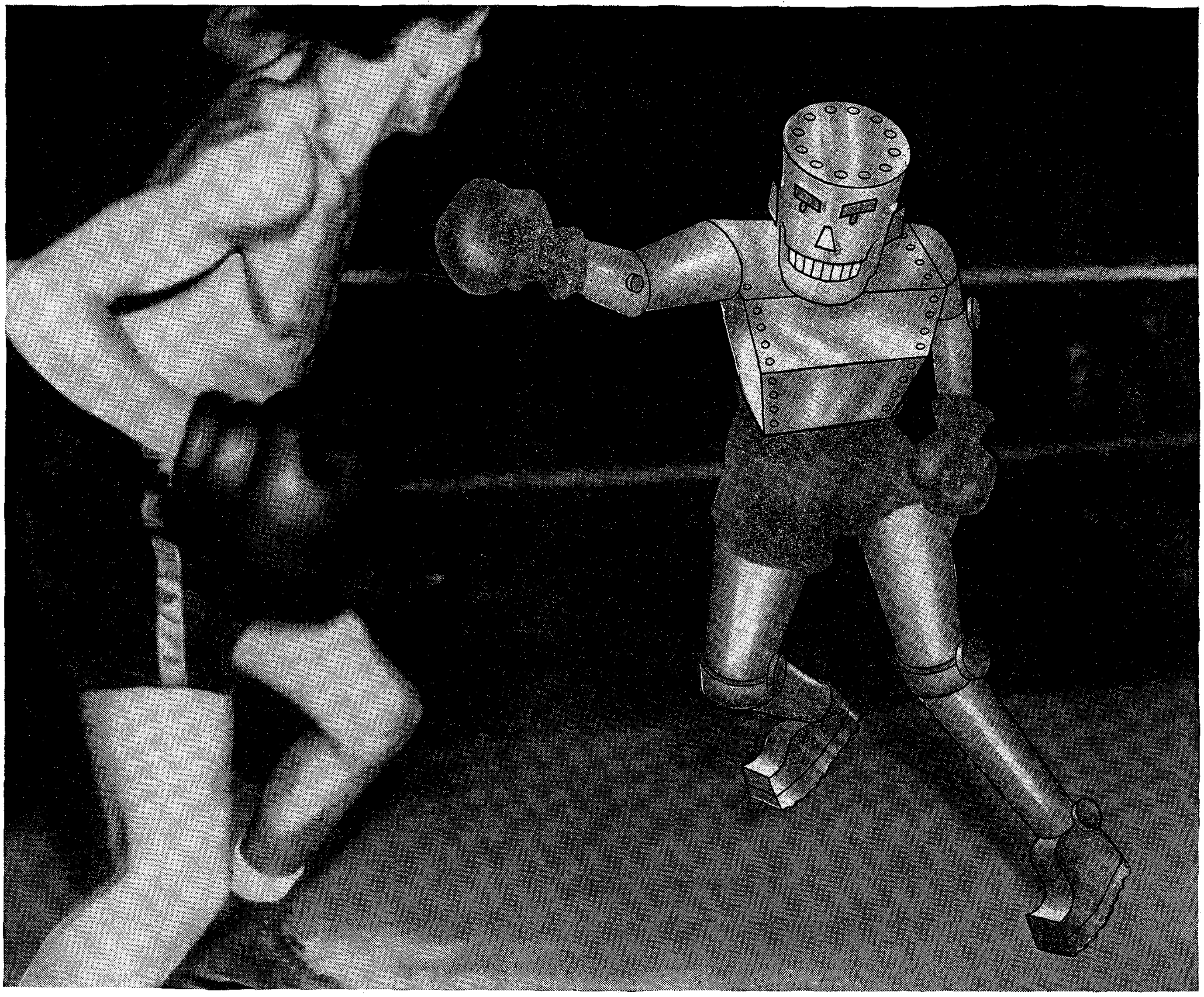
Jones & Lamson has pioneered in machines designed specifically for the use of carbide cutting tools. Whether you buy War Surplus machines or new machines, ask for one of our engineers to assist you in making the most profitable investment.

Or, write for our book, "Welcome to You and Your Problems".



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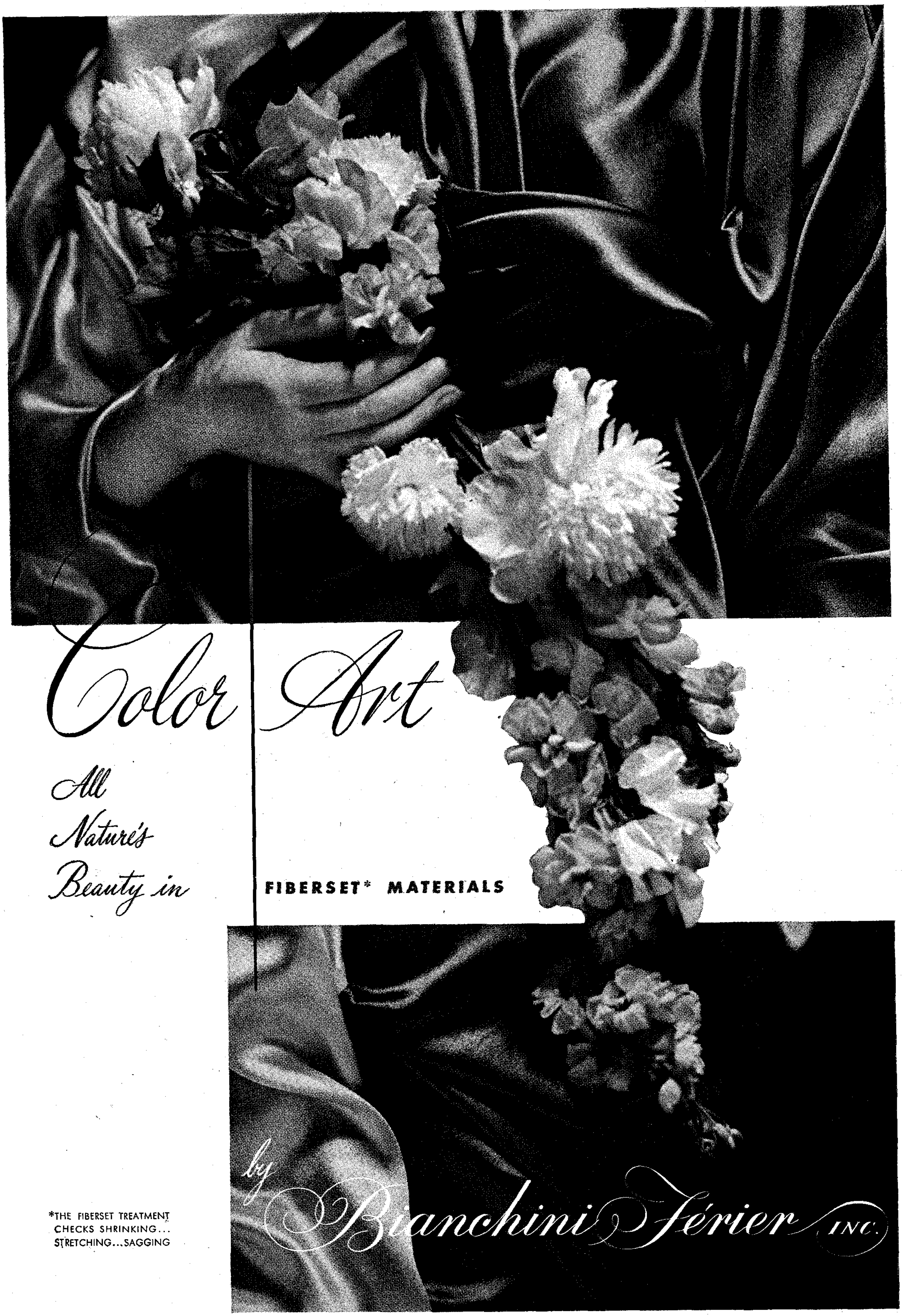

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AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

CHRISTMAS PARCEL
OVERSEAS SHIPPER

HE *won't be disappointed on Christmas*

OVERSEAS SHIPPER
THIS BOX TO BE USED ONLY FOR SENDING MERCHANDISE TO THE ARMED FORCES OUTSIDE OF THE UNITED STATES

SHE *is mailing his packages early*

To be left out at mail call on Christmas is a hurt that can go deeper than any wound. You don't want that to happen to your man overseas. That is why you will surely mail his Christmas gift packages and cards early.

The Army and Navy Postal Services urge that Christmas packages for overseas be mailed as early as possible in the period from *September 15th to October 15th.* (Christmas cards for overseas should be mailed later—in the period between October 15th and November 15th.)

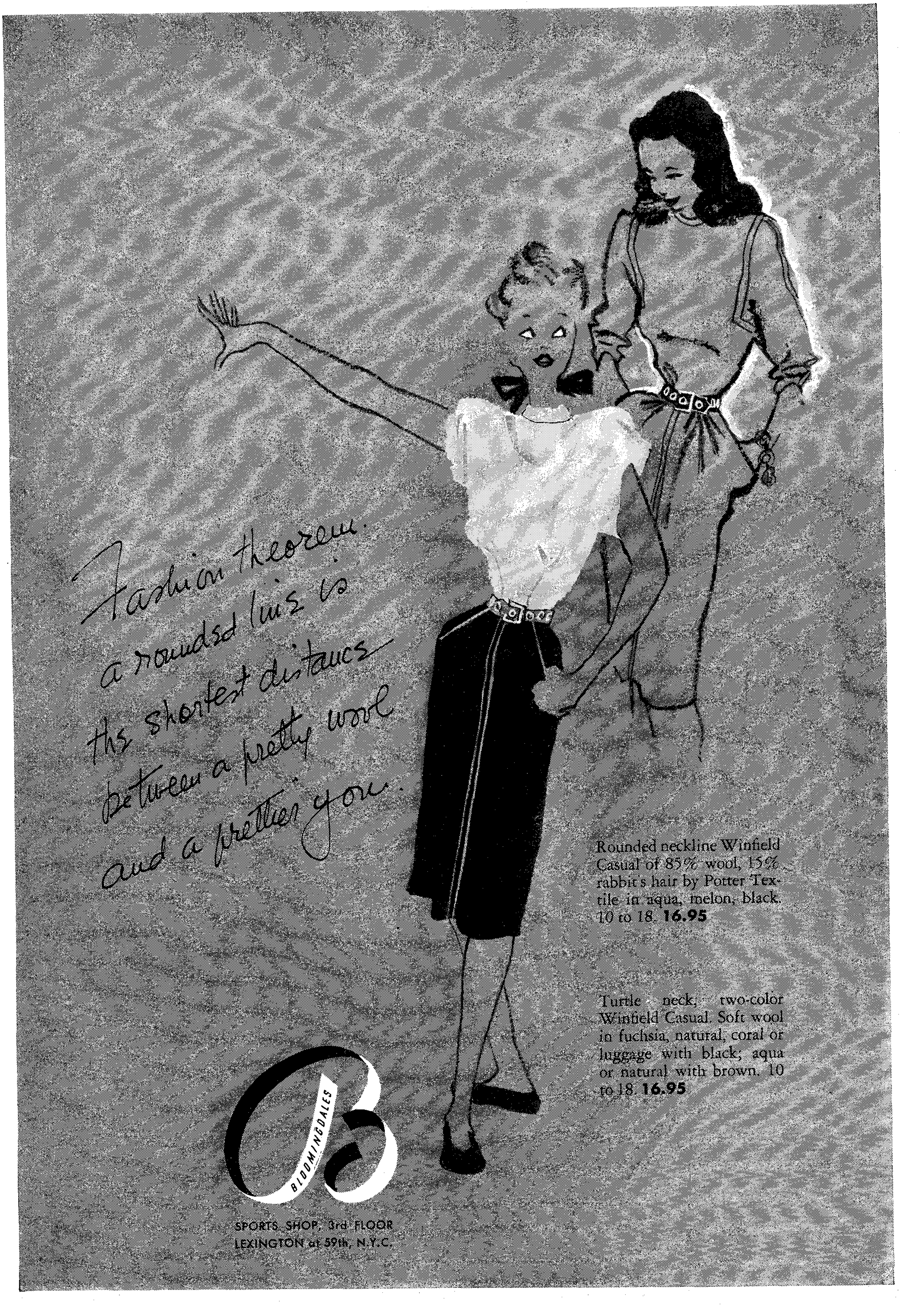
Mail Your Overseas Packages Between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15

Important points to remember — use an official overseas mailer or a container similar in size and sturdiness; address it plainly *right on the package itself* (a label may come off); tie it well with sturdy cord; mark it "Christmas Parcel"—and hold the weight down to five pounds!

Because of the far-flung theaters in which our men are waging this war, especial care is necessary to prevent mailing gifts that will not travel well or keep well. Leading retailers throughout the nation are offering gift suggestions that will help you make a suitable and practical selection.

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE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a rounded line is
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and a prettier you.

Rounded neckline Winfield Casual of 85% wool, 15% rabbit's hair by Potter Textile in aqua, melon, black. 10 to 18. **16.95**

Turtle neck, two-color Winfield Casual. Soft wool in fuchsia, natural, coral or luggage with black; aqua or natural with brown. 10 to 18. **16.95**

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warm and friendly and long-remembered.

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... turns her fine talents to perfume ... both wonderful!

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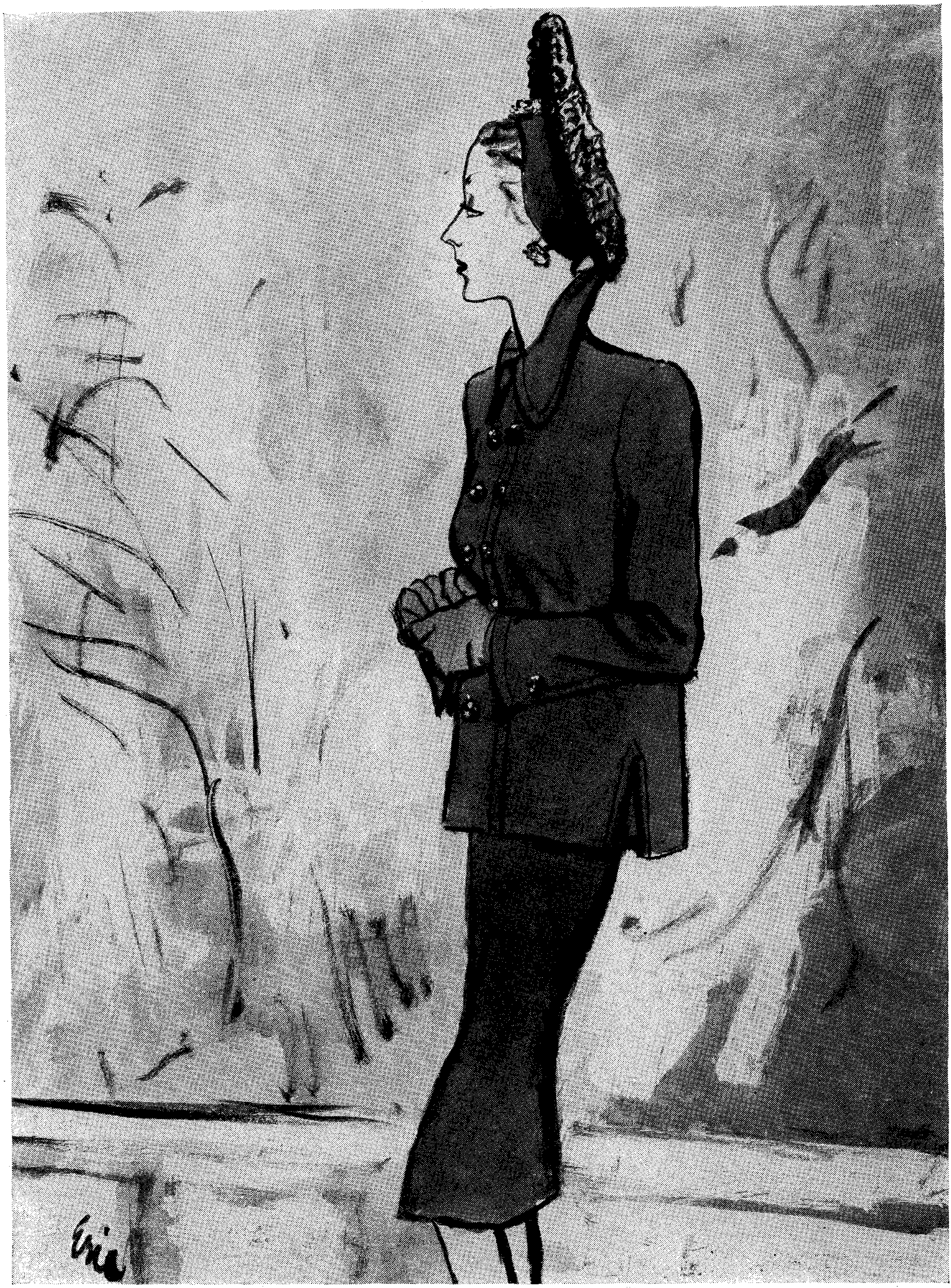

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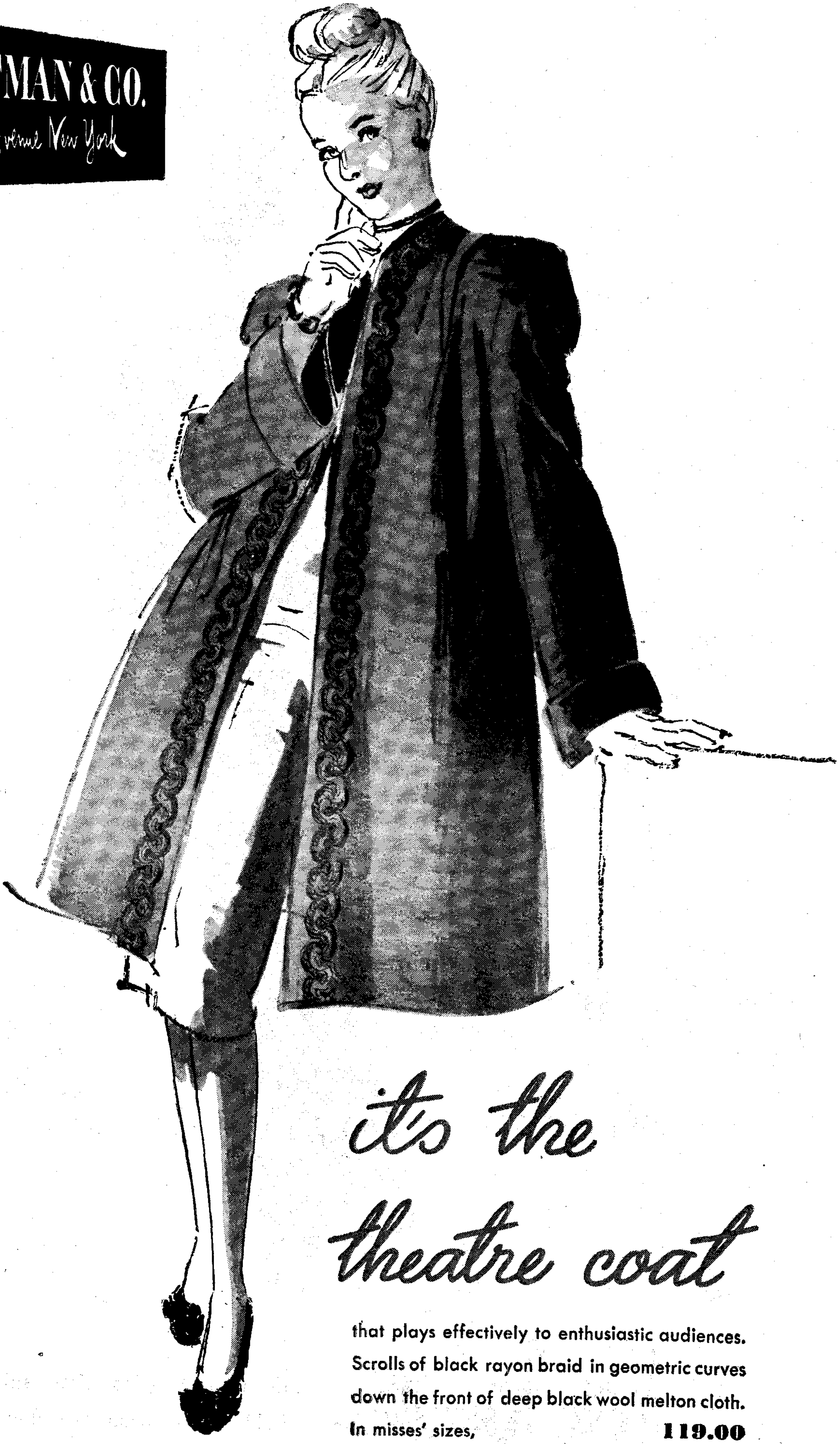

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THIS is the only week in the year when we read aloud after dinner to our family. Our wife is sewing on name tags this week—those small red bylines that mothers set such store by in the naïve hope of distinguishing themselves in the eyes of a school laundry. She likes to be read to while sewing on tags, and this fall we are deep in "My Antonia," itself a lovely name tag for some little girl's mother to affix. The evenings with the Shimerdas and the Harlings and the hired girls of Black Hawk, Nebraska, are full of the undiminished beauty of Miss Cather's book and of the perennial sadness and dread of going back to school—a rich mood, belonging to mid-September. Although the critics and reviewers tell us of great new novels emerging almost daily from the presses, we don't find them, and it seems doubtful that we shall ever find another book that for us has the strength and simplicity of this one. And although we are now old enough to meet September with a certain equanimity of spirit, we don't find that either, and we question whether we shall ever outgrow the fear of going back to school.

WE heard the other day that the war-criminals trials are being held up because the floor of the Nuremberg courtroom is unsafe. We don't doubt this; a great many of Germany's underpinnings have been found to be untrustworthy. But we strongly suspect that the long delay in the war trials has been not so much because there was no solid floor under a certain courtroom as because there was no foundation under the new level of justice with which the victorious nations are now fumbling. Here are a handful of accused individuals of great renown, obviously guilty of rank deeds against society. The job is to make their trial seem legal and orderly and just when in fact they will have to be tried by makeshift processes and on charges of violating laws that are non-existent. The Allied peoples naturally want to punish these men as they deserve to be punished, and are determined to do so. In order to do it, they face the queer task of holding an individual responsible for an antisocial act on an international level. To what page of what statute book does the learned judge turn? There isn't any book. There isn't any page. All is virgin parchment—not a mark to go by. Not even a floor under the courtroom.

THE chief thing to remember about international law is that it is *not* law and has never worked. Whenever it has been called upon in a crisis, it has cracked and broken. It is not law, being unenforceable. The chief thing to remember about the laws of war is that they aren't law either. They are Queensberry rules, and there is no referee to break up the clinches. But the wonderful thing is that people are now feeling the need of the kind of law that could bring a man like Kurt Daluege to justice. They want the justice to bring him to. The justice is absent. The international government is absent. People are wondering what's the delay.

NOTHING that's going on today is more exciting than these Nuremberg trials. They will be more fascinating than reconversion, more significant than atomic energy. We find the idea of them exciting because they are the unconscious expression of the universal desire for a broader legal structure, and hence for a higher social structure. Inherent in these forthcoming trials is a new legal concept: individual responsibility for anti-human, or inhuman, acts. That can mean only one thing—government on a human (rather than a national) basis. If we can begin the construction of such a world, we can soon have the atom eating out of our hand.

IT would be a tremendous help if the lawyers and judges entrusted with the trials would state the matter candidly and tack a big ex-post-facto sign over the courtroom door. It would be a help, for instance, if people were to grasp that the trial of a Quisling or a Pétain differs essentially from the trial of a Goering or a Keitel. Quisling stood trial in Norway, on Norwegian law, charged with betraying his country. This was a standard matter of law and order. Goering will stand trial in no man's land, on no man's law, charged with befouling the earth. Only when people catch this distinction will they realize the potentialities of these trials. They are a hint of what may come, of the legal structure of a new world.

AS we listened to President Truman broadcasting his victory message to the troops on V-J Night, we wished he had included a paragraph or two from the article by Cord Meyer, Jr., in the current *Atlantic*. Meyer did a stretch with the United States Marines in the Pacific and later with the United States delegates in San Francisco. Of the latter experience he wrote:

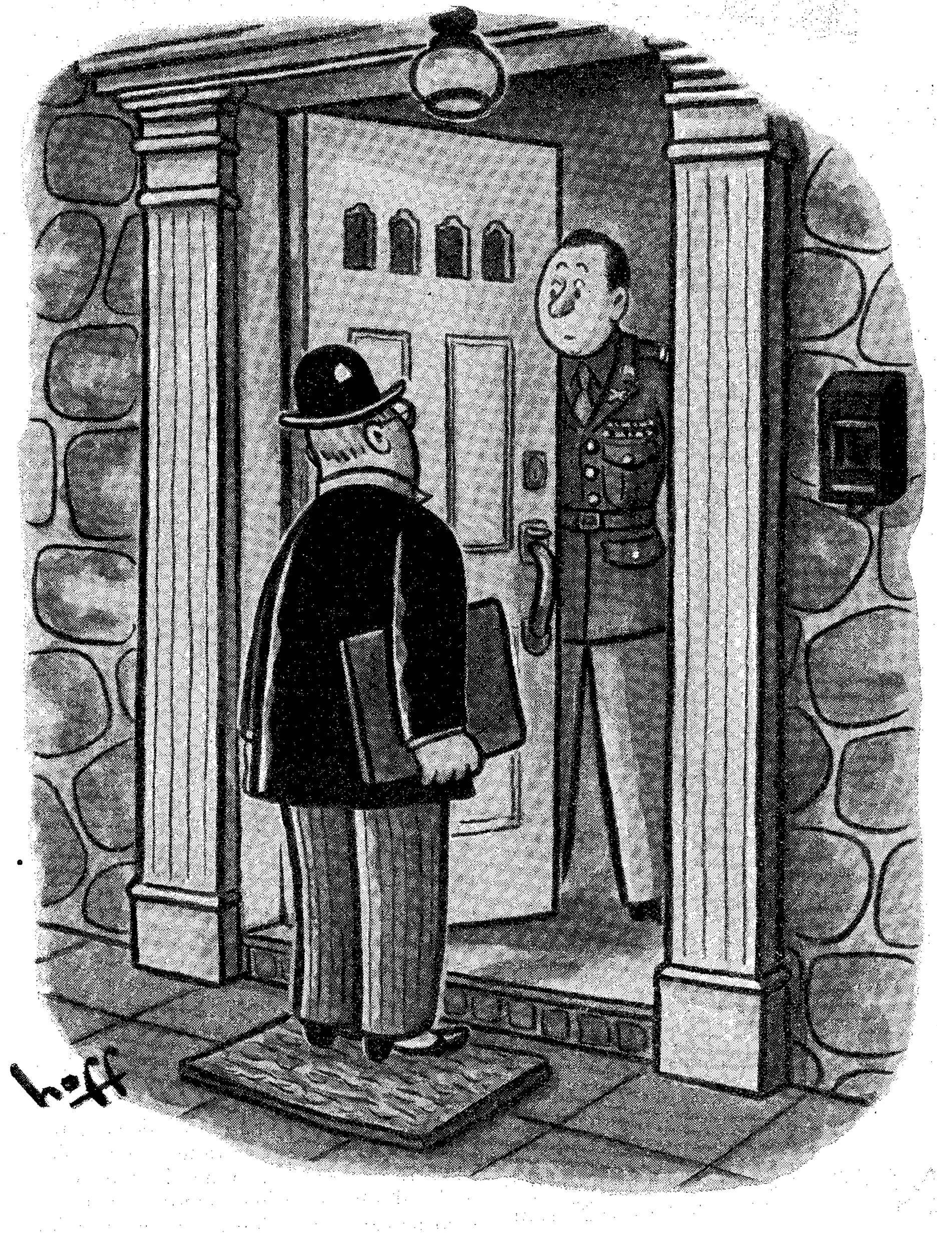
> I have described these provisions of the Charter because I wish to make one point so clear that no one can miss it: the International Organization cannot rely on its own power and authority in dealing with the most powerful nations of the world,

because it has been given none. Behind the façade of what I believe to be genuinely good intentions, there remains the basic condition of anarchy implicit in the existence of absolutely independent nations with large amounts of armed force at their disposal.

That would have been a good passage to read to the troops just before Bing sang "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." It is this "basic condition" that the United Nations Organization must hasten to improve, for as it is presently constituted the Organization has the authority of a yellow butterfly in a high wind. The people know this. The league must grow from league to union (as the name United implies). It must grow and gain authority, first basically through acquisition of federal power, then specifically through a proper use of this power. Then we can have all the white Christmases and international trials we want to. We can even have a law making it dangerous for any man to be inhuman to any other man.

Delayed Reaction

HERE it is the middle of September and any number of valiant newspaper-strip heroes are still throwing everything they've got at the Japs. The delayed reaction was inevitable. The reason is that newspaper syndicates send out their mats of Sunday comics three or four weeks or more ahead of publication and the mats for weekday publication ten days or two weeks ahead, and the artists have to turn their work in weeks ahead of that. We had one of our assistants make a survey of the situation, and he reports that he found that most of the artists involved were philosophical. Frank Tinsley, who draws a strip called "Captain Yank," freely admitted having been caught out on a limb. "I didn't expect the war to be over for another three or four months," he said. "For a while, though, I was beginning to think I was a seer. When the Japs shelled the West Coast from submarines, I had a strip about such a bombardment in the papers the next day—strips I'd happened to draw up months before. I guess I'm still lucky, at that. Captain Yank has been fighting with isolated guerrillas on the China coast. It's likely, isn't it, that he wouldn't hear about the end of the war for quite a while?"

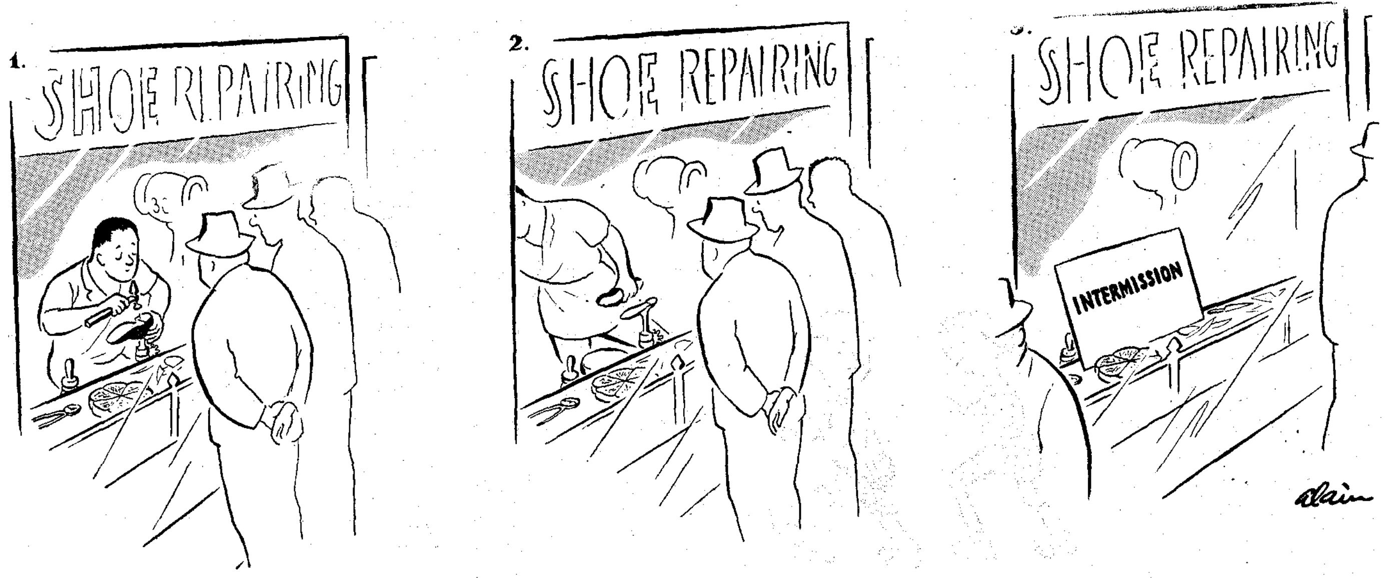


"Welcome home, Captain. I'm from the Department of Internal Revenue."

Joe Palooka, who is drawn by Ham Fisher, has been busy trapping a couple of Nazis in the East Indies, in a small private war. He got the news of the Japanese surrender on August 20th, over a makeshift short-wave radio. He was enabled to do this through foresight on Fisher's part. For several weeks, Fisher had been inserting a scrap of dialogue into his strips that could be changed to record the end of hostilities without affecting the sense. A balloon in the August 20th strip *was* to have read, "Hey, son, we have just captured Borneo!" On telegraphic instructions, this was altered to "There's still a coupla islands where the Japs don't know the war's over!"

Dialogue can, with some difficulty, be changed, but our man could find only one other strip in which a balloon had been changed after the mats had been mailed to the papers. This was "Gasoline Alley," in which, one day recently, Skeezix and a neighbor were discussing black-market gas. "There is a black market" was made to read "There was a black market," and readers were spared a nasty jolt. Buz Sawyer, a daring *Journal-American* pilot, was saved from the jaws of death only late last month by the surrender. Tim Tyler is in the anomalous position of knowing on weekdays that the war is over but not on Sundays. He'll keep on fighting Sundays for some time, out of his peculiar necessity, and then ask for a discharge. It happened that none of these comic-strip heroes were fighting, on V-J Day, in a conventional military outfit, to which the news of surrender would have arrived promptly. Every artist our man spoke to attributed this to sheer foresight.

All the artists are now, of course, faced with the problems of quick reconversion. Milton Caniff, who draws "Terry and the Pirates" (some days after the Japs quit, Terry was still talking about the prospect of being shot down over enemy territory), told our man, "I don't know what the Army is going to do with young pilots like Terry. Why, Terry's never been away from the Orient. He's never had a leave,



either—just loves to fly. Somehow I can't see him back in the States." Terry will probably stay in the Army through Christmas, at least, but he may be the only hero of the strips to do so. Joe Palooka, who has piled up an extravagant number of points, will remain in just long enough to win the Army boxing championship and then will go back to civilian fighting. Skeezix, who startled and gratified his admirers by invading Italy the same day the Army did, has for some time been home on leave, wrestling with the problem of baby-sitters, and so on, and wondering what peacetime job he will take. Tillie the Toiler left the Wacs months ago, and Popeye finished his secret missions for the Navy around the same time. Flash Gordon, who came down to earth last year to fight the Germans on the Westwall, has returned to Mongo, a planet where a state of continuous warfare is more to be depended on than here. Or so we hope.

Trouble

THIS little anecdote gives us the creeps, and we can only hope that it was badly garbled in transmission. One nursery-school child is supposed to have said to another, "You know something? When my father comes back from the Army, he and my daddy are going swimming at the beach."

Our Own Baedeker

NOW that Secretary Byrnes has announced that Siam was secretly our friend rather than our foe for the past few years, we feel compelled to pass along a few facts on the subject. Of all the Orientals, the Siamese are certainly the jolliest. They like to think of themselves as *snuk*—jolly, carefree, gay. In fact, the Siamese are so *snuk* that in 1932 they rebelled against their traditional absolute monarchy on the revolutionary leaders' promise that the new regime would be more fun than the old. Whether it worked out that way is not for an outsider to judge, but the people got a legislative government, started a Siam-for-the-Siamese movement directed against commercial concessions to foreigners, and thought they were doing fine before Pearl Harbor came along and they became involved in the Co-Prosperity Sphere. Japan, taken in by Siam, lightheartedly presented her with chunks of the Malay States, Burma, and French Indo-China, and presumably Siam will now give all this back and revert to her old acreage, which might be compared roughly with that of France.

In 1939, Siam's government asked all foreigners to call the country Thailand, a name derived from the natives' own name for their country—Muang Thai, or Land of the Free People—but a few days ago her government announced officially that it was O.K. for everyone to go back to calling Siam Siam. The natives are, even by Pacific standards, a mixed lot; in the melting pot there are some thirty races or definite crossbred strains, including Semang, Mon, Khmer, Thibeto-Burman, Lao, Indian, Malay, Chinese, Cambodian, Burmese, Karen, Annamese, Lawa, Yao Yin, Chong, and Meo. Except for the Malays, who are Mohammedans, and a handful of Christian converts, the Siamese are Buddhists. About the only occupations they like are farming and fishing, and even this work is approached in a leisurely and contemptuous way. This gives the workers such a psychological advantage over their employers that they get higher wages than almost any other Oriental workers. The typical Siamese is of medium height, wears a hat, and has a mild case of endemic syphilis. The Siamese are as polite as can be. One result of this is that it's almost impossible for a foreigner to learn the language; no native teacher would presume to correct his mistakes. When in doubt, the Siamese consult a traditional book of etiquette called "Rabeap Phu Di," which delves into such abstruse questions as what to do when somebody returns an article he has borrowed.

The fresh-water perch of Siam can climb trees—just low trees, to be sure, but trees. There are fifty-six kinds of snake, including the king cobra and ten other poisonous species. Fireflies, butterflies, and flying foxes are abundant. The flying foxes attack orchards in swarms of a thousand or more. Before the war, Japan was getting thirty per cent of her rice from Siam, the British were shipping out teak, and the Chinese had a corner on the supply of edible birds'-nests. The other export items were rubber, pepper, coconuts, tobacco, bananas, wolfram, gold, silver, rubies, sapphires, and oil. Three-quarters of Siam is covered with forests; the rest is divided up between mountain plateau and the Menam River valley, which contains nine-tenths of the population of sixteen million. In some parts of Siam the annual rainfall is as high as a hundred and thirty inches, and a temperature of 105 in the shade is common.

The king of Siam is worshipped as the Lord of Life, Descendant of Buddha, Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother of the Moon, Half-Brother of the Sun, and Possessor of the Twenty-four Golden Umbrellas. In Siam, the umbrella is the symbol of royalty, like the British crown. Another of the Siamese king's badges of office is a golden spittoon. Until the liberals got hold of the government, the king was too sacred to be looked at or addressed directly. His subjects crawled in and out of his presence flat on their faces, addressed their petitions to the dust beneath the soles of his majesty's august feet, and used a golden platter when handing him anything. Punishment for whispering or inattention during a royal ceremony ranged from immediate death to cutting hay for the sacred white elephants. Whenever the king or any of his family went boating, big bundles of coconuts were tied to the royal barge so that the royal family could use them for life preservers if the barge toppled over; it would have been irreverent for a courtier to attempt a rescue. A Siamese queen drowned in 1910 while her retinue respectfully stood by. There are separate nouns and verbs in the Siamese language for the possessions and actions of the king. A royal cremation is a big event in Siam—the whole populace is treated to parades, music, sideshows, free lunch, drinks, and (rather arbitrarily, it would seem) fresh limes.

Stirrings

THE American Express Company's Fifth Avenue branch, next door to Cartier, reopened without fanfare in June, after having been closed three years without fanfare. It occupies the first floor and mezzanine in the building, as before. The place has looked quite active lately, but when we called in last week we found that this is because the first floor has been turned over to Mayor LaGuardia's Billeting Committee. We visited the mezzanine and were informed by Mr. DeWitt Ramel, a recent returnee to the agency, that anyone hoping to get to Europe except on public business needs a forceful reason to obtain a passport, not to mention the priority rating that steamship and air lines require. For priorities on American carriers, you beseech the Priorities Division of the State Department; for French and British steamers, the respective consuls general. (American Express will provide the necessary supplication forms.) No priorities are required by Portuguese or Spanish lines—just passports, but to get a passport you still have to convince Mrs. Shipley at the State Department, and you know her. Germany and Austria are out, except for government business. Minimum steamship rates run around $150 to England, $165 to France, $400 to Portugal, $480 to Spain; round-trip Clipper fare to England is $1,039. You don't know where your berth is till you get to the pier, but you *do* know you won't get a cabin to yourself. You need a passport for all foreign countries except Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Cuba, and Mexico, and, of course, visas. An Irish transit visa costs twenty cents, probably the all-time record bargain, as such things go. American Express has handled no domestic pleasure travel since Pearl Harbor. During the war its downtown headquarters was open, but it concentrated on essential travel, travellers' checks, foreign remittance problems, and so forth. The storied old octopus is just barely beginning to stir again. "We are chiefly busy with inquiries," Mr. Ramel told us. "Bermuda is open now and by late spring we hope for regularly scheduled two-way European service." Of the company's fifty-six prewar foreign offices, twenty are already open: Antwerp, Athens, Basel, Bombay, Buenos Aires, Cairo, Calcutta, Florence, Geneva, Glasgow, Liverpool, London, Lucerne, Manila, Marseille, Nice, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, and Zurich. This is an alphabetical arrangement, and we hope you appreciate it.

We pressed Mr. Ramel for a few details on travel conditions abroad, and he said that he has been working for the government in Washington for the past five years and is rusty. He has to depend on the downtown office to keep him posted. "These may not be quite up-to-date," he said, ruffling some papers. "Apartments are unobtainable in Paris. Claridge's and the Ritz are taking a few civilian clients, limited to four-day stays. Rugs and upholstery in French hotel bedrooms are generally faded and worn but not in need of immediate replacement. Glasgow restaurants serve good table d'hôtes. Food in Amsterdam is severely rationed and mostly vegetarian. It costs a hundred thirty-six and a half Lebanese pounds to travel by air from Beirut to Cairo—no meals are served while aloft."

"Any well-known characters been in here asking about reservations?" we inquired. "Mrs. Harrison Williams?"

"Oh, my!" said Mr. Ramel. "We can't give out names."

"May we see that account of travel facilities in France?" we asked, pointing to a mimeographed document on Mr. Ramel's desk addressed to "All District Managers and Travel Bureaus in the United States and Canada."

Mr. Ramel shook his head firmly.

"Confidential?" we asked. "Secret? Top secret?"

"I have to watch my security," said Mr. Ramel.

"What were you doing in Washington?" we asked.

"O.S.S.," said Mr. Ramel.

Typed

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance has an aunt who is as keen about look-alikes as the late O. O. McIntyre. The other day she was describing one of her contemporaries. "You know *her*," she said. "You met her at the Gaineses last month. She's the one who looks like Churchill, only without the cigar."

Outgoing Directrix

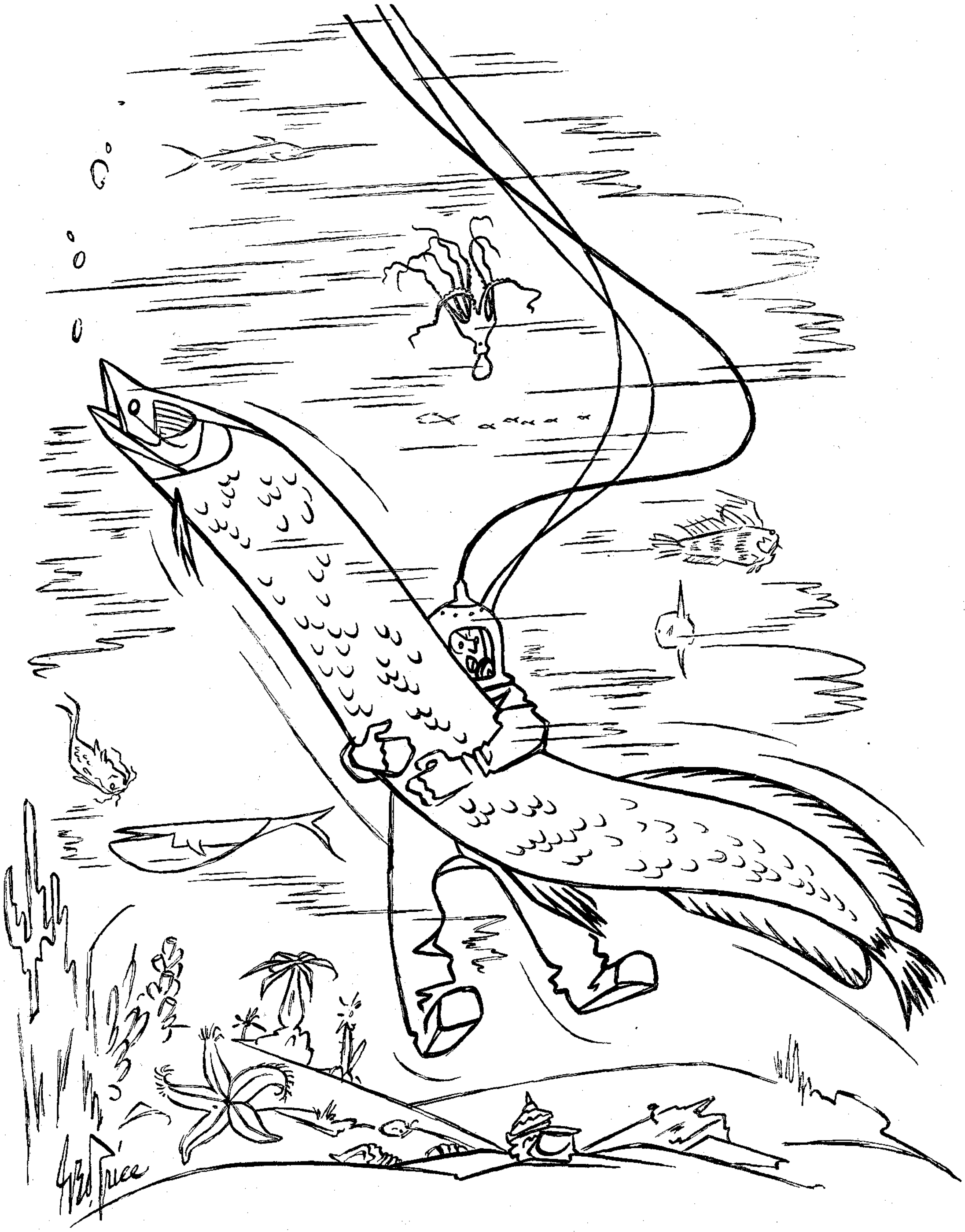
MRS. ANNA ROSENBERG, whose resignation as New York State's manpower director, or directrix, becomes effective this week, fitted us in between incoming and outgoing telephone calls the other day, and we found her as dynamic as ever. "Get me Mr. Rockefeller," she said, as we settled on the edge of a chair. We clapped on our hat and started for Radio City, but it turned out that she was just making a phone call. "Get me the State Department," she said next, and then, "I want the Carlton Hotel, Washington." We got the impression that everyone Mrs. Rosenberg called was out—just like us. Between the calls and secretarial infiltrations every minute on the minute, we learned that one of Mrs. Rosenberg's main wartime manpower objectives was to persuade employers to accept inexperienced help and inexperienced help to accept employment, that she likes to wear hats with pink roses, and that her office hired ten thousand people for the Manhattan District, or atom-bomb, project. "I never knew what it was all about myself," she said. "I told people that if they took the jobs the war would be shortened a good deal." Mrs. Rosenberg thinks that the secrecy appealed to prospective workers, but she feels that in general they responded more favorably to definite information. Her office informed people bound for the atom-bomb plant in the state of Washington that they'd be living in a place where sandstorms were not uncommon, and she showed us a poster she had plastered all over Buffalo to get workers for the atom plants. This read, in part: "MEN WANTED WHO AREN'T AFRAID TO DO A REAL MAN'S WORK. Have you got red fighting blood in your veins? Your sister couldn't do it. This work is tough." It was in Buffalo that Mrs. R. initiated the "controlled referral" system, whereby applicants were assigned by the United States Employment Service to plants that most needed them. President Roosevelt showed a great interest in this. "He would ask me about specific plants and how much they were turning out," Mrs. Rosenberg said. "He always wanted to know what was going on in the field. He used to wish he could leave his desk more than he did."

Mrs. Rosenberg is ending a ten-year term as a bureaucrat—N.R.A. into Social Security Board into Federal Security Administration into War Manpower Commission—during which she went abroad for the government three times. In Sweden, a Cabinet Minister, from whom she hoped to learn something about labor relations, told her that his country was thinking of putting through a Wagner Labor Relations Act there. "I thought you had had that long ago," she said. "We have," said the Minister, "but not as a law. We've been waiting to see how it operates. You Americans make laws quickly, but we wait to see if an idea works, operating under an administrative order, before we turn it into a law." A lot of Mrs. Rosenberg's time has been devoted to labor-management committees, which get both sides together regularly and calmly without waiting until strikes or lockouts are imminent. She helped organize many such committees and hopes that they will be a permanent mechanism. "When a C.I.O. organizer introduces a resolution and Owen D. Young seconds it, that's nice," she said. We gathered that this has really happened.

The outgoing directrix is looking for an office where she can set up in the business of handling public and labor relations for clients; she used to do this for Nelson Rockefeller and Macy's, among others. "Private work," she said. "Only a few links with the government left. I'm an adviser to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion and I'm also an adviser to the Veterans Administration and I'm chairman of the city's Veterans' Center, and some other things I can't recall at the moment. . . . Tell the Colonel I'll be through soon," she said to an in-popping secretary. "Show him around the offices." We jumped to our feet, and as we started out she said that one of her last manpower preoccupations has been what to do about the adjustment of returning service men. She added that she had become highly agitated about it at a recent staff meeting. "When they cleared out of my office," she said, "I went down the hall to see somebody and overheard one of my staff saying, 'You know, I *think* the boss is suffering from combat fatigue. I hope she'll be able to make an adjustment.' " She thinks she will be.

Fruits of Peace

A MAN walked across Fifth Avenue in the Sixties last Saturday afternoon, got into a cab parked facing uptown, and gave a downtown address. "Why didn't you whistle?" remonstrated the driver. "I'd have *gladly* come across the street for you."



"If you were down here, you'd damn well know why I keep saying 'we.'"

CORPS DE BALLET

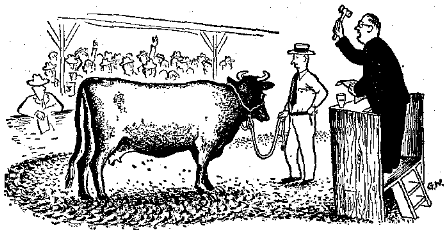
MOST people go to Monte Carlo to lose their money playing roulette, *trente et quarante*, or *chemin de fer*, but when I was there, in the spring of 1930, I didn't gamble. Indeed, I hardly ever set foot in the Casino, not because of moral principles, but because I was broke. I was a musician, but jobs were scarce and most of the time I couldn't afford to pay the ten francs for a *billet du jour* at the Casino. I lived in Monte Carlo because Barcelona had invited me to share his apartment, which was in a quiet, picturesque street leading up to the Beau-Soleil district.

Barcelona was a Spanish accordion player. He came from Barcelona and had a hard-to-pronounce Spanish name, like Araquistain or Güiraldas-Gutiérrez, so at the Café des Quat'z' Arts, the Paris musicians' exchange where I had met him some months before, everyone called him Barcelona. He looked like a leftover from the Inquisition, a big, tall man with a hard, Goya-like face and dark, burning eyes that exerted a great fascination on the female clientele of the Côte d'Azur. He played the accordion because it was the only instrument a man can play lying on his back. Barcelona was not a lazy *type*, but he adhered to the theory that the horizontal position of the body is the healthiest one. "People lie down to get a rest, they take baths stretched out on their backs, and they are buried horizontally," he used to say. "Recumbency is healthy for your blood circulation and prolongs your life."

There was only one thing Barcelona worried more about than maintaining recumbency, and that was his silky, shiny, bluish-black hair. It was thinning out rapidly, which is bad enough for any man but tragic for a musician. Barcelona's peculiar tragedy was getting bald one-sidedly; the hair had stopped growing on the left side of his head only. He said it was the consequence of a strange disease he had caught during a summer in Panama City. Few people knew of his trouble because always, even at night, he wore a Basque beret which he pulled down over the left side of his head. He tried everything—massages, sun-tan lamp, ointments, scalp treatments. Twice a week I had to help him wash the left side of his head with oil, soap, and a mixture of lemon juice and rum. Afterward, Barcelona would lie down on a couch, his head wrapped up in a towel marked "Negresco, Nice," and practice the accordion, which he held on his stomach. He was an excellent accordionist, but he seldom kept a job because people couldn't get used to his strange habit of lying down on the platform behind the double bass and the battery, with a pillow stuck under his head. Night-club customers are a narrow-minded species of mankind. They would raise hell and Barcelona would get fired. He finally came down to Monte Carlo because somebody had told him that the mild Riviera climate would be good for his hair. His apartment didn't cost him anything. As far as I could make out, a whole year's rent had been paid in advance by a well-to-do English lady from Leicester, who had lost her cool, Anglo-Saxon sense of balance when she met Barcelona. Shortly afterward, the lady had returned to England in something of a hurry. It seems that her husband, back home, had heard rumors about her attachment.

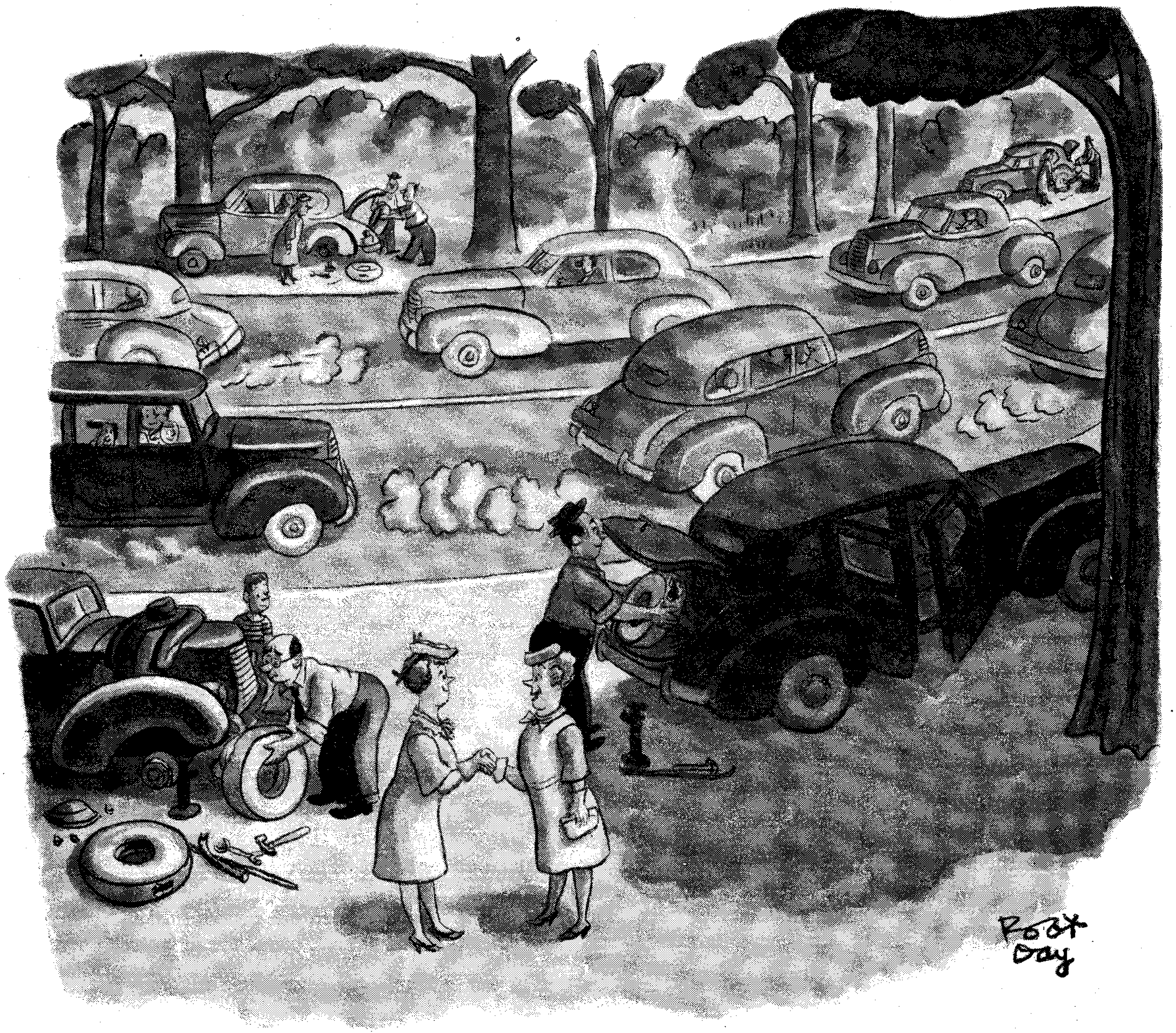
WHEN Barcelona wasn't busy with his hair or practicing on the accordion, he was watching the ballet. He was a great admirer of the dance, and he hung out at the Monte Carlo Opera House, where one of the Ballets Russes was having its season. I don't know which one; I've never been an expert in those things. But Barcelona was. He had seen forty-seven performances of "Les Sylphides" and sixty-three of "Spectre de la Rose," and he knew every step of "Firebird" and "Damnation de Faust." At the Opera House he was acquainted with all the coryphées, usherettes, musicians, *premières danseuses*, stagehands, prima ballerinas, and janitors. With them he discussed *entrechats*, glissades, arabesques, *pas de chat*, *ronds de jambe*, *fouettés*, and *pas de bourrée* the way most people in Monte Carlo discussed roulette systems.

It was through the ballet that Barcelona made the acquaintance of Monsieur Roberti, an elderly gentleman from the Near East. Roberti was also a great admirer of the ballet, or, more specifically, of the young ladies in the Corps de Ballet. He was short and fat, had a saccharine voice, a black mustache, and carefully brushed black hair, and always wore white spats and patent-leather shoes. Nobody knew much about Monsieur Roberti, but everybody knew something. He was said to own a power plant in Pointe-à-Pitre, on the island of Guadeloupe, a house of ill fame in Beirut, and a bakery in Lyons. He was popular among the coryphées of the Corps de Ballet, possibly because he used to give them little *cadeaux* from Cartier. He also was the *directeur* of the radio station in Nice. This was strange, because French radio stations are government-owned and under the management of P.T.T., the Ministère des Postes, Téléphones, et Télégraphes, but, then, nothing was impossible on the French Riviera.



One evening, I went with Barcelona to the ballet, and afterward, when we were standing outside the stage door, Monsieur Roberti, who was waiting for his lady of the evening, struck up a conversation with us, and in due course invited us to perform at his radio station. He couldn't pay us any fee, he added somewhat hastily, there being no funds allotted by the Ministry for musical programs, but after the program he would drive us to Nice in his carrot-colored Alfa Romeo convertible and set us up to dinner at the Negresco. "If it's *gigot rôti* with *choux-fleurs*, I'm your man," Barcelona said. They shook hands to close the deal, and then Monsieur looked inquiringly at me. I had some misgivings. At that time, French radio was in its juvenile-delinquency stage and most musicians would rather have been caught taking a cold bath at seven in the morning than playing in front of a microphone. There was a vague superstition among the Quat'z' Arts crowd that "radio does things to you." It was said that if a violinist went on the air he would never again be his old vibrato self. Then I thought of Monsieur Roberti's carrot-colored Alfa Romeo and the beautiful scenery along the Grande-Corniche, of a dinner at the Negresco, and I, too, accepted.

We asked Monsieur Roberti when we were expected to play. He shrugged. "Any day, any time," he said casually. There was no program schedule, he explained. That is, while a program was published every day in the *Eclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Ouest*, no one, including the radio people, paid any attention to it. Monsieur Roberti said, "Saturday between five and six will be fine. Gives us just time for the *apéro*. Besides, there are few fire alarms around that time of the day." It was not



"Our name is Brooks, and if you're ever out Westport way drop in and see us."

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until the day of the performance that we understood what he meant by that.

Monsieur Roberti picked us up on Saturday afternoon in his convertible. We sat in the rear. The front seat was occupied by Monsieur Roberti, who drove, and a blonde whom he introduced as Mademoiselle Nina and described as one of the most promising coryphées of the Corps de Ballet. Nina gave a husky little laugh and shook hands with me. She smiled at Barcelona. "I've seen you at the stage door," she said to him, "but you never did seem to pay any attention to me." My friend pulled his beret further down on the left side of his head and said, "All men are fools at times." Nina swung around on her seat toward him and pulled up her knees. Her skirt was very tight and, as it went up, we saw a pair of extremely well-formed knees.

"Nina performed for the Czar when she was a little orphan of eight," Monsieur Roberti said, his voice dripping with molasses and compassion.

Barcelona nodded in deep sympathy. Then he bent over to me and whispered, "What a fool I've been to waste my time with a prima ballerina when Nina was there," and that was the last thing he said to me or to Roberti. From then on he talked to Nina only. She was very beautiful. She spoke French with a heavy Russian accent. She told Barcelona that she had studied with the great Diaghilev. She admired Lydia Lopokova and Mordkin, and in no time she and Barcelona were engrossed in choreographic shoptalk. After a while she seemed to realize that I, too, belonged to the party, and she asked me where I was from. When I said, "*Tchécoslovaquie*," she began to cry and said that she came from the old Bohemian town of Kolin.

Monsieur Roberti stopped the car, patted her damp cheeks and took out of his pocket a small velvet case with "Cartier" inscribed on it. He opened the case, revealing a small but beautiful gold pin shaped like an arrow. "For you, *chérie*," he said and gave it to Nina.

She said, "Thank you, *mon chou*," and kissed Roberti on his forehead. He started up the car again. Then Nina turned around and asked Barcelona to put the pin on her black blouse, which was very tight too. We were high above the cliffs overlooking Villefranche and Beaulieu, amid scenery that had always enchanted Barcelona, but now he didn't pay any attention to it. Neither did Nina.

MONSIEUR ROBERTI stopped the Alfa Romeo in front of a fire station in Nice and we all got out. It turned out that Radio Nice was installed in a kind of attic above the large hall where the *pompiers* kept their fire engines. We walked up a dark, squeaking, winding stairway and into the attic. Moldy, musty-smelling curtains hung haphazardly all over the place. There were several desks and chairs, a broken-down harmonium, an old piano, and several empty beer bottles. It was obvious that the Ministry of P.T.T. didn't much care about musical programs. A glassed-in control room occupied one end of the attic, and sitting in there was the radio engineer, who also, it turned out, acted as announcer, technician, and general handyman. He was a morose character with a neurotic, deeply furrowed face and a harried look in his eyes. He was, I learned later, permanently haunted by the ghost of fire alarms. Not long before, a local lady artist had been singing Schubert's "Ständchen," and as she began, pianissimo:

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir . . .

bells started ringing, *pompiers* ran around cursing and shouting, and the fire engines raced out of the hall, shaking the whole building.

Barcelona and I had made a makeshift arrangement of three short pieces —Chaminade's "Serenade," Albeniz's "Malagueña," and Debussy's "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin"—for violin and accordion. The engineer came out of the control room and told us that we'd better get ready, and Barcelona stretched himself out on the floor in the middle of the studio, adjusted his beret, and asked for a pillow. There was no pillow in the studio, so Nina ordered Monsieur Roberti to run and get one of the beautiful yellow leather seat cushions out of his car. When he came back with the cushion, Nina gently slipped it under Barcelona's head. At this point the *capitaine des pompiers*, a heavy-set, bearded man with a red nose, came upstairs for a chat, and Monsieur Roberti implored him to disregard all fire alarms during our performance. The *capitaine* put the end of his beard into his mouth and chewed meditatively. "I will disregard all private calls," he said finally. "But if the house of M. le Préfet des Alpes-Maritimes or of M. le Maire is on fire, we shall respond."

The engineer said that he was going into the control room to announce our program. "When you see the red light," he said to Barcelona and me, and pointed to a bulb on the wall of the control room, "and I give you a sign, you begin."

Monsieur Roberti invited all visitors to listen to the concert in the control room, but Nina refused to leave the studio. She sat down next to Barcelona and said that she was going to stay right there. Monsieur Roberti didn't even attempt to make her leave, and walked into the control room. I tuned my violin and put my sheets of music on a desk near the mike. Barcelona pulled up his right foot, crossed his legs, and, by way of warming up, began to play "Always," looking at Nina through half-closed eyes. She looked back at him. They had forgotten Radio Nice, our performance, and most certainly Monsieur Roberti, who was staring through the glass front of the control room, his face expressing consternation. Barcelona finished "Always" and sang "Ay-Ay-Ay."

"You sing beautifully, *drahoušku*," Nina said, sotto voce.

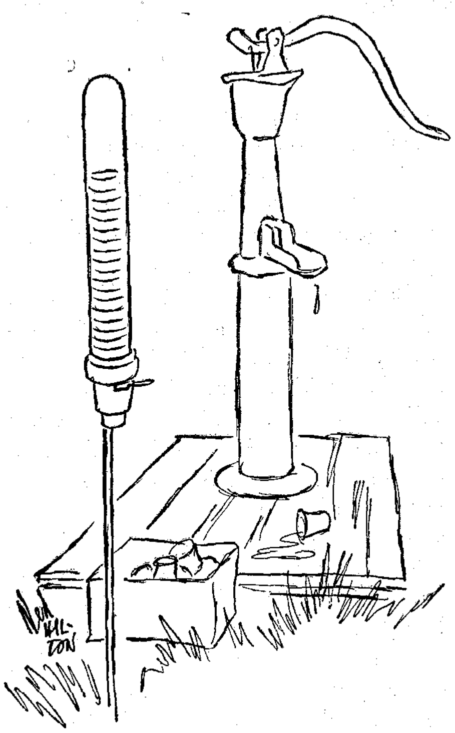
"'*Drahoušku*,'" he said. "What's that?"

"*Chéri*," she said.

"*Chéri*," Barcelona hummed. "*Chéri*, sweetheart, *amor*, *drahoušku*."

Nina said, "*Chlape milý*," and gave a deep sigh. Through the window of the control room, the engineer was making frantic signs. The *capitaine des pompiers* seemed to be excited, too, and both he and Monsieur Roberti were making wild grimaces at us. I turned to Barcelona and said, "Look, what the hell goes on there?"

He shrugged. "Go away," he said. "*Please*." He turned over on his side toward Nina and started to sing, softly, Manuel de Falla's "Jota":



Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar . . .

In the control room, Monsieur Roberti scribbled something on a piece of paper and the engineer held it against the window. I went over and read, "You are on the air, *imbéciles*. You've already been announced. The red signal is out of order. Go ahead, *pour l'amour de Dieu*."

I tiptoed back to Barcelona and shook him. Nina looked up and, in Czech, called me something terrible. I put my violin under my chin and began playing alone. Barcelona came in after a few bars. All went well except for the second part in Chaminade's "Serenade," when Barcelona stopped playing while he kissed Nina's hands.

Afterward, the *capitaine des pompiers* said it had been swell. He had enjoyed Nina's sighing very much, and why didn't Monsieur Barcelona sing professionally, with his beautiful baritone? People started calling up the station and inquiring about the love dialogue before the first piece of music and about the woman who sighed so wonderfully. One listener, who identified himself as Mr. Stejskal, a Czech tailor, said he would like to meet the girl who had used that rude language. "It made me feel very homesick all over," he said.

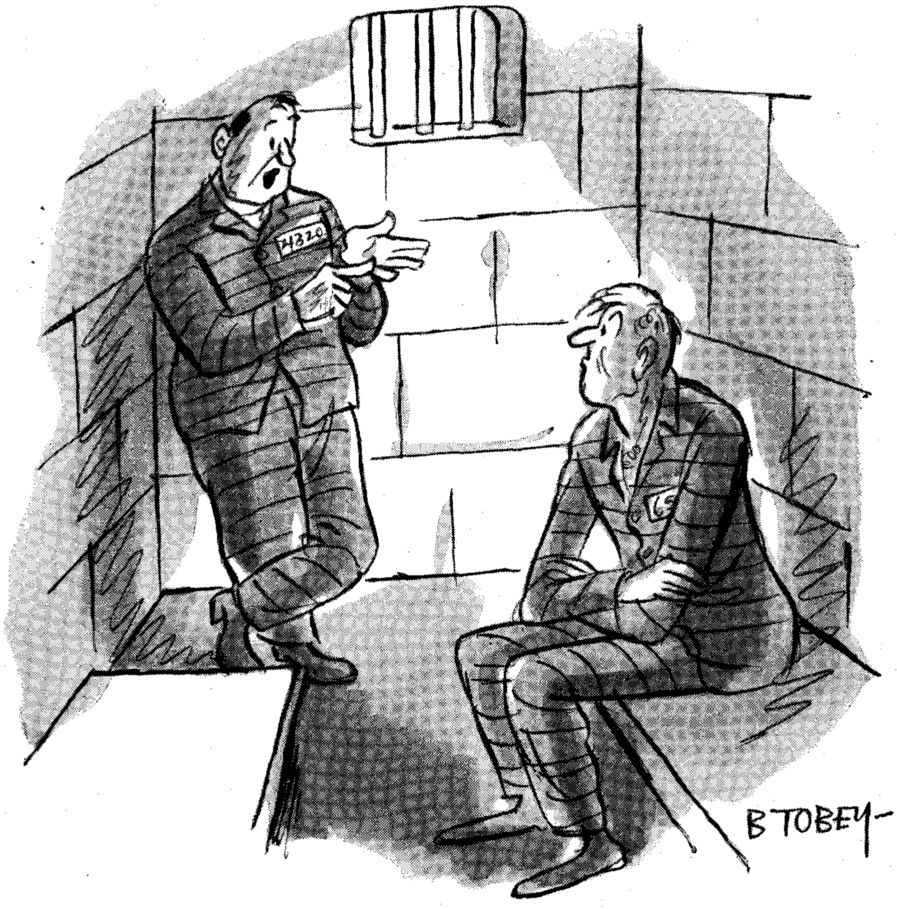
Later, Nina, Monsieur Roberti, Barcelona, and I had apéritifs at the Casino de la Jetée-Promenade and dinner in the great dining room of the Negresco. Most of the other diners were dignified dowagers from the United Kingdom and prosperous, bored-looking American businessmen, and the place was as cheerful as a crematorium on a rainy November evening. At our table the mood was strained, since Monsieur Roberti was annoyed with Nina.

During the meat course, Nina announced that *she* was going to perform over Radio Nice. "I think I'll dance in front of the microphone," she said dreamily. "I'm going to do the dance of the firebird from Stravinsky's 'L'Oiseau de Feu.'"

Monsieur Roberti dropped a piece of very tender *gigot rôti* on his spats. "But you *can't* perform on the radio, *chérie*," he said. "They can't see you."

"In America they have tap dancers on the radio, don't they?" Nina said. Then, raising her voice, she went on, "*Je veux danser pour la radio! Je veux, je veux, je veux!*"

A hush fell over the large room. The dowagers looked shocked; the bored executives seemed pleased. Nina's voice reached a fortissimo such as hadn't been heard at the Negresco since the last carnival. Nina threw her spoon on the floor and said that if Monsieur Roberti wouldn't let her dance over the radio, she would scream right away, and she meant *scream*. The headwaiter hurriedly summoned four assistants, who took up a defensive formation around our table, so the people wouldn't see what was going on. I think Barcelona saved the Negresco management from a Grade A scandal by suggesting that he would be glad to watch Nina's dancing and give a sort of running commentary for the listeners. It sounded preposterous then, but today I realize that Nina wasn't crazy; she was simply fifteen years ahead of her time.



"If this was the Army, I'd have two hundred and eighty points."

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Nina danced over Radio Nice the following afternoon. All the studio windows had to be blacked out because she refused to perform in daylight. Two big lamps were set up, their glare shining into the control room. The microphone was placed in a corner so Nina wouldn't bump against it, and Barcelona bedded himself down next to it. Nina was dressed in a tight, flaming-red dress. All the *pompiers* on duty and several off duty came up to look at her. The *capitaine des pompiers* put his nose into the air and breathed deeply the scent of mimosas that followed Nina.

All of us except Nina and Barcelona crowded into the control room. The engineer made various manipulations, gave a signal, and then over the loudspeaker came the melodic, soft voice of Barcelona. "Messieurs, mesdames," he said, "this is the first performance in the history of Radio Nice of Igor Stravinsky's 'Firebird.' Madame Nina, one of the brightest young stars of the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo, is going to perform for you the dance of the firebird."

The engineer started the studio phonograph and put the needle on a Stravinsky recording, but he was excited and for a moment there was a terrible scratching noise. We looked through the glass partition, but there was little we could see in the dimness behind the two lamps which were shining into our eyes. "She is the flaming bird rising out of the ashes," Barcelona said. He sounded excited. "Floating through the air, a leaping flame, light and bright. Watch her pirouettes, her *entrechats*." Nina whirled past the glass window, an ethereal shadow, and then the dimness of the studio swallowed her again. "And now she winds herself up in a great spiral of pirouettes. Faster and faster she is turning. She goes into a *rond de jambe*, a glissade; now she is pirouetting with incredible speed . . ."

The music grew wild and so did Barcelona's voice as he continued in his pirouette-by-pirouette description of the "Firebird" dance. Not since the Carpentier-Dempsey fight had there been anything so exciting. We could not hear Nina's dance steps any longer. And Barcelona's voice was now drowned out by Stravinsky's cacophonous rhythms. Once, though, during a sudden pianissimo, I thought I heard a soft sigh and Nina's husky voice saying, "*Miláčku*."

When the music ended, we went into the studio. Nina was kneeling on the floor next to Barcelona. He was sitting up and had his arms around her and was looking into her eyes. He kissed her. The Basque beret had slid down his head, and Nina's hand was gently caressing the left, the completely bald side of his head. Monsieur Roberti yelled that he was going to set the studio on fire and God help the *pompiers* if they tried to put it out. He rushed out and clattered down the squeaking stairway, and a moment later we heard him drive off in his Alfa Romeo.

Nina, Barcelona, and I had to take the slow, filthy train back to Monte Carlo. We could afford only third-class tickets. Through the open windows came a lot of coal dust, but I don't think that Nina and Barcelona noticed it. The light in the carriage was dim. And, besides, the train went through several tunnels between Nice and Monte Carlo.

—Joseph Wechsberg

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4-F

Collared in untidy suit,
The civil man performed his chore,
Fawned on the beat of the soldier's boot,
Incidental prisoner of war.

No gala stripes or ribboned chest
Will annotate his lowly bit;
He was the clown of coat and vest,
Weak of knee and weak of wit.

Tubercular, with punctured ears,
Hobbling through the broken rubble—
Oh pity for his sickly fears
And fancies, his domestic trouble.

Scrawled on collapsed prophetic wall
He reads of postwar ruin and wreck,
And feels the arch of triumph fall
Horse-collarwise around his neck.

—W. W. Gibson

EVENING IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Bill almost took the wrong turning on Main Street, but then he remembered and turned north. "No, this way," he said, and spun around so fast that Eleanor, clinging to his arm, had to run in a little semicircle to keep up with him. It set her light pleated skirt to flying and brought a slight flush to her cheeks; when he glanced down at her he grinned. "I'm sorry," he said. "But you know it's almost twenty years since I lived here. Got to get my bearings."

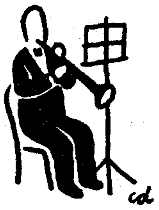
She smiled back at him. "I don't mind. Only let's not hurry, shall we? It's hot.

"I won't hurry," he said. "Anyway, it's not far. Or I think it isn't. Though it may make a pretty late dinner for us. Where'll we eat, anyway? At the hotel?"

"I don't care. Only hotel dining rooms are so stuffy, usually. Maybe we can find some place else. Let's not think about it now, anyway. Till we find the old homestead."

"*If* we find it," said Bill. "You know I told you I don't even remember the name of the street it was on."

"We'll find it," she said. "I just know." They were walking up Main Street, past a movie theatre—DEANNA DURBIN BIG DOUBLE FEATURE—by a newsstand, a drugstore, a hardware-supply store. Cars whisked by in a steady stream, there were traffic cops at every intersection; it was a little past five o'clock and both the street and the sidewalks were full of the nervous impatient bustle peculiar to a small city's business center emptying itself at the end of the working day. At each corner, there were clusters of women in bright-colored summery dresses, waiting at the curbstone. Some of them carried bundles or shopping bags and some of them, younger and slimmer, looked as if they had come out of offices, and they all had their faces turned south against the traffic, watching for a bus to come in sight.



"All I know is the house was somewhere out Main Street," Bill went on, "and on a corner. And it was painted yellow, and it had a big barn in back where the man who owned the place kept his horses. He was an expressman and his name was Smith. But what the name of the side street was, I just don't remember."

"Never mind. We'll find it." She squeezed his arm suddenly against her side with a little possessive gesture. "And it's going to be fun, too," she said. "Digging into your past this way."

"It's not much of a past, I'm afraid," Bill said absently. Even as they walked, things were coming back to him. Ahead, Main Street dipped underneath a stone railway bridge, and the bridge, he suddenly realized, was connected somehow with a dog he'd once had. (Was it Denver, the cocker spaniel? The one that had a fit that time in front of the drugstore? It was, he decided, and suddenly he remembered walking with his father and mother down Main Street, and Denver straining at the leash as a train rolled past overhead, and his mother in a green tailored suit saying—something. He couldn't remember now.) "I don't care," Eleanor was saying. "It's your past, and I want to know all about it. All the girls you knew, and the boys too, for that matter. And the things you did, and so on. I bet it was too quite a past!" she added suddenly.

"No, not really," said Bill. Things were really coming back to him now. The dog Denver, for example. Denver had had his last terrible fit in front of a drugstore, and the drugstore proprietor had thrown water on him to revive him, and Bill had been vaguely humiliated by the occurrence, so that later, when his father decided to chloroform the poor animal, he had felt more relieved than dismayed. But afterward. . . . Denver had died in a trunk in the cellar of the house—on what street? On what street and Main? On the northwest corner of what street and Main? And afterward, it had taken Bill months to get used to the absence of Denver, black, flat-headed and long-eared and lopping-mouthed, running down the steps of the porch to meet him as he came home from school. But even worse was the knowledge, suddenly brought home to him, that the dog hadn't really been his at all, but his father's, and his father could do what he wanted with it, even chloroform it in a trunk in a cellar if he thought it advisable. For a while, Bill remembered, he had feared that his father might kill him too.

"Let's not hurry. You know how I hate to hurry," Eleanor was saying beside him, and it took him a moment of conscious effort to realize where he was, and slow down.

"O.K.," he said then. "I suppose I just got to thinking." Emerging on the other side of the bridge, they had found themselves in a poorer neighborhood. Cheap bars and warehouses, lunch rooms and parking lots now lined the street, and for a while Bill looked puzzled. "I don't remember it like this," he said. "Though of course, we lived farther out. . . . But it's funny, the things you don't remember. I don't remember where my father's machine shop was, but I remember what it looked like: a little frame building with a pile of old iron in back and a vacant lot beside it. I don't remember a thing about the inside of the house we lived in, but I remember how it looked from the outside, and a lot about the rest of the neighborhood. I remember there was a boy named Harold Barker lived across the way, and we always quarrelled. And farther down the street there were two brothers. One was fat, named Claude. Claude . . . Claude . . . Claude Coombs, that was it!" he cried, and he turned to her with such a look of triumph that she couldn't help laughing. Then she gave his arm a little squeeze and rubbed closer to him. He hardly noticed.

"Claude Coombs," he was saying. "I haven't thought of his name in years. And his brother was named Adelbert. Claude was run over by a wagon once, but he was so fat that it didn't hurt him at all. He gave me the mumps. Gee, if I could remember the name of the street we lived on . . ." He looked down at her. "But I remember the name of the school I went to. If we could find the school, I bet I could follow the way from there to the house. The school was on Chestnut Street, and it was a big brick building with pillars. It was called the Chestnut Street School, and there was a little park part way up from the school on the way home. There was a lake there, and once, in the winter, I fell in, running bendies on the ice. Look!" he said. He was suddenly very excited. "That's what we'll do. Let's find the school first, and then I bet I can find the house." They were passing a parking lot, and there was a man standing near the sidewalk, among the cars. Bill walked over to him.

"Can you tell me where Chestnut Street is?" he asked. He didn't ask where the school was. That seemed hardly fair; that was for him to find out. The man glanced at Eleanor, at her crisp yellow dress and her vivid blue eyes. Then he looked at Bill. "Why, Chestnut Street," he said. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he spoke in a slow, careful voice. "That's the second street over. First is Dwight and then the one beyond that is Chestnut, running parallel to Main." He made a series of slicing movements with his hands, indicating the way the streets ran. "You can't miss it," he said. "It's the second street up, running parallel to Main.”

“Not so very quick, is it?”

THE side street was quieter. It was evening, in Springfield, and on every porch, or almost every one, a man was sitting, usually with a woman beside him. The man would be in his shirt sleeves, smoking, and the woman, his wife, would be wearing a house dress or maybe an apron. As they neared the end of the second block, Bill found himself walking faster again. But this time he remembered, and slowed. “I'm sorry,” he said.

“I don't mind.”

“But we must be getting near it now.” When they turned the corner the school was only half a block away from them, up Chestnut. It was on the other side of the street, and it was just as he had pictured it, long, dun-colored and imposing, with a wide, deep lawn and a row of granite pillars across the front entrance. As they walked past it, Eleanor stared at it interestedly. Then she looked at Bill. It was a look that went lightly all over his face. “You know, I really know so little about you,” she said. “I wonder what you were like when you were a little boy.”

Bill glanced at her. “Me?” he said. “Oh, I was a good little boy. Too good, I guess. I never gave my mother a moment's trouble—that's the saying, isn't it?—never got into fights, never ran after girls, never failed in my lessons.”

She was still looking at him. “No girls?” she said.

“No girls,” Bill repeated.

“That's what you say,” said Eleanor. There was a candy store facing the school, and as they passed it a boy came out, letting the screen door slam behind him. “O.K.,” he called to someone inside. He was about sixteen, and he had on a blue polo shirt and red suspenders. “I'll come by after supper. Be ready.” Then he made his face very serious and walked swiftly past them. Bill thought he caught a glimpse of a girl just turning away from the door, in the darkness of the store's interior.

“I was too good, I guess,” he repeated. The street was wider now, with more trees, but there was the same succession of frame houses, each with its couple sitting placidly on the broad front porch. Sometimes, now, since the neighborhood was better, the man would be wearing a coat. Bill laughed. “But the things you remember!” he said. “Things I hadn't even thought of for ages. You know, darling, there was a girl too, now that you speak of it. Her name was Winifred Wallis, I remember, and she wore black silk stockings. She had wonderful legs, and black hair, and brown eyes, and she wore silk stockings to school long before any other girls did, and I was just at the age when you start thinking about girls; I used to dream about her, I remember. I suppose that's one reason I still like black stockings on a woman, because Winifred wore them. But I never dared speak to her.” He interrupted himself to point at the gutter. “We used to play marbles all along here. One boy would shoot his marble ahead, and then the other would try to hit it, and if he did, he won, and then he would shoot and the other would try. That's the way we would work our way home from school. I used to go along shooting marbles and watching Winifred out of the corner of my eye, and wondering all sorts of, well, almost unimaginable things about her. But she never gave me a tumble. It's a nice name, isn't it? Winifred?”

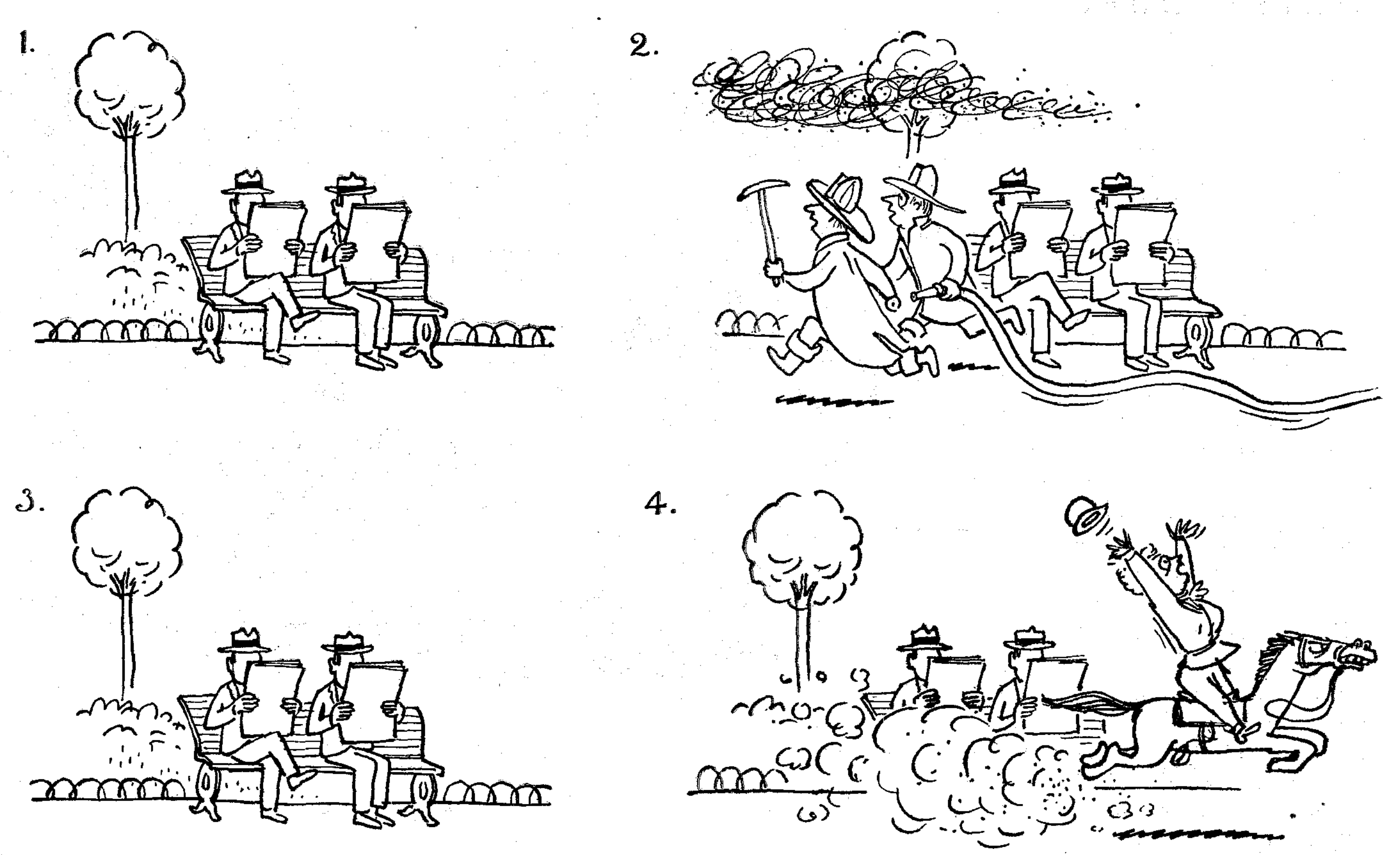
“It's all right,” said Eleanor. “But I bet what they called her was Winnie. I'll bet she didn't like that.”

“That's right. They did,” Bill said absently. “Sometimes they'd call her Winnie.” He had been walking out toward the curb and peering ahead. Now he seized her arm and drew her along briskly. “There's the park,” he said.

The park was a block-square area, and at first all they saw was the trees and the benches that edged it. Then Bill noticed a shallow, circular depression in the center. “That's where the lake was,” he said. It had been converted into a playground now, with basketball standards scattered here and there and a trodden-out space where, no doubt, the kids played soft ball. Bill looked at it for a while in silence. “I suppose it's better like this,” he said. “Without the lake. But I wanted to show it to you. It's where I fell in once, running bendies. You know what that is? It's what you do when the ice is soft and ready to break, and if you don't run fast across it it will break, and the game is to see who can stay on the ice the longest without breaking through. And that day I must have been showing off or something, because I was usually a very shy kid indeed. But that day I kept on after all the others, and on my last trip across the ice broke and I fell in. I was so proud about doing it I didn't even mind the bawling-out I got when I got home. It's about the most daring thing I ever did in my life.”

Eleanor had been holding his arm, looking out where the lake once had been. “Oh, no, darling,” she said. “You've done lots of daring things. You've married me.”

“I never dared speak to Winifred, though,” he said. Then he glanced at her quickly. She was looking straight ahead, at the scuffed brown dirt which



had once been the bottom of a lake. "Well," he said and he seized her arm. It felt a little stiff in his grasp. "Well, I ought to know the way from here on," he said. "Down to Main, and a couple of blocks farther on."

On the lawn in front of one of the houses in the next block there was a baby in a play pen, and a couple of older children and a man were sitting close around it, watching. The baby was chewing on a rubber doll. Two girls came down the steps of the house just beyond and walked off up the sidewalk ahead of them. "The good people of Springfield," Bill said, and looked at Eleanor. She was looking straight ahead; she said nothing, and after a moment Bill looked away again. One of the girls was quite pretty, and the dresses of both, in the back, fitted snugly over their slim, youthful hips.

AT the corner of Main Street, the two girls turned south. Bill paused a moment and then headed north. "Up here, I think," he said, and in spite of himself he began walking faster. "We ought to be coming to it any time now—that is, if it's still there. It was a two-story house and it was painted yellow, and the expressman lived downstairs. We rented the top floor. And there was a firehouse just up the street from it, and the firemen used to sit out in the driveway, just outside the big door, sunning themselves and smoking. It was a hook-and-ladder company, and once a week or so they would harness up the horses—they were drawn by horses in those days, of course—and they would drive the thing around the block for a while, and when they came back they would wash it down in the driveway, and scrub it with sponges and polish it." He turned to her suddenly and grinned. "Am I boring you?"

"No," she said.

He studied her for a moment. "Look," he said. "If you're thinking about Winifred, I was only about fifteen years old at the time, and she was maybe fourteen. There was nothing between us."

"I suppose not," she said. "But," she held her breath a moment and then let it out. "Oh, well," and once more she took his arm. "Where's your house?"

"I'm looking for it." The first street they crossed was called Jefferson, and then came Calhoun and then Huntington. At Huntington there was a vacant lot on one corner and an apartment house on the opposite one, but he stopped for a moment, gazing around him. "This looks familiar, somehow," he said. Then he noticed, beyond the apartment house, the wide concrete driveway and squat brick face of the firehouse. "This is it!" he cried suddenly. "And they've torn the place down, after all. It would be right there, where that apartment house is." He looked at the vacant lot again. It was grown up in scattered clumps of bunch grass, and there were bits of old paper and rubbish lying around. Three boys were standing idly near the sidewalk, at the far corner of the lot. "But that would be where Harold Barker's house was, then," he said puzzledly. "There was always a house there. They wouldn't just tear a house down for no reason, would they?"

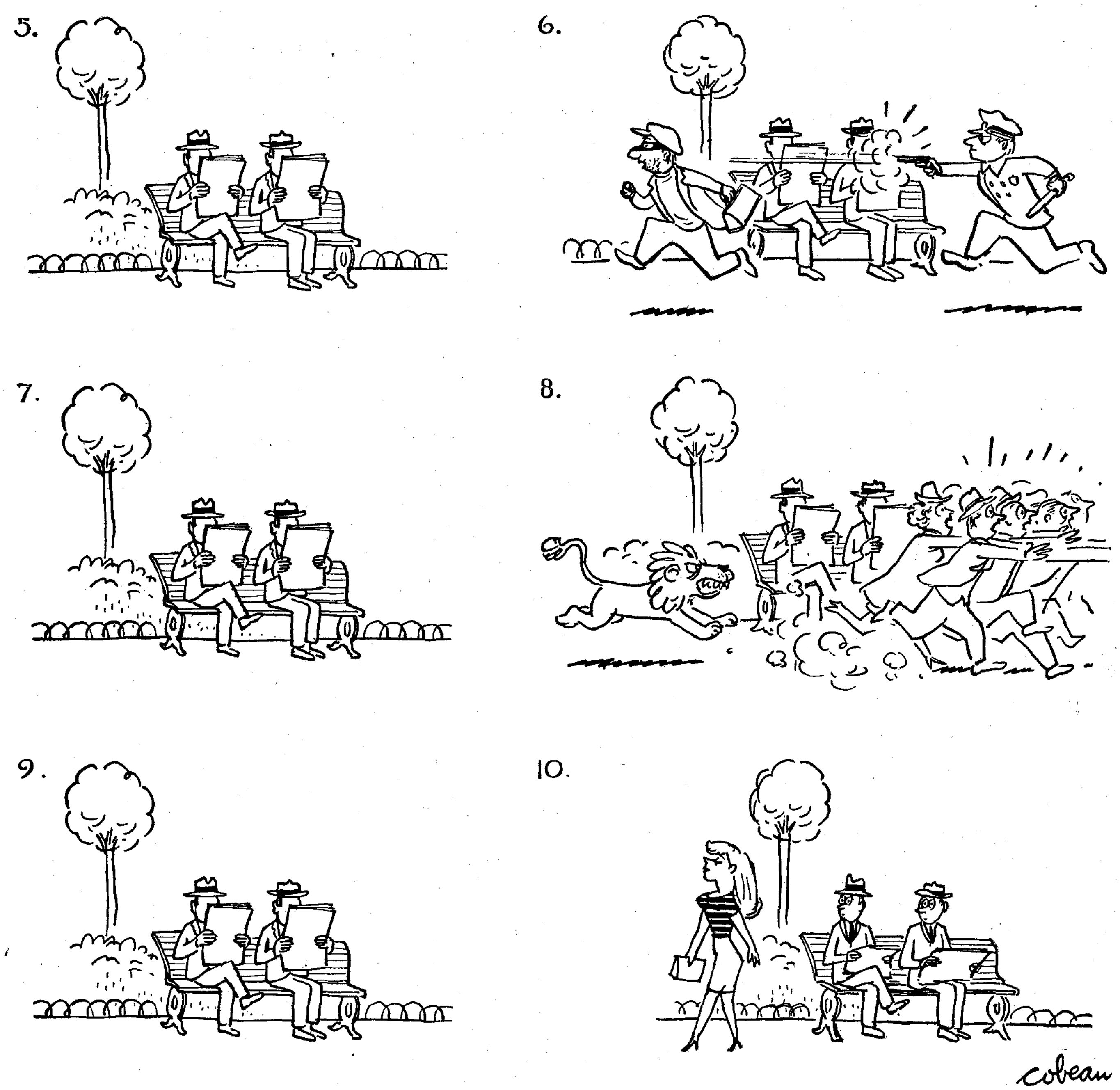
"I don't know, darling," said Eleanor. "Taxes. Fire."

He nodded his head slowly. "Maybe it burned down," he said. Somehow the vacant lot troubled him more than anything else—more even than the presence of the apartment house on the place where his own home had been—and without looking at Eleanor he walked over and began poking among the grasses with his foot, trying to find some remains of the house or its foundations. After a very short time, Eleanor walked over beside him. "Where did Winifred live, by the way?" she asked.

"Winifred? She lived just up Main Street a ways. It was a kind of brown-painted shingle house, and I used to walk past it sometimes, evenings, making out that I had an errand or something up that way. But I never spoke to her." He glanced at her briefly and grinned. "Gee, I must have been a shy kid in those days."

"It's a good thing you were," said Eleanor. "You might be married to her now, instead of me."

"I don't think so," Bill said abstract-



edly. “Anyway, she moved out of the neighborhood soon after.”

“How fortunate,” Eleanor said. “For me.” But she couldn’t even tell if he heard her, and she never knew why she did what she did next, but she did it. “It’d be nice if you could run into her now, wouldn’t it?” she said abruptly. She was smiling, but her smile was tight and her voice was hurried. “Wouldn’t that be fun? I wonder what she looks like now, anyway. Is she fat? Has she got six kids?” she went on. “Let’s call her, shall we?” and just as Bill half turned to look at her she faced up the street and raised her voice higher. “Oh, Winifred!” she cried, on the shrill, long-drawn-out note children use when they call to one another. “Oh, Winnie!” she called again. It was just a joke, that was all she had meant it to be, but she was surprised herself at how loud her voice sounded; from the corner of her eye she could see the three boys at the end of the lot staring at her curiously. Then she felt Bill’s hand close on her arm, and she turned to face him. “Darling, don’t,” she said. “That hurts.”

Bill said nothing, and he didn’t relax his grip, or move. His face had gone white, and his eyes were so wide with surprise and anger that they looked pale too; for an instant, she had a frightened, fateful sort of feeling that they would remain locked there, motionless in that vacant lot, till the end of time. Then the red washed back into his face and he let go of her arm. “But—but, God!” he said slowly.

“I was just trying to see if she was around,” said Eleanor.

“But, God!”

“I was trying to lay her ghost,” she said. Bill still didn’t speak, and she stared into his hard, angry eyes for a moment and then turned away. “It was just a joke,” she said, and then her own anger overcame her. “Well, all right then, if you want to take it that way,” she said, and without knowing it she relapsed into one of her childhood expressions. “All right for you,” she added, and without waiting for him to reply she started hurrying, almost blindly, through the uneven grasses to the sidewalk beyond. She heard Bill cry, “Wait! Wait, Eleanor!” and she heard him start running after her. But she didn’t stop. She knew she’d stop, and wait, when she reached the sidewalk. But she wanted to let him get out of his vacant lot alone.

—Robert M. Coates

NOTES ON LIBERATED ATHENS

AUGUST 30

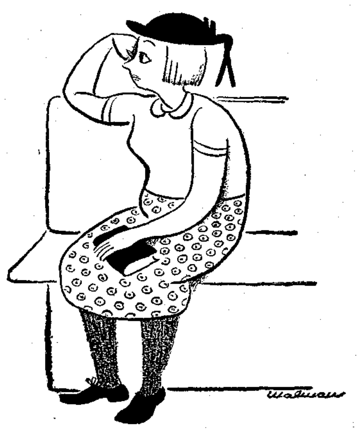
IT is a piquant and novel sensation to travel from Naples to Athens in an Army transport plane. Our airports and planes create a world of their own, an extension of the American system, that has been superimposed on Europe and makes a dissonant contrast with it. Over the blue Ionian Sea, you are handed a neat cardboard box, which contains, carefully wrapped in oiled paper, sandwiches of three kinds, each with a small printed slip that tells what the filling is—beef spread, melted cheese, and marmalade and peanut butter—so that you will know in what order to eat them; a hardboiled egg, with pepper and salt done up in paper in the picnic fashion; a cookie; a small container of cut-up peaches and pears, with a miniature pasteboard spoon; a bag of fruit drops of assorted flavors; and a pasteboard cup for water.

When you look down and see the first Greek islands, you are surprised by the difference from Italy, whose dense plantings of parched yellow fields you have so short a time before left behind. Here is a paler, purer, soberer country, which seems both wild and old and quite distinct from anything farther west. The sea is absolutely smooth, sometimes violet, sometimes blue, with a softness of water color, glistening in patches with a fine grain of silver; and the islands of all sizes, in bulbous or oblong shapes—blobs and round-bottomed bottles and the contours of plump roast fowl—seem not to rise out of the water but to be plaqued on it like cuff links on cuffs or to lie scattered like the pieces of a picture puzzle on a table with a blue cloth cover. These islands are a dry terra cotta—quite unlike the deep, earthy clay tints to which one has been accustomed in Italy—and almost the color of too well-cooked liver, and the vegetation looks like gray lichens. The marblings on the looping beaches set up a feeling of uncanny familiarity which refers, as one recognizes in a moment, to the patterns on ancient Greek vases made out of this very soil. Even on the large islands and the mainland, there is little cultivation visible and few plainly cut ribbons of roads, and the country, after humanized Italy, seems grander and more mysterious. The haze of the fawn-colored foreground shades farther away into blue, where the mountains stand dim and serene. These are the "shadowy mountains" of Homer.

Swooping down upon the airport at Eleusis, you seem to be heaving among billows that do not really resemble hills, with their dry green of foliage, pale gray of stone, and curious pale yellow of clay. There is a special apparent lightness of substance and absence of strong color which characterizes Greece and sets it off from other countries. As you descend into the hot airport, you have a general grateful impression of simplification and gentle austerity.

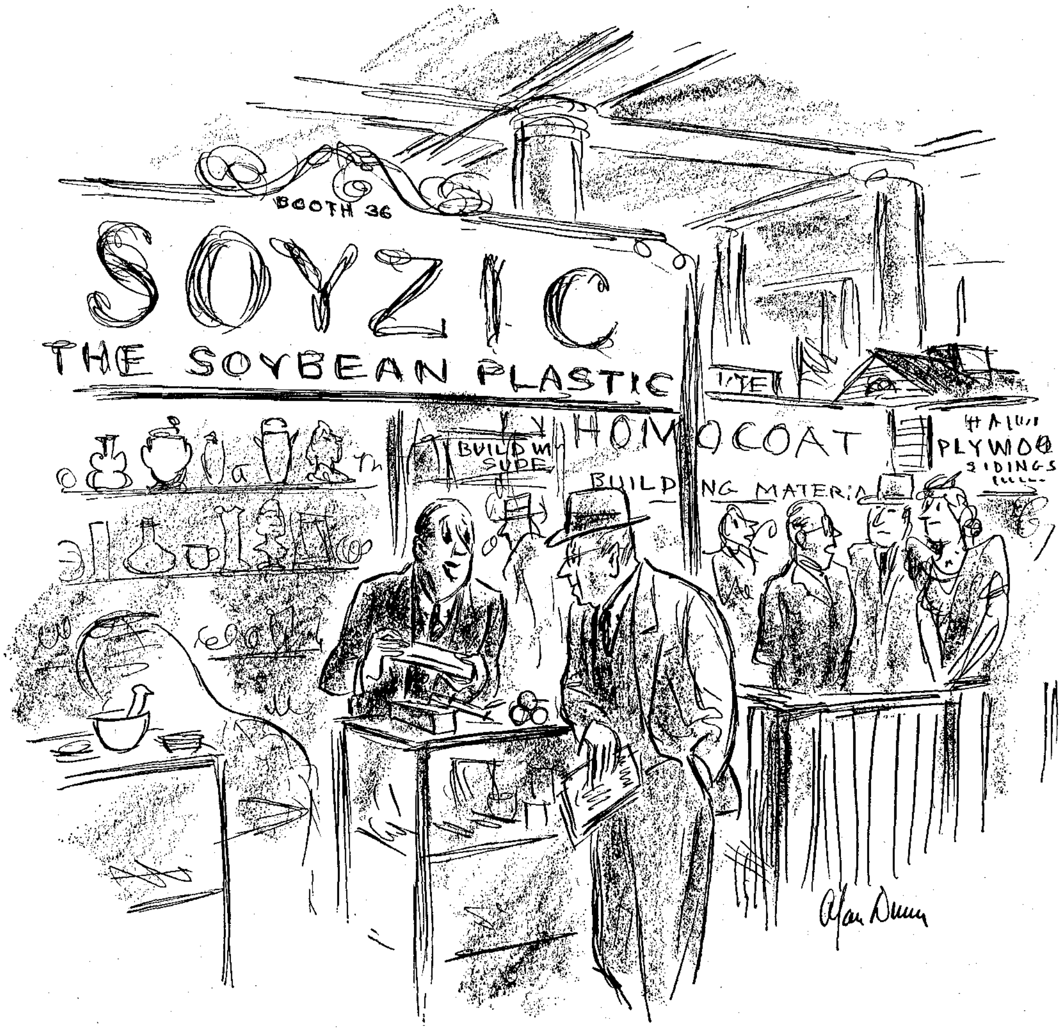
The transportation truck speeds with jolts along the Sacred Way that leads from Eleusis to the Acropolis and where the street signs indicate that it is still known as the Iera Odos. The lavender mountains of Salamis make a contrast that harmonizes with the bright-blue water below. Above the low roofs of Athens the Acropolis rises on its pedestal of rock: astonishing, dramatic, divine, with at the same time the look of a phantom.

THE Grande Bretagne Hotel, the principal hotel of Athens, which has been taken for a billet by the British and at which transient Americans also stay, has an atmosphere entirely unlike the atmosphere of Italian hotels. In Italy the porters and deskmen still think they are giving service to tourists: they bow constantly, show you places on street maps. But something is wrong at the Grande Bretagne. You are first told by a slant-eyed Greek that there are no decent rooms left but that he will be glad to give you a room in his house at a price only a little higher than what you would be obliged to pay at the hotel. When you insist on seeing the sergeant in charge of the American side, you find an insolent, equally slit-eyed fellow, quite untypical of the American Army, who also seems to be some kind of Greek. "Dere's so many drips comin' in," he says, "so many generals and high-rankin' officers—dat I'm full up all de time. I'll have to put you in a room wit' two odder beds in it." I thought he was hoping I'd take the private room, but I insisted on staying here, and he repeated several times, as he reluctantly got a boy for my bag, "Dere's so many drips all de time."



The room with the three beds had been riddled by what I took to be a machine gun, which had sprayed bullets all around the doorway and made several holes in the door. One of the shots had struck just above my bed and left a scar in the plaster. Out the window I could see blinds knocked askew, snarls of German barbed wire on the roof, and other evidences of close-range fighting. The Grande Bretagne had first been occupied by the Germans, who lived in it all through the war; then it was put at the disposal of the British, after the Germans had been driven out. At the time of the civil war last winter, the fatal demonstration by E.A.M. (the National Liberation Front), at which the police fired into the crowd, took place in the square just outside it; and when the battle to the death was on and E.A.M. for a time had the British at bay, the Grande Bretagne was one of the only places in Athens that the latter succeeded in holding. The bullet holes in my door were probably made by one of E.A.M.'s guns. Later, when the royalists had won, Churchill, on his hasty trip to Athens, stayed at the Grande Bretagne and held his conferences there; and some of the partisans loaded the basement with dynamite and planned to blow the place up—thereby wiping out at one stroke, as a sympathizer with E.A.M. told me, the inspirer of the foreign policy which was backing the monarchy in Greece, and General Scobie and Ambassador Leeper, who had been carrying that policy out. But someone gave the plot away and the wires were cut in time.

The employees at the Grande Bretagne, many of whom have worked there for years, have been through a good deal. One cannot precisely know whether they are sullen or discouraged or stunned, but, with the exception of a few of the waiters, they have neglected to learn any English. They do not even expect tips: they disappear, without waiting a second, as soon as you have succeeded in catching one and inducing him to do something for you. Greek callers at the hotel complain that they are treated by the Greek employees with the utmost impoliteness.



"It's the perfect plastic at last. It can be bored, punched, stamped, sawed, and in an emergency eaten with a light sauce."

ONE gets a sudden revelation, in coming to Greece from Italy, of all that was vulgar about ancient Rome and all that was trashy in the Renaissance. There is no Renaissance art in Athens and, except for some Byzantine churches, nothing between ancient and modern Greece. You have no centuries of Catholic history; the Orthodox Church, in general, is singularly unobtrusive; and I confess that I found it a relief not to see the scene encrusted with the three hundred and thirty-six churches that you meet at every turn in Rome. You have, instead, a clean and well-swept city of small buildings, white, pale gray, or dry yellow, that are almost never ornate in the Mediterranean way but rather simple and uniform, with a dignity of classical taste; and, among these, a few ancient monuments that are perhaps the things of the kind most worth seeing in the whole world. You understand for the first time that it is true that, in matters of architecture, the Romans merely imitated the Greeks, and you realize what a coarsening and deadening process this imitation was. The Parthenon itself, the Erechtheum, the temple of the Wingless Victory keep a vitality, a splendor, and a grace that I have never seen in any other ruins. They do not seem the bones of perished ages; they still transform the world where they shine—a world of square houses and shops that might otherwise seem chalky and meagre but that, beside them, catches something of their distinction.

IT has been shown that the classical Greeks had a rather uncertain sense of color. They used the same word for yellow and green, and they seem to have confused red with purple. It was the Romans who brought color into European poetry with the Italian landscapes of Virgil—as well as the sense of materials, of hardness and tightness and weight, with the marbles and bricks and bronzes that Virgil and Horace both describe and imitate by the structure of their verse. The Greeks lacked this feeling for matter, for their very mountains seem immaterial, and they worked in Pentelican marble, which gives the impression of solidified light. As soon as one arrives in Greece, one understands how a native of this country who had never seen anything else might have had no conception of a world painted in definite vivid colors. The olive trees, the pepper trees, the tiny firs are indeterminately blue, green, and gray; the yellow of the earth is a neutral tint which is always turning pink or brown, and the pinks and browns themselves sometimes deepen or brighten to red. What the Greeks did have highly developed—besides the architectural sense of proportion—was an appreciation of the light and shade that are the main features of visible Attica. You find it in the choruses of the plays, where things are always darkling or gleaming, and in the settings of Plato's dialogues, when they take place on sunny days in the shade, and you find it exploited in the most masterly way in the colonnades and porches of the temples. And you still have to learn in Athens to appreciate everything in terms of light.

ALL the American soldiers love Athens: they infinitely prefer Greece to Italy, and I have been trying to figure out why. I remember a man in Rome who kept assuring me that Athens was "a real metropolis," which it certainly is strikingly not. When you ask them why they like it so much, they immediately say that it is "clean," which is true—that is, the filth of the slums is kept in the back streets, as they are used to having it kept at home, instead of being all over the place, as in Naples. But, for another thing, the Greeks, to an American, seem less foreign and more normal. They are much less theatrical than Italians. They are quieter and do not jabber. They are more independent, have more backbone. There are few beggars in Athens and few prostitutes, whereas in Italy there are an immense number of both. I had somehow got the impression that the Athenian women were still more or less in the harem phase, but, though this really is the case in Italy, I did not find it true in Greece. The Greek women seem remarkably intelligent, and they do a good deal on their own. There are few professional sirens.

But I finally came to the conclusion that there were other, perhaps less admirable qualities that recommended the Greek capital to the Americans: a certain monotony of the streets, of which my French guidebook complains, and a certain mediocrity in Athens. It comes back to me that an American who had grown up in Greece once told me that Athens was "a hick town," and I understand now that it looks more like home to the exiled and wandering G.I., because, compared to other places in Europe, it seems orderly, prosaic, and new. This is unquestionably what was meant by my friend in Rome when he insisted that it was "a real metropolis."

IN any case, one realizes, as one walks in the streets, that Greece now is really the country where nobody has anything at all. In Italy there are still many commodities that are being produced and sold—striped neckties, pink silk slips and lace brassières, new books in crisp bright covers, perfume and candy and cakes—and that revive some of the brilliance of the shops. But in Greece there is little but remnants of old stocks that must predate the war, and, in clothing, a scanty supply that only meets rudimentary needs. None of the women has makeup, and they wear rather dreary cheap dresses, mostly of the national blue; none of the men wears a necktie even when his shirt collar is buttoned. If you go to a better-class restaurant, you can get little but a slice of fish, a dish of cut-up tomatoes, a bottle of resinated wine, and a slice of watermelon. The people are not riding bicycles, as they are in England and Italy; but this fact is due, I am told, not so much to the difficulty of getting them as to the scornful aversion that the Greeks have always felt toward bicycle riding. They regard it, it seems, as undignified. The one thing that the Athenians have that the Romans and Neapolitans don't have is quite enough light at night. They defended their electric plant and saved it when the Germans were evacuating; and it is cheerful, coming from cities where the streets are murky and blind, to find Athens twinkling among its hills under the dry, clear summer sky.

I got the impression at first of a city depleted of life (though its actual population has been increased by the influx of people from towns destroyed by the Germans), as if everything that was going on was at once underpatronized and understaffed. But I was told by foreigners who had lived long in Athens that this impression was partly misleading: the Athenians had always been frugal and they had never made much of a show; and the lack of organic town life was not wholly the result of the war, since the inhabitants of Athens had always, as a Russian lady said, been content with "*une douce anarchie*." But here, as elsewhere in Europe, the disorganization brought by the war is profound. After all, out of a population of only seven million in the whole of Greece, a million have died during the last five years, six hundred thousand of these from starvation. I had not expected to find whole streets of the city as badly battered as London or Milan—full of walls nicked or speckled with bullets and of the blasted-out husks of buildings. E.L.A.S. (the Greek Popular Liberation Army) blew up police headquarters and other strongholds of the royalist authorities, and the British retaliated with bombing raids, mortar fire, and tanks shooting up the streets.

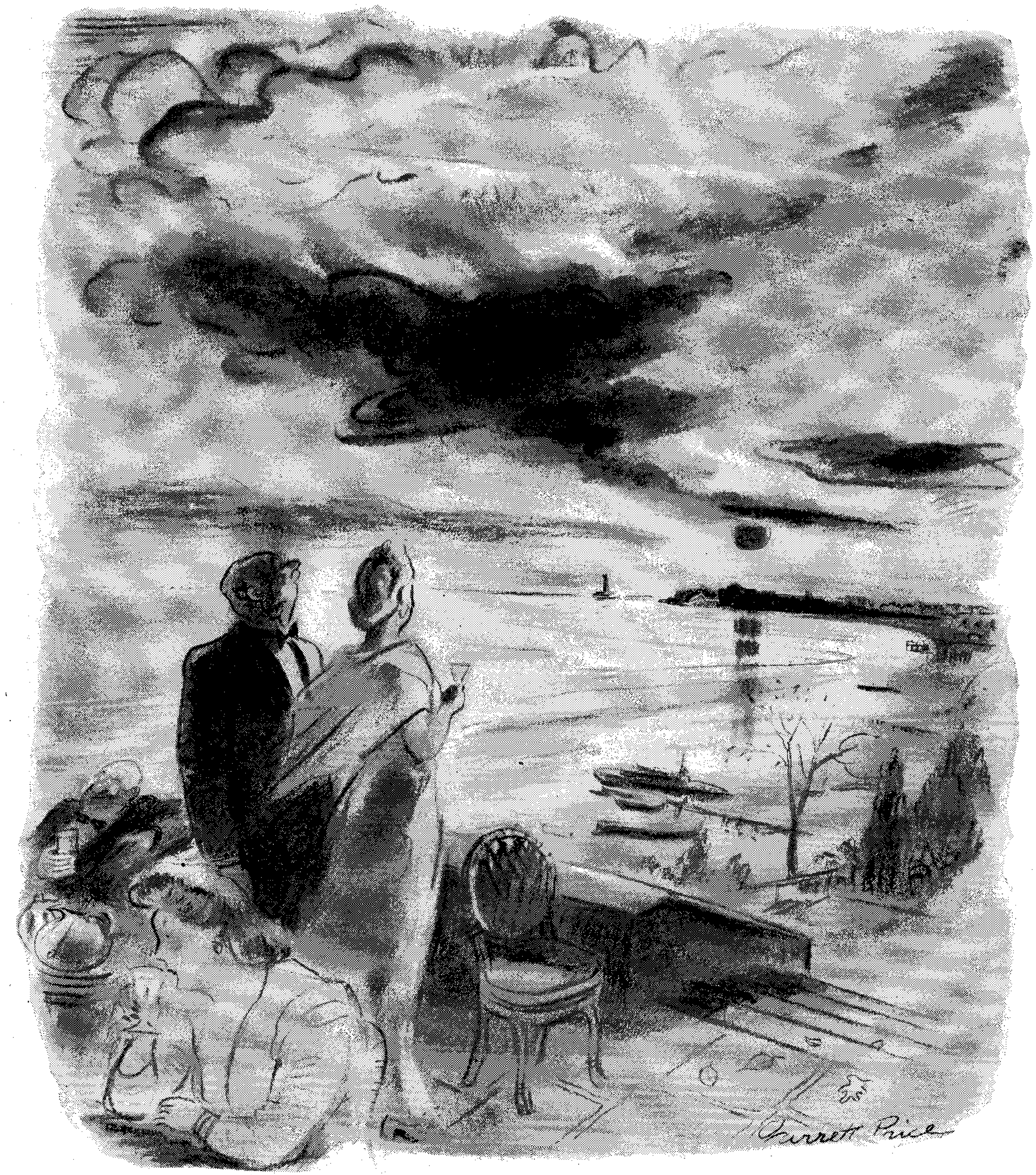
I SHARE a bathroom with an American major, a former Standard Oil engineer now engaged in "petroleum rehabilitation," who is eager to talk about his work. He is a tall, energetic Westerner who is enthusiastically intent on a purpose—a purpose which is probably typical of the American approach to Europe. There are two main points of which he is anxious to convince me and to which he usually reverts when I meet him, prefacing each step of his argument with an emphatic and cogent "*Aw right!*," on the assumption that I have agreed with the step before. The first of these points he immediately raised when he saw that I was a war correspondent. He flourished before me a clipping that had just been sent him from home and declared with indignation that the newspapermen were misrepresenting the situation in Greece. The editorial from his home-town paper asserted that the present regime was a lawless and ruthless tyranny, which was arresting thousands of people on political charges and holding them without trial, and that it ill became the United States to countenance a government by terror that made democratic processes impossible. I told him that this was very much the picture that I had gotten, before I came, from American correspondents who had been in Greece, and I suggested that British policy, in its brutal repression of a movement which is generally admitted to have had at the time the support of eighty per cent of the Greeks, and in its backing of the unpopular royalists, had hardly evidenced a serious concern for the extension of the Four Freedoms. Like most Americans, no matter how predatory, no matter how hungry for power, he was daunted and embarrassed for a moment by the appeal to democratic principles. But he quickly shook these objections off. Political problems did not really exist for him; he was interested in something else. He only wanted me to admit that it was best that the radicals should be kept down—the Greeks needed a period of stabilization, didn't they?—and to say "*Aw right!*" and then go on to expand on the subject that he had at heart.

This subject was the favorable possibilities for American business in Greece—not for "exploitation" (he always made this disclaimer); no, that wouldn't do; the Greeks were suspicious of us, "perhaps rightly." What he had in mind was something quite different: to develop Greek water power and oil wells by organizing international companies for which one third of the capital and the technical advice would be supplied by American enterprise, another third of the money by Greek financiers, and the remaining third would be put up by the Greek employees themselves so that they would have some real interest in the project. "Liberal labor and capital" were beginning to get together at home, and he didn't see why they shouldn't in Greece. He beamed with an impersonal elation behind his professional glasses. Volos, where he had just been, reminded him a lot of the Yosemite; the Greeks were perfectly fine: it wasn't hard to arouse their interest and they would work with you in a wonderful way. When I said, in one of our conversations, that I had been told that the reactionary government stood in the way of technical education, he hotly took me up, assuring me that this was not necessarily true: he had a young Greek engineer who was a damn sight keener and more competent than the average man turned out by the technical schools at home.

The drive of his point of view—capitalistic and engineering-minded—in the direction of the non-political and the anti-nationalistic was illustrated by a story he loved, about a German who had lived thirty years in Greece in the neighborhood of Volos and whom the Germans put in charge of the oil installations when they arrived in 1941. This oil had been owned by the Shell Company, and the Shell Company manager at Volos had been also the British vice-consul. He was now put on parole by the Germans and made to report to them every day. When the Germans were getting out of Greece and blowing up all the public utilities, the German expatriate went to the military authorities and persuaded them to spare the oil installations, pointing out that the people of Volos had done the invaders no harm and that they needed the oil for their economy. Now the British vice-consul is back in charge, the German has returned to his farm, and the Greeks have refrained from bringing charges against him, as they would with another collaborationist, because he has saved their oil.

The major was a likable man and I found his excitement infectious. He referred with pride to his wife, who had been getting a degree in, I think, sociology and who, he said, was "a good-looking little son-of-a-bitch."

I WAS fortunate in having letters from a Greek lady I knew in New York. She sent me to her mother, Mrs. D., who turned out to be in touch with many strata and departments of Athenian life. Mrs. D. is one of seven sisters from the island of Samos; her father was a classical scholar, the director of a Greek school in Smyrna. She is remarkably intelligent, as well as lively and charming; fair-haired and blue-eyed, with almost the profile of an ancient statue. You do not find often, among the modern Greeks—who run to round faces and round black eyes—these types that recall the great age, but you do see a few startling examples. The women of Samos are famous for their beauty, and the pure race is represented by these blondes who have blue or glaucous eyes and sometimes look almost English. Mrs. D. has innumerable nephews and nieces, who have all more or less these Greek sea-colored eyes and these archaic foreheads and noses. They and their husbands and wives and their various family connections are active in education, in the government, in business, in archeology, in the newspaper world, in the theatre; and they include every degree of political opinion from Communism to the official conservatism. You run into them everywhere, and if there is anything I want to see or anybody I want to meet, one simply passes me on to another. These relations and a variety of friends are always dropping in on Mrs. D. When I had re-



"Sometimes I think the cocktail hour is the most beautiful time of the day."

marked on one occasion that I had met in her family every shade of opinion except royalist, one of the nieces, at my next visit, came over and whispered to me that there were two royalist ladies present—not, she hastened to add, relatives but friends.

I have several times visited Mrs. D. in a house she has rented for the summer in a residential suburb called Philothei. It is a well-designed modern villa—a pleasant refuge from the terrific, almost tropical heat, the worst they have had in decades: white ceilings, pale, straw-colored walls, large casements and green latticed blinds, cupboards of natural wood, and green-and-white linoleum that imitates tiles. Among the barren and sun-baked mountains, Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, it seems very much like southern California, with its comfortable out-of-doors furniture, its potted ice plants, its collection of cactus, and its dry, aromatic smell. There are a turbid green pool with big goldfish, a garden with dahlias, petunias, and rose trees of yellow roses, fig trees with ripe green figs, and clusters of heavy green grapes draping the arbor that shades the back porch.

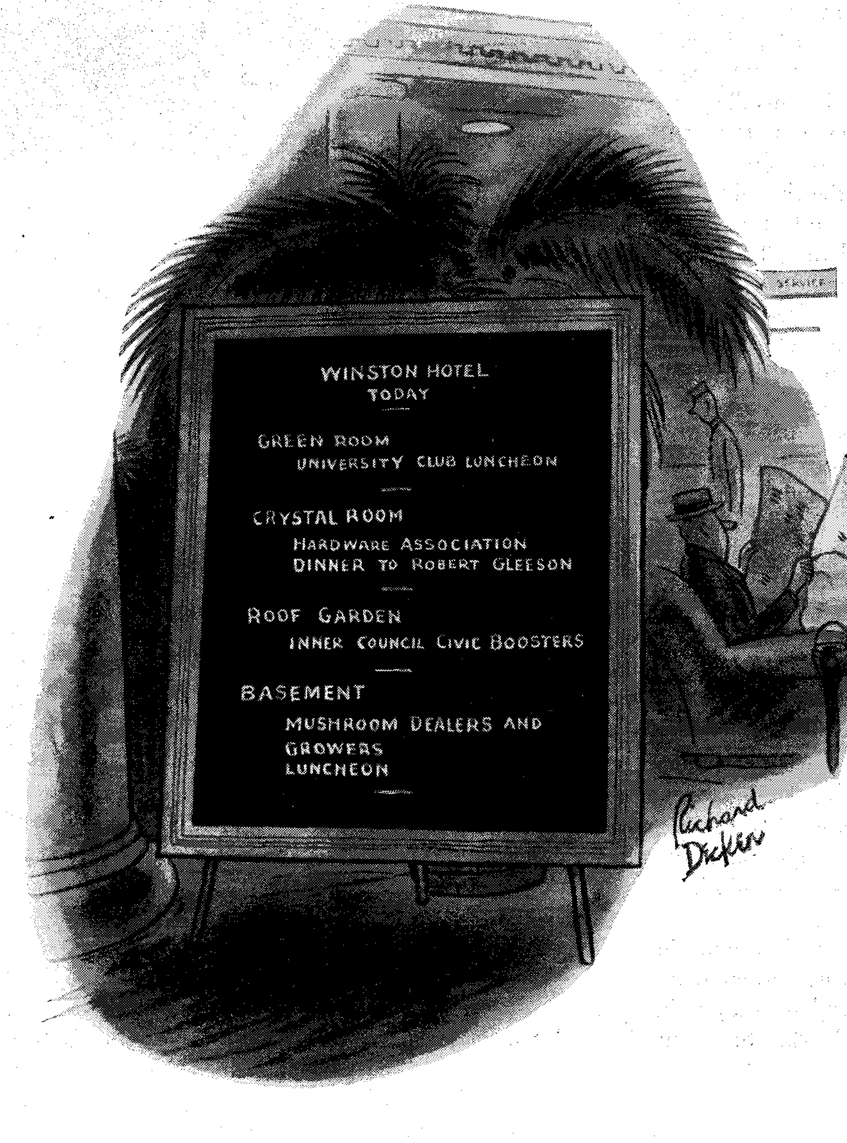
There have always been so many people, and they have all been so familiar and casual that I have had to ask questions later to identify them and straighten their relationships out, but I have pretty clear impressions of the following:

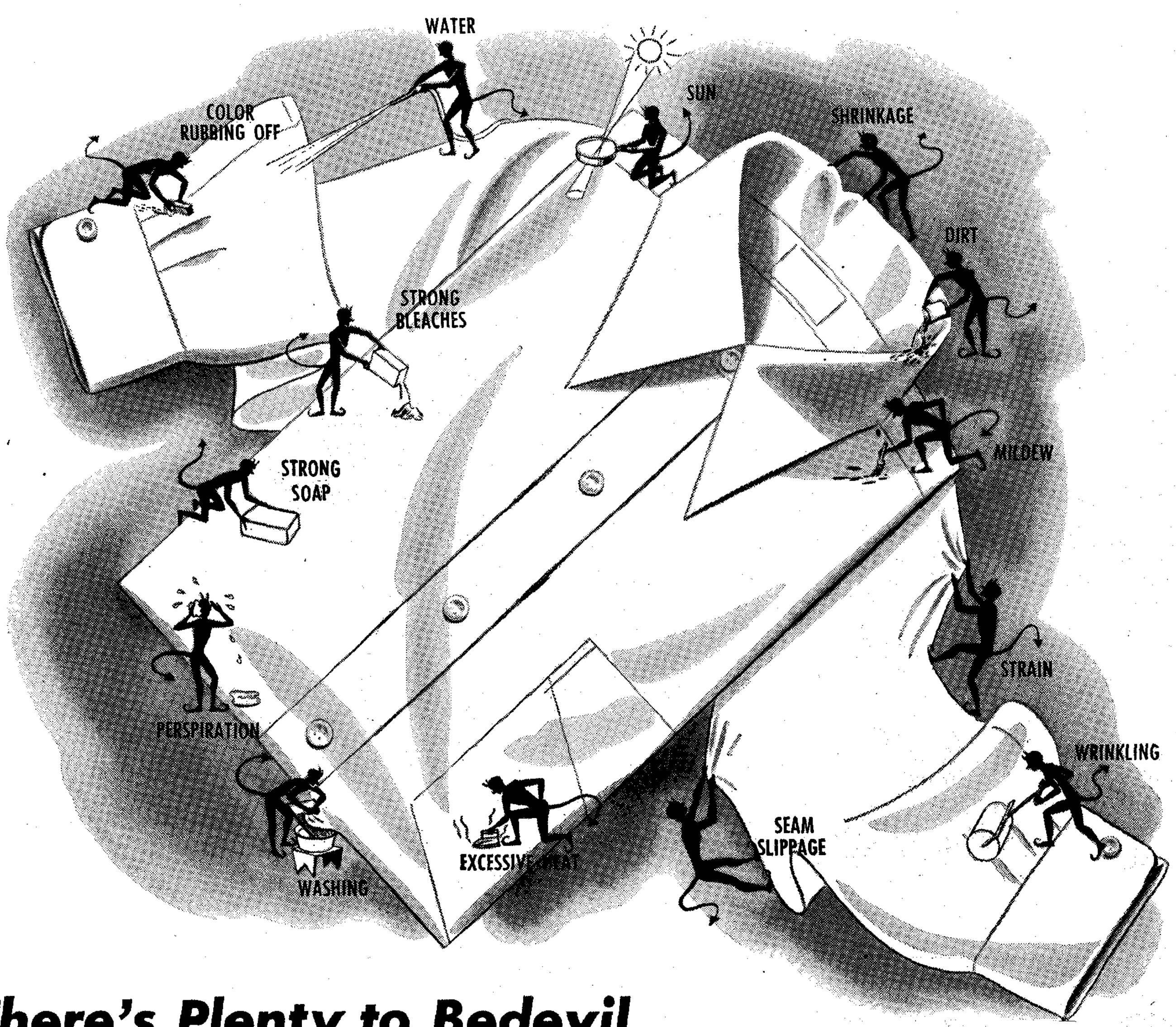
A nephew, who has qualified himself to teach physics and mathematics but who has been waiting eight years for a job, in the meantime making a meagre living by giving private lessons. I got from him for the first time a picture—which was confirmed later by other sources—of the miserable illiteracy of Greece. He told me that seventy per cent of the Greeks have had only the most rudimentary schooling or none, and that there are thirty-two hundred teachers out of work, while it is impossible, with the reactionary government, to establish a democratic educational system. There are only two public libraries in Greece—one in Athens and one in Salonika—and it is an almost insuperable task to find anything you want in either of them. He is a sympathizer with E.A.M. He told me that before the war the Greeks had seen so much of the English that they had learned to get on with them and had got rather to like them but that, except for those Greeks who wanted the monarchy, the attitude toward the British was now bitter. After all, only seven British tanks—since E.L.A.S. had no tanks—had stood between E.A.M. and victory (they were American tanks, by the way); and, after all, he thought that they, the Greeks, could say that, given their equipment and manpower, nobody else in Europe had done more to stand up to the Nazis than they had and that they deserved the kind of democratic regime that most of them had thought they were fighting for.

A little niece of twenty-two, who speaks French, studies literature, and is preparing to be an archeologist. She is bright and well brought-up and has, I should say, a good deal of character. She has a sister, whom I met later, a year younger than she. This sister was out in the mountains with the partisans and is a passionate supporter of E.A.M. I told the older one that I got the impression that her sister was a little on the Communist side. "*Pas un peu,*" she answered slyly. "*Assez.*" She herself is wholeheartedly pro-E.A.M. but has a certain detachment toward the Communists. The nuance of difference in politics between these two girls is typical of the state of things in Greece.

An old schoolmate of my friend in New York—a young woman who, before the war, had started to study medicine but given it up when the family fortunes had broken down as a result of the war. She had ended by marrying a lawyer and going to live in Salonika. They had had to sell their best carpets and such other things of value as they possessed in order to get enough to eat. She seems like an able woman who would have had a career of her own if it had not been for the war and whose life is rather unsatisfactory.

Two sisters, cousins of Mrs. D. One is married to a man in the government: white suit, tan-and-white shoes, fine Panama hat; very suave, speaks English well. The other sister has all of what I found to be the typical conventional opinions of the well-to-do Greek bourgeoisie. She was appalled by the British elections—was Attlee as "intelligent" as Churchill? Churchill had saved them from the Communists, who would otherwise have won and "shot everybody." E.A.M. had been run by the Communists, and Greek Communism was merely the fanaticism of ignorant people. She had asked her maid





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the other day what she would do after the revolution—didn't she see that she would still have to be a maid because she didn't know how to do anything else? The girl hadn't thought of that: she had thought she would be a lady. That was what Greek Communism was made of!

The two royalist ladies. They had got to know each other in jail and had been good friends ever since. They had been sheltering British soldiers during the German occupation and had been imprisoned in a room with eighty women and children—where one had spent six months, the other eleven. They had not been allowed to read and were unable to relieve themselves except when a large pail was put in the middle of the room for everybody to use. Of the British they had been punished for helping, they said that the New Zealanders were nicest, the Australians somewhat "rougher," and the English "very selfish."

Two children: a boy and a girl of about thirteen and ten who had been left with Mrs. D. for a visit. They were serious and quiet in a way that I have never seen in any other children: it was evidently the impress of the war. I tried amusing them with a jumping mouse made out of my pocket handkerchief, with which I have usually had great success, but it did not go over very well. The boy, at any rate, seemed much more interested in listening to the political discussion. He made two rather acute observations not intended for me to understand but translated by his elders. "The Americans and English," he said, "don't seem to know their own language, because they hesitate and stammer over words," and "It's a funny thing that the English didn't celebrate the English elections—it was the Greeks that did all the celebrating." But when they were sent to bed, they sat up talking and giggling, like all children, and had to be hushed and told to go to sleep.

The person I talked with most except Mrs. D. herself was her son, who was staying with her, an importer with a business in Bagdad. Unlike most of the rest of the company, he did not belong to the intelligentsia, and his point of view was non-political, practical, and a little cynical. He spoke English and talked about his experience in the East with the various English-speaking peoples. You were never able, he said, to get on any kind of terms with the English themselves: you might succeed in inducing them to come to your house, but they would never ask you back. They were awfully unscrupulous in business, and his English rivals in Bagdad, finding that they could not compete with his firm, had tried to get him and his associates locked up as Nazi spies. The English were at least quiet in public, but the Americans were most obnoxious: they apparently regarded themselves as miraculously invincible with women or privileged with some sort of *droit de seigneur*, for they were always coming up to unknown couples and insisting that the ladies should dance with them. (I had to recognize that this was true: I had seen an American soldier in a restaurant in Rome attempt to grab the wife of one of the men in the Embassy.) The Greeks now thought they loved the Americans, he said, but he told them that they only liked them because they didn't know them yet. He had no confidence at all, he declared, in the disinterested pretensions of U.N.R.R.A.: it would turn out that it was being used to put over American products in Europe. He swore that an American had once asked him whether the war between Athens and Sparta was still going on in Greece. The Scotch he considered cruel on account of their treatment of the Greeks at the time of the civil war. The New Zealanders were the English-speaking people who made the best impression abroad: they were quiet, agreeable, and decent. (I asked a New Zealand girl in U.N.R.R.A. about this overwhelming popularity of the New Zealanders, and she said that they had somehow, in Greece, known how to "take the right tone" with the people. They had felt that Greece resembled New Zealand—it was a small, mountainous, rural country, mainly surrounded by water—and they approached the Greeks as people like themselves.)

Young D. had been a sailor in the Greek Navy in Egypt at the time of the mutiny of April, 1944, and I asked him to tell me about it. The incident that had set off this mutiny had been the imprisonment by the puppet Greek government in Cairo of the delegates sent from Greece by the Free Greek government of the mountains. This organization, E.A.M., represented the resistance to the Germans and consisted of a national council which had just been

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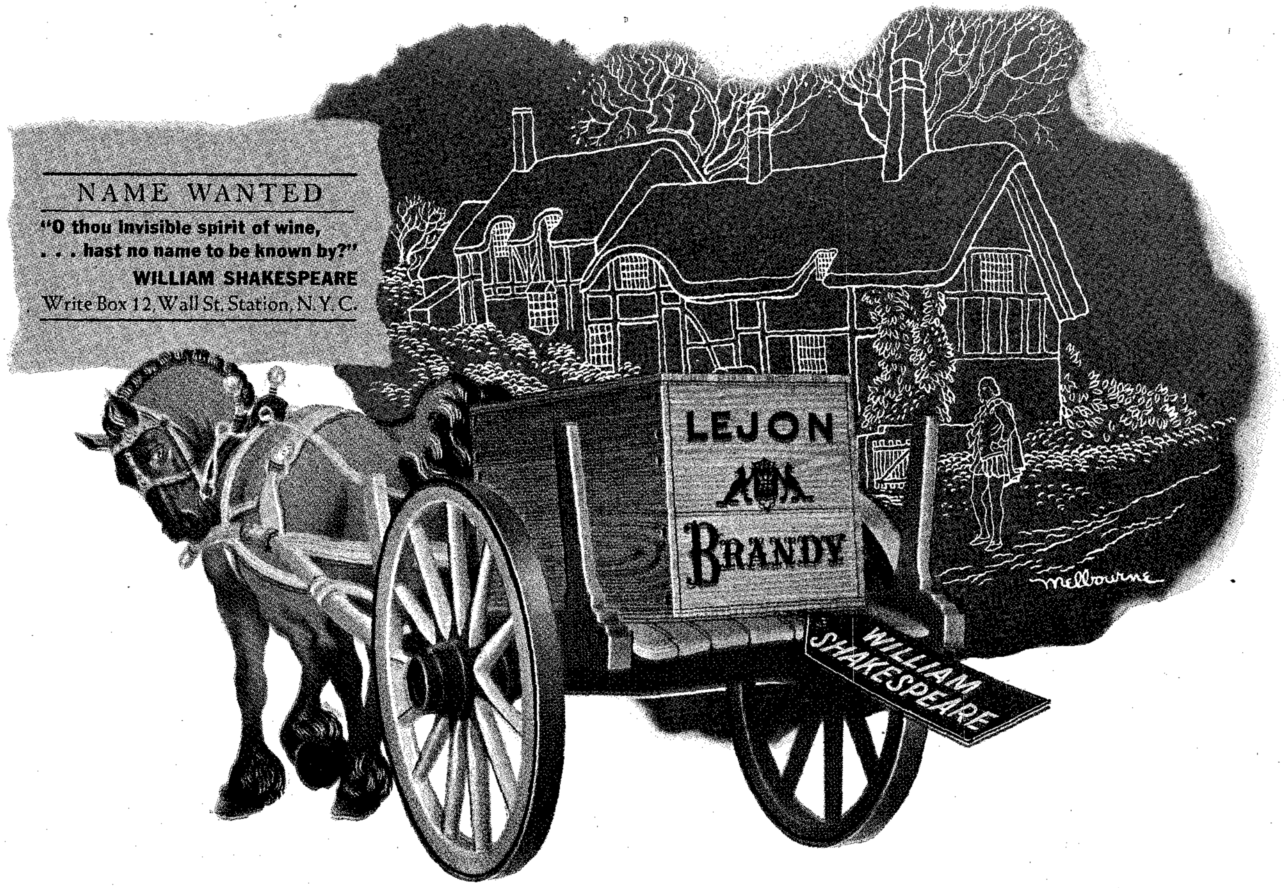

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chosen by underground elections held all over Greece; and it had sent a committee to Cairo to try to arrange a union between the Greek government in exile and itself. But the British, intent on the restoration of the monarchy and wanting nothing so far to the left as E.A.M. was threatening to be, had the delegates sent to jail. The Greek fleet then mutinied in protest and would not continue fighting with the British. D. was at that time in training camp, and he and his companions refused to obey orders for thirty-three days. A Scotch officer who spoke Greek came and pleaded with them and told them that they were costing the British £25,000 a day because the Germans were sinking the ships that the Greeks were no longer convoying. The Greeks laughed and said that they were glad to hear this evidence that the English without the Greeks were helpless against the Germans. Finally, the British told them that they needed the training camp for something else, loaded them into lorries, and took them to a prison camp, where they were kept for twenty-six days. At one point the British lined them up and offered to escort with bayonets any who wanted to leave. Out of eight hundred and nine men, only seven accepted. The sailors on one of the ships further infuriated the British by cutting the crown out of the Greek flag, as a result of which the British refused to salute it. Then the word got around among the Greeks that the mutiny had been engineered by the Communists, and the morale of their resistance crumbled. Sixty per cent of them, D. included, agreed to go back to the fleet. The British divided them up into four categories, who were dealt with in what were regarded as appropriate ways. Category A consisted of sailors who from the first had not approved of the movement; B, of men who had sympathized with it but had taken no active part, or whose sentiments it was impossible to determine because they had been in the hospital or on leave; C, of sailors who were definitely known to have "shouted" or done something positive (this category included also all persons who had grown beards, since the partisans had had beards in the mountains and this was regarded as a proof of Left sympathies); and to D category the leaders were condemned. D. told me about these categories with an irony, amused but mordant, at the expense of British system and stupidity. One man who had written a letter expressing concern lest the people at home were not getting enough vitamins in their diet

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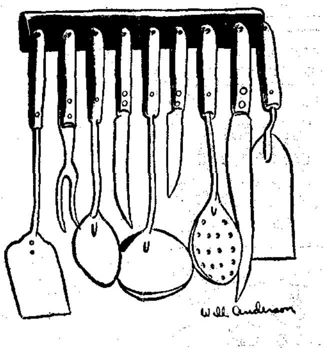
was on that evidence consigned to C, since it was considered by the British authorities in itself a dangerous symptom to show an interest in the welfare of Greece. A, B, and C categories were eventually all set free, but the men in D were sent to the Sudan, where they presumably still were. It was afterward said that the mutiny had been provoked by the British themselves in order to find out who among the Greek sailors were and were not Communists.

During the early part of this story, D.'s young wife, whom he had married only five days before—a good-looking girl, gray-eyed and tanned—listened with the decorous quietness that Greek women usually show in the presence of males, but as he was telling of his disaffection, when he had finally become convinced that the mutiny was being managed by the Communists, she began to try to sabotage his story by, still in complete silence—she was sitting on the couch beside him—burrowing under his arm like a setter that wants to be fed or tackling him around the waist and making as if to throw him over. "You must let me tell my version of the mutiny," she said when her husband had finished. "She's a Communist sympathizer," he explained. "She doesn't know what to think about anything till she gets the directive from headquarters." At any rate, she never did give me her version. Her husband teased her for being a Communist and also teased her for being the niece of a prominent public man who had come to represent for more realistic republican opinion the most obsolete political old-fogeyism. D. himself, in all this talk of politics, was a little bit aggressively a businessman, but he was not, I think, quite satisfied as a businessman. He asked me, with Socratean irony, whether it were possible in the United States to make a lot of money and still be honest. "It's not possible over here," he said. "You can make a little money and be honest, but you can't make a lot of money without cheating or exploiting somebody."



The atmosphere of the D. household seemed to me distinctly different from anything I had ever known before. These Greeks showed profound effects of the hardships and horrors through which they had passed, but they treated them with the utmost lightness. It was as far from the crisp matter-of-factness of the British—their understatement that is almost ostentatious—as it is from the historical consciousness which never deserts the Italians and which, once having allowed them to accept Mussolini as a reincarnation of the Caesars, now leads them to talk about recent events in terms of the age of Justinian, when the Roman general Belisarius had had to invade Italy in order to fight the Goths, and to conceive their hopes for the future in terms of the reappearance of the great figures of the Risorgimento. In the course of my visits to the D.'s, I sometimes heard shocking details of the years of German occupation. There had been a gibbet at the corner of the street where Mrs. D. lived in Athens; the Germans, on one occasion, in reprisal for the killing of a soldier, had stopped a train full of women and children on their way to the beach for an outing and shot every human being in it; one lady whose husband had been in hiding spoke of her nervousness in her house at night waiting for the doorbell to ring; someone said it was awfully pleasant to be able to have lights at night—the Germans had been in the habit of firing machine guns at lighted windows and sometimes killing the people inside; one of the men, as he was taking his leave, remarked that he had still not got used to not having to dodge the Germans when he was going home late at night. But they always laughed about these things, as if they were speaking of inconveniences like cranky neighbors or torn-up roads. "One day you would have a friend," said D.'s little wife, smiling, as she told me about what the Germans had done, "and the next day you wouldn't have one." Unlike the Italians and the southern French, the Greeks do not like to show emotion; and they give you a curious impression of having waited with perfect self-confidence till the barbarian hordes had passed. After all, as someone reminded me in showing me the sights, there Xerxes had once been sitting on the top of one of the hills of Salamis and waiting to see the Greek fleet defeated. So, one day, as I was walking along the Tritis Septemvriou with the girl who was giving me Greek lessons, and she was showing me how, during the civil war, the Greeks had been lined up on one side of the street and the British with their tanks on the other, when I said that it had all been terrible, she had mildly replied, "Oh, no: our men showed how brave they were."

Yet these people do differ in some ways from any group of people of the kind that I have ever heard talking before. They do not really make a social world, flourishing and complete in itself within its range of relationships and interests, as such people usually do. They have good sense and good humor and poise. They joke about Kou-Kou-es and Xitis, the current nicknames for Communists and royalists, accusing one another of extremism. But they have lived through shocking deprivations; they cannot see a year ahead into the future; they do not really have the security that their kind of life ought to imply. And, as one of the ladies said in some connection that I have now forgotten, "We say that we are free, but we are not free."

THE first night I spent at Philothei, I was awakened at early dawn by a loud, abrupt, strangulated cry that was evidently not human but animal. I went to the window but could see nothing, though the cry came again and again, like the choking of a large dog that has swallowed a bone or the convulsive gasps of a man who is being revived from drowning. The best I could imagine was that the sound was made by some kind of monkey, though I had never heard of monkeys in Greece. Later, when the boy came out, I asked him whether he knew what it was. "He shouts like a man," said the boy. "He jumps with his two legs. He is green." I was trying to picture this bandersnatch when the boy, who did not know the English word, explained that it was called *vatrachos*. It pleased me to think that Aristophanes' play had been based on the existence in Greece of a kind of super-frog. And I was even more charmed in a moment when one of the ladies came out of the house and remarked, "He says *ko-ax ko-ax*."

I WENT to the principal theatres: the Ethnikon and the Lyrikon. Like many things in Greece, they are more like ancient Greece than you expect: the audience sits out of doors before a small and severe proscenium. At the first, I saw Gogol's "The Inspector General," which seemed to me very well done; at the second, which is definitely Left, J. B. Priestley's "And They Came to a City" and a play by a young Greek dramatist, Nikos Tsekouras, called "If You Work, You Will Eat." The Priestley play is feeble enough, with its watered-down Shavian satire

Did the sky really turn turquoise? Or was it you . . .

and Paris by night . . . and that pulse-stirring fragrance . . .

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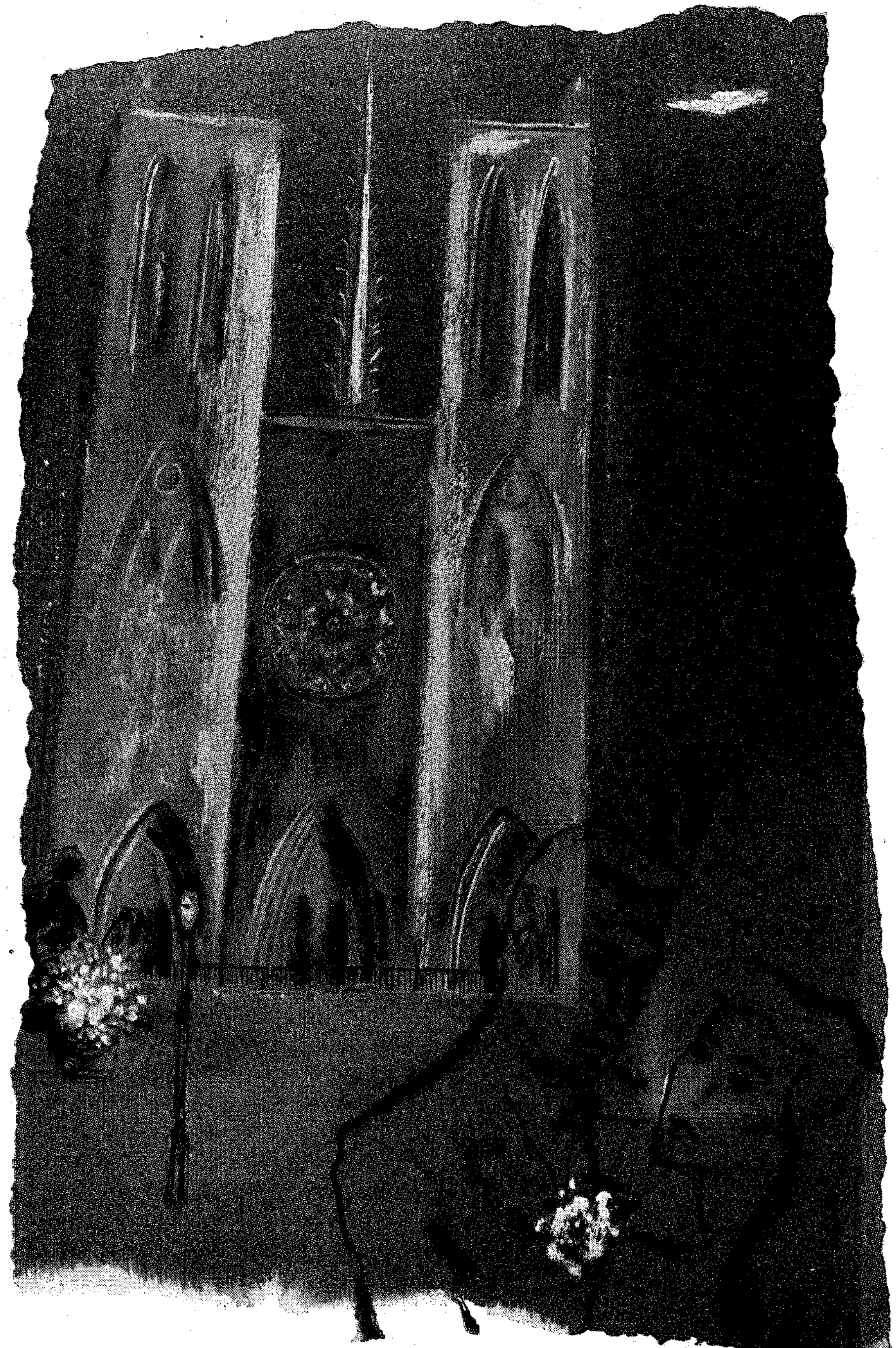
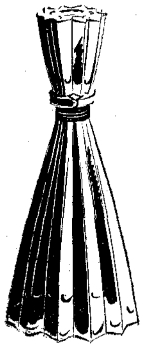


It goes to your heart!



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and its thoroughly disgusting picture of a well-adjusted socialist utopia where everybody is uniformly cheerful; but the people at the theatre say that they have to produce what they can get. They have had almost nothing new from abroad, and asked eagerly about what was interesting in the theatre in England and the United States. More than Italy even, and to an appalling extent, Greece has been culturally cut off from the West since before the beginning of the war. The little Greek play was also in the nature of a socialist fable, but, in a genre which has been standardized by the Russians, it seemed to me, as relayed to me by a Greek companion, partly redeemed by its very naïveté and by a certain unstandardized folk charm. An Athenian stockbroker and his family are stranded on the island of Rhodes and have to depend on the lighthouse keeper to put them up and give them something to eat. But the old man who attends to the light is an eccentric and a social philosopher. He will not let the city guests pay him anything, because that is the rule of Greek hospitality, but also he will not give them meals unless they agree to work. On the other hand, the arrival of the financier brings a principle of corruption to the island. He is carrying a large sum of money, which the captain of his ship has got wind of and tries to induce the lighthouse keeper's son to steal. A conflict ensues between, on one side, the power of money and the parasitism it breeds, and on the other, honest virtue and wisdom. Of course, in the long run, the rich man is cured of his imaginary ailments by his new regime of open air and exercise, while he rather enjoys the discomfiture of his spoiled and disagreeable wife; his daughter takes to the simple life with delight and shows herself thoroughly competent, converting also the city slicker who is in love with her; and the young wife of the lighthouse keeper's son frustrates the villainous designs of the captain by blowing up his ship so that the thieves cannot leave the island. The audience would applaud with a crash at every reference to social justice and my companion laughed like a schoolgirl at every crack at the bourgeoisie—a form of baiting which seems to be new in Greece and which she would explain to me with evident doubt as to whether I could understand the joke.

But there was something both serious and important in the atmosphere of the Theatro Lyrikon when this little socialist play was done. The director and some of the actors were young people who had brought to it the same kind of spirit that one used to find back in the twenties in the Cherry Lane Theatre and the Provincetown Players, but some of the older actors were among the best known in Athens, and one of them, Aimilios Veakis, is the foremost actor of Greece and supposed to be one of the best in Europe. Veakis had "been in the mountains;" he had lost his daughter there when she had fallen into a ravine while riding. And a month ago the pro-government reactionaries had rioted in three of the Athens theatres. They had broken up "Julius Caesar" at the Lyrikon at one of the speeches of the regicide conspirators, and "The Merchant of Venice" at the Ethnikon during the scene in which Shylock makes his plea for the Jews—under the impression, I was told, that these passages had been interpolated by the left-wing producers with subversive political intent; and they had attacked Eleni Papadaki, a well-known pro-E.A.M. actress. They had shot and wounded a number of people: Miss Papadaki was still in bed, and Veakis, who had also been injured, was reappearing for the first time that evening and had been hailed with a great ovation. The more radical of Mrs. D.'s two nieces was engaged to the director of the theatre and took me behind the scenes to meet Veakis. He had been playing the lighthouse keeper and had made him remarkably real. Like most good European actors, he had submerged himself in his part without exploiting his own personality, and now, with his makeup half rubbed off, the sensitivity and intelligence of his face were thrown into relief by contrast with the homely old-man mask I had been watching. He made me a little speech: he said that he was glad to meet an American because the Americans today were the only people who knew what it was to be free; the Greeks had fought for their freedom and won it, and now they had lost it again.

It was an embarrassing moment for me. It had become very plain to me since I had been in Greece that the movement which the British had disarmed and which the United States had allowed them to disarm was neither a chess play directed from Moscow nor a foray of bandits from the hills but a genuine popular movement which had recruited almost all that was generous, courageous, and enlightened in Greece, the most spirited among the young, the clearest-sighted among the mature. This movement has been broken: the prisons are crammed with tens of thousands of political prisoners, and the government police have been practicing just such methods of torture and terror as the Gestapo formerly used (they include the same security battalion that formerly worked for the Nazis), while the British, after calling out their tanks against E.A.M. and expressing indignant horror over outrages perpetrated by the Left, have done little or nothing to curb the Right. "What *is* E.A.M.?" I was challenged one day by a rabidly reactionary Greek lady. "E.A.M. is not a party," she declared. "It is only a state of mind!" That is true, but states of mind may prove more powerful than organizations, especially when persecuted. The state of mind of E.A.M. has been similar to that which in northern Italy is uniting diverse elements in a formidable bloc of the Left, and it is similar to the state of mind which has prevailed to such an extent in England that, unexpectedly to Labor itself, it has voted in a Socialist government.

The people at the theatre told me that they had tried to get the story of the riots sent through to the outside world and, like many other Greeks I met, they seemed to have the desperate feeling that nobody knew what was happening in Greece. The only thing that I could say to Veakis was that I would try to write about it.

OVERHEARD in the open-air café outside the King George Bar: "How were the Indians?" "Oh, they're easy meat for propaganda. They've begun comparing themselves to British troops—wanting to sleep with white women—that sort of thing." A pause. "How did you people take the elections?" "It shocked me to the roots. I didn't know that Labor was that strong!" —EDMUND WILSON

•

GREENVILLE, MISS. (UP)—Maybe John Lambrakis is a poor speller. And then again maybe he's a good businessman.

The sign over Lambrakis' stand reads: "Hot Peanuts."

Scores of people have stopped in to call his attention to the error, Lambrakis says. Most of them buy a sack of peanuts before they leave.—*Hartford Times.*

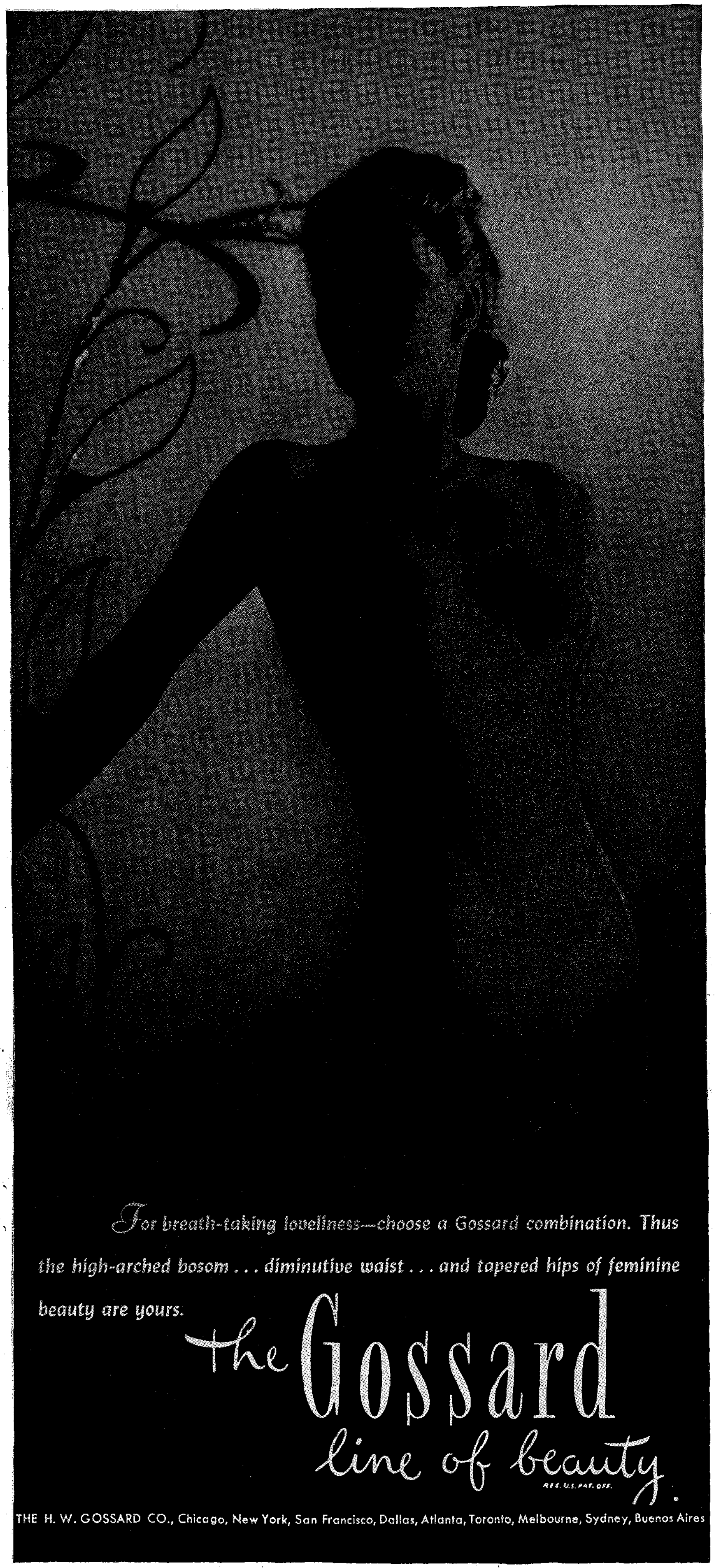
Anybody want to buy a Hartford *Times* before leaving?

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

TOLEDO, OHIO.—Officials plan to spend $500,000 to improve Toledo's Zoo to an extent that will make it the world's largest concentration of zoological, botanical and natural history exhibits of its size.



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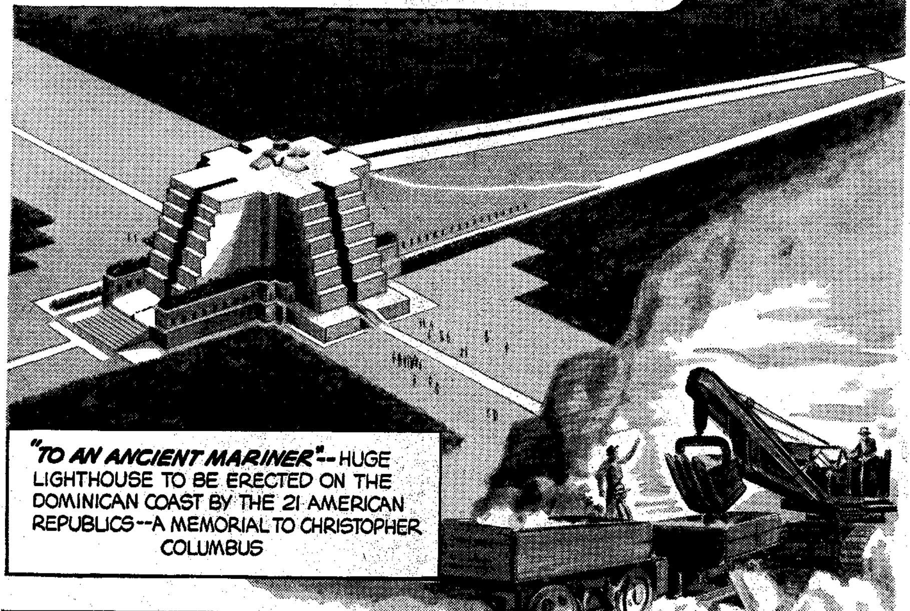
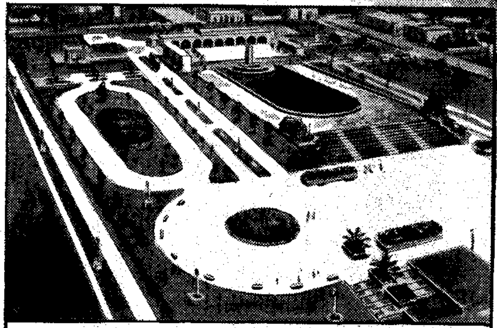
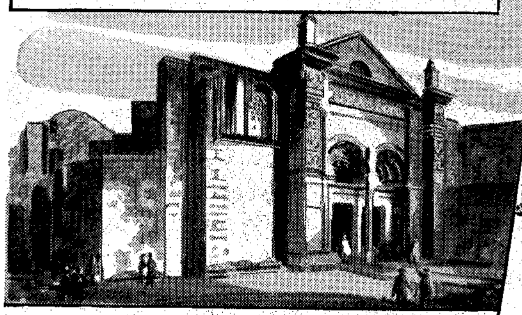


"TO AN ANCIENT MARINER"--HUGE LIGHTHOUSE TO BE ERECTED ON THE DOMINICAN COAST BY THE 21 AMERICAN REPUBLICS--A MEMORIAL TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

PILLAR OF SALT--NEAR CABRAL IS AN OUTCROPPING OF SALT SO HUGE IT CAN BE QUARRIED. SOME DOMINICAN SALT IS SO CLEAR IT IS EASILY MISTAKEN FOR ICE.



FUN FOR THE KIDDIES--IN CIUDAD TRUJILLO, DOMINICAN CAPITAL, IS RAMFIS PARK, SAID TO BE THE LARGEST CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN THE WORLD



FIRST CATHEDRAL IN THE NEW WORLD WAS THE BASÍLICA OF SANTA MARÍA LA MENOR IN CIUDAD TRUJILLO, RAISED TO THAT STATUS IN 1546 WITH THE TITLE OF "PRIMADA DE AMERICA" (FIRST IN AMERICA).

EXPLORERS' HEADQUARTERS--CIUDAD TRUJILLO WAS THE "HOPPING OFF PLACE" FOR CORTES EN ROUTE TO MEXICO, VELÁZQUEZ TO CUBA, OJEDA TO TIERRA FIRMA, ESQUIVEL TO JAMAICA, PIZARRO TO PERU, BALBOA TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN AND PONCE DE LEON TO FLORIDA.

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OF ALL THINGS

THOSE editors and commentators who were so sure that Mr. Truman was going to turn to the right are distressed to discover that he has turned slightly left. Drivers, of course, often act that way.

•

The Japanese Premier has informed the Diet that the nation surrendered because it was the Emperor's gracious and benevolent wish to put an end to bloodshed. At the same time, he gave plenty of good reasons that the Son of Heaven had become so gracious and benevolent.

•

It seems that Halsey never really intended to take a ride on Hirohito's white horse. The old seadog hasn't ever been aboard one of these things and he hardly knows the bow from the stern.

•

Republican leaders in Congress say that President Truman's message is straight New Deal stuff and that the campaign of 1946 will be fought out on that issue. They are sure they can win, events of the last thirteen years to the contrary notwithstanding.

•

The Soviet Government's purchasing commission has rented the J. P. Morgan estate on Long Island as a haven for recreation and entertainment. After a hard day's shopping, a person needs a place like that to rest his feet.

•

New York has been hit hard by the sudden cessation of war activities. Already, for example, there are seven applicants for the job of Mayor.

•

Postmaster Hannegan wants to reduce air-mail postage to five cents an ounce, but he says nothing about ordinary mail. Many citizens think that what this country needs most is a good two-cent postage stamp.

•

The abrupt end of lend-lease was a painful surprise to our British friends. Apparently, in the midst of pondering their predicaments, they hadn't realized that their subscription had expired.

•

The Domei news agency says that it will take three years to demobilize all of Japan's widely scattered overseas forces. However, the ingenious Yankees will probably invent a demobilizer that will greatly shorten the job.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE THEATRE

NOT WITH A BANG BUT A WHIMPER

"Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston," a title testifying to the poverty of somebody's midsummer inspiration, is typical of all the big, foolish operettas that sidle hopefully into town around this time of year. It seems incredible that anybody accustomed to wearing shoes could sit through the preadolescent humors of Leonard Levinson's book and the complex vulgarities of Robert Sour's lyrics without some dim feeling of being beaten over the head with a bundle of old radio scripts; it is just about as unbelievable that this same customer could study the earnestly whimsical nineteenth-century sets and costumes provided by Stewart Chaney and Walter Florell without some impulse to saw both these talented gentlemen in half; and it is even hard to convince yourself that the greater part of the cast, casually assembled but vehemently directed by Felix Brentano, would not be far better employed in some less conspicuous line of work, perhaps in a factory, making something useful with their hands. The show, however, has been put on public display at the Century Theatre, and I suppose you are entitled to a few particulars by way of warning.

The story, based on some historical misinformation supplied by a pair called Alfred Gruenwald and Geza Herczeg, has to do with a visit Johann Strauss II is supposed to have paid to Boston back in 1872. His tour is managed by a couple of low-comedy promoters, two dismal pantaloons known as Dapper Dan Pepper and Elmo Tilt (much of the fun at the Century has no more intricate foundation than names like those; almost inevitably, the soubrette is called Pepi), and it seems they are palming him off on the credulous Boston matrons as a bachelor, although there is a Mrs. Strauss batting around *Alt Wien* all the time. The complications—the beautiful American heiress, her tiresome fiancé, the eventual appearance of Mme. Strauss, in a rather irritable frame of mind—are probably obvious enough, and the details will be familiar and certainly wearing to those who have been subjected to the musical biographies of too many Viennese composers in the past few years.

From time to time, the hero turns his back on the audience and appears to be performing melodiously on a violin or a piano; again, he is seen at the work of actually composing an immortal waltz, kicking the furniture around and messing his hair; there are the usual humorous drunken interludes, including the one in which the two comics execute funny-paper staggers after their third glass of champagne and the other in which the soprano sings a series of arpeggios made up of hiccups and giggles; the ladies of the chorus, archly pretending to be little horses, prance around the stage, whipped on by a fat comedian; several of the gentlemen are disguised as vaguely Austrian military students, though their presence in Massachusetts is somewhat mystifying; there are copious local and contemporary references to Beacon Hill, beans, bustles, and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, all moderately stupefying; the Emperor Franz Josef, I am happy to say, is missing, but his place is taken by an actor said to represent President Grant, who delivers a few embarrassed quips of a military and political nature; and there is a sort of dream sequence, in which, as I got it, the composer is defending his musical integrity against American commercialism, which has all the solemn, symbolic idiocy of a high-school pageant. It is all there; it is all perfectly awful.

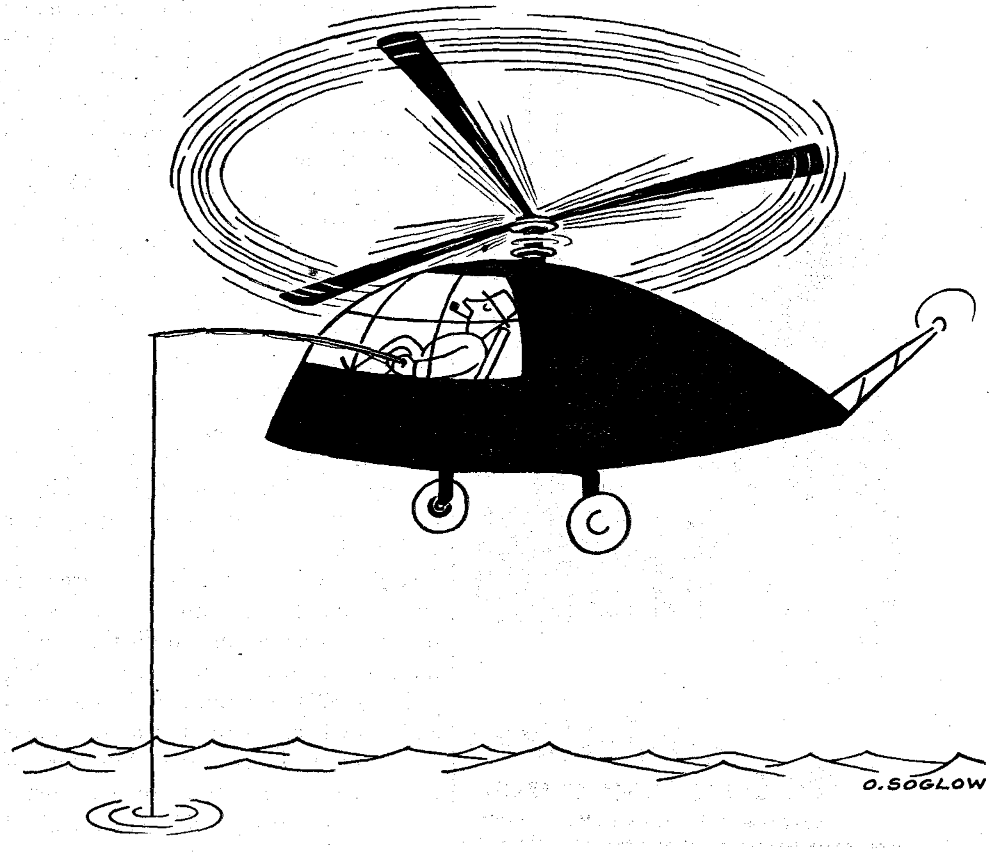
Some of my educated friends, complaining about what seems to strike them as an unduly hostile attitude toward operetta on my part, have tried to explain that it is a rigidly stylized form, intended only to charm the eye and soothe the ear. Even if I conceded this absurd proposition, I would have to say of the current specimen that, while the ear may be momentarily soothed by some of Robert Stolz's music, notably his rearrangements of the Strauss airs, for the most part it is simply exacerbated by the appalling words furnished by Mr. Levinson and Mr. Sour; and that the eyes are outraged from beginning to end, though, of course, they can always be kept shut. The cast, by the way, includes Virginia MacWatters, George Rigaud, Ralph Dumke, Florence Sundstrom, and Ruth Matteson. Miss MacWatters had what seemed like a very gratifying personal triumph on the opening night; the others had only my deepest sympathy.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

Lady Baldwin devoted the major part of her life to an effort to improve the maternity services in Britain, and was a champion of euthanasia during childbirth.
—*The Times.*

Odd moment to pick.



Mr. Galsworthy, you forget!

John Galsworthy, the famous English man of letters, once set up this yardstick:

"By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls."

Ah yes, these are good measurements indeed. But is there not one more standard which rates a man as a lover of fine things? We think so. It is the delicacy which precedes a fine cigar as the climax to the perfect dinner.

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Here, indeed, is one of life's golden moments! Next, close your eyes, lean back in your chair, and savor this first favorite among the cheese lovers of the world.

Mister, *you're* in heaven!

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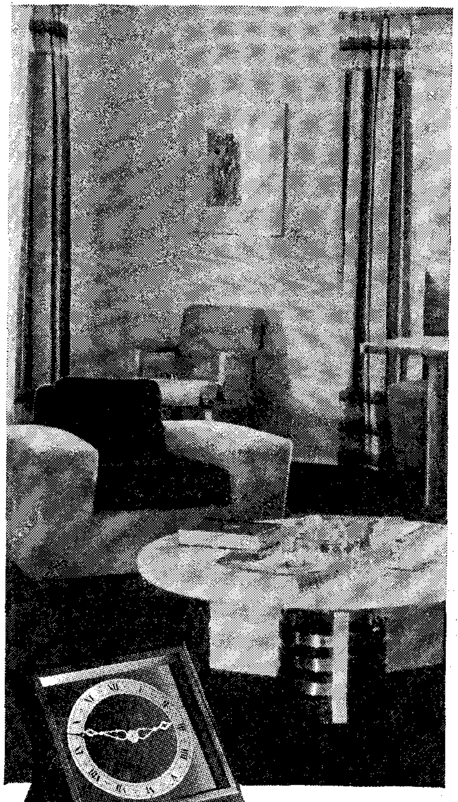

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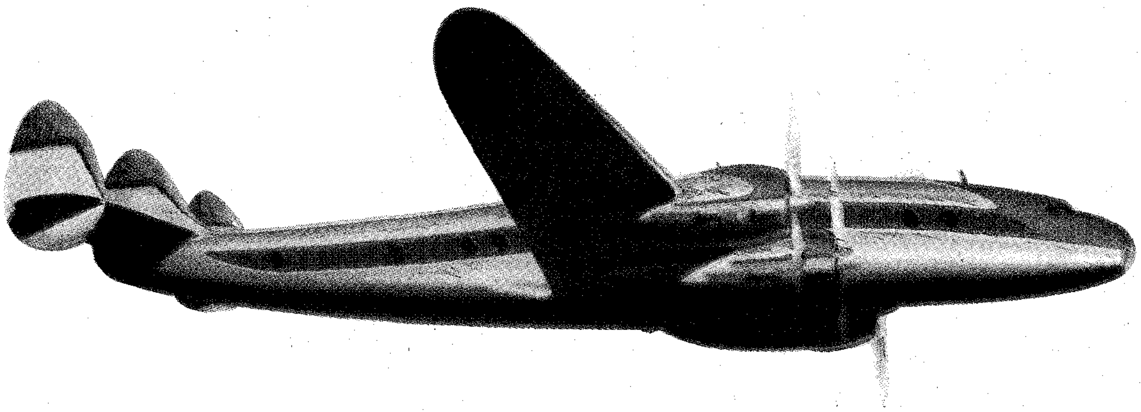
LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 9 (BY CABLE)

NOW that the Labour Party, which has been telling the people for years that a Labour government would mean a better and easier world for the workers, is finally in power, it finds itself in the uncomfortable position of being unable to make any very definite promises for anybody. Last week, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Labour, and the Minister of Health all issued statements on demobilization and housing, the two subjects about which the greatest number of people feel the greatest anxiety, but none of the three seems to have done much to cheer the public up. In fact, there was widespread disappointment—especially among the armed services, who apparently had assumed that triumphant Labour's policy would be to get military manpower back into industry at a quicker rate than the Coalition Government had promised—over Mr. Attlee's announcement on demobilization, in the course of his first important speech on domestic matters since he became Prime Minister. He said that the demobilization scheme, which naturally had not anticipated such a speedy defeat of Japan, would be carried out, that it would be difficult to do the job any faster, and that everybody would just have to be patient. This, of course, told the service men and women very little more than they already knew. Mr. Attlee's speech probably seemed even flatter than it actually was because people had got in the habit, during the past five years, of assuming that a broadcast by the Prime Minister would give them, if not good news, at least news, and give it dramatically. The surge of popular feeling that swept Labour into office and that, if properly encouraged, might be as effective in keeping up national morale as Mr. Churchill's personality and talent for political excitement is swiftly being dampened by the public utterances of the new ministers. Still, it is difficult to see how they could do a much better job with the hard facts they are forced to work with. It is apparent to everybody, for example, that reconstruction is hamstrung until the service men and women are mustered out. But, judging by the comments in the press and elsewhere on the recent statement by George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, that an average of only forty-five thousand troops will be demobilized each week until the end of the year, it is felt that the Government is not handling the business very efficiently. As anyone can see, forty-five thousand a week is only a trickle to satisfy a drought. Until the boys have come marching home, thousands of Britons will have no home at all and the shortages, the wearying queues, and the truly serious coal situation will continue. This accumulation of disagreeable facts is full of danger for the Government. It is more than likely that the troops, who were Labour's most ardent supporters in the election, will be browned off during the coming winter of their discontent, when so many of them will have to sit doing nothing in their barracks while their families write them that everything at home wants doing. Altogether, the new Government has as hard a task as its worst enemies predicted, and there may be a touch of luxury in the way in which the Tories lean back against the fence to watch the Labourers, who are already beginning to look warm out there in the field.

It is already easy to spot the demobilized men in the streets because of the clothes, brand-new from top to toe, that they are given by the Army. The ex-soldiers seem almost like dandies among the shabby Londoners, any one of whom would have to make off with all the clothing-ration books in his family if he were determined to dress himself as handsomely. The demobilized men, who are not unaware of their fine clothes, step along rather self-consciously in dark-blue pinstripe suits (apparently the most popular model that is offered at the moment) and stiffly new hats. Enterprising merchants lie in wait outside the demobilization centers for the new civilians and make them generous offers for their clothes.

THE most noticeable change in London is that the American uniforms are beginning to disappear from the streets. Nevertheless, the city is still packed, this time because of an invasion of home folk who have come up from the country to look around for the first time in six years. The hotels are booked for months ahead. The holiday crowds swarm the pavements, staring at bomb damage or trying to find something to buy. The shop windows are fairly full, but it often turns out that all the mer-



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THE MASTER TOUCH . . . rare stones and metals, fashioned in brilliant designs by one of the great jewelry craftsmen of our time, ***to suit the taste of an individual.***

One-of-a-kind Originals by Otto Grun

THE MASTER TOUCH . . . sparkling fiction, searching articles, brilliant art, from the pens and brushes of the great writers and artists of our time, combine in The Saturday Evening Post ***to suit the taste of millions.***

chandise in the stores is on display. At any rate, the goods can be more easily seen now that most establishments have taken down their protective boardings. Another sign that civilization is returning is that a small collection of old masters has been brought back to the National Gallery. The theatres, which have been having an August boom, still start early in the evening. Noel Coward's current offering, a revue called "Sigh No More," which refreshingly dodges the war as a topic for sketches, is going strong in spite of poor notices. The other sellout is John Gielgud's production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," a handsome affair that displays Wilde's curious blend of wit and ham with garnishes by Cecil Beaton that are so floridly period that they nearly succeed in smothering the playing.

The best show in London, of course, is the lighted streets, which still seem fantastically brilliant and beautiful. The recent decision to do away with daylight-saving time this winter, for the first year since the war began, was not popular with Londoners, since the combination of an earlier sundown and the fuel shortage will bring back the dim-out when the nights get longer. They are hoping that London will not copy Manchester, which is going to switch all the street lights off after midnight. Right now, a building which by day is hideous, shabby, or both, can look as romantic as a doge's palace to Londoners gazing at it contentedly in the wonderful lamplight.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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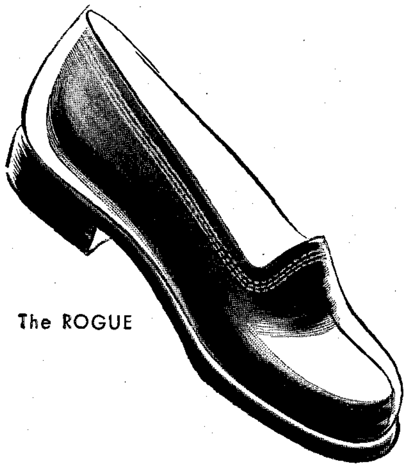
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(SOFTBALL DIVISION)

[*From the Portland Oregonian*]

PAIR TO MARRY
AT HOME PLATE

Two rabid softball fans who developed a love for each other while watching the sport will be married Sunday evening between games at home plate at Buckman field. Ben Grasser, catcher for Loggers & Contractors, will take as his wife Gladys Klass, right after the 7 o'clock game between the Skyroom of Seattle and Grimshaw Tire of Portland. The Hudson-Duncan-Colored Merchants contest will follow the home plate ceremony.

The principals will have as their best man, Erwin Gustin, L. & C. first baseman, and as bridesmaid, daughter Doris Klass. George R. Ropkins, manager of L. & C., who is in charge of events, states that two softball teams will form a V from home plate and bride and groom will march between the player aisle to crossed bats at home plate, where the vows will be exchanged.



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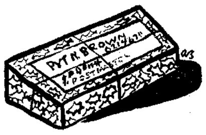
ARNOLD *Authentics*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR OVERSEAS



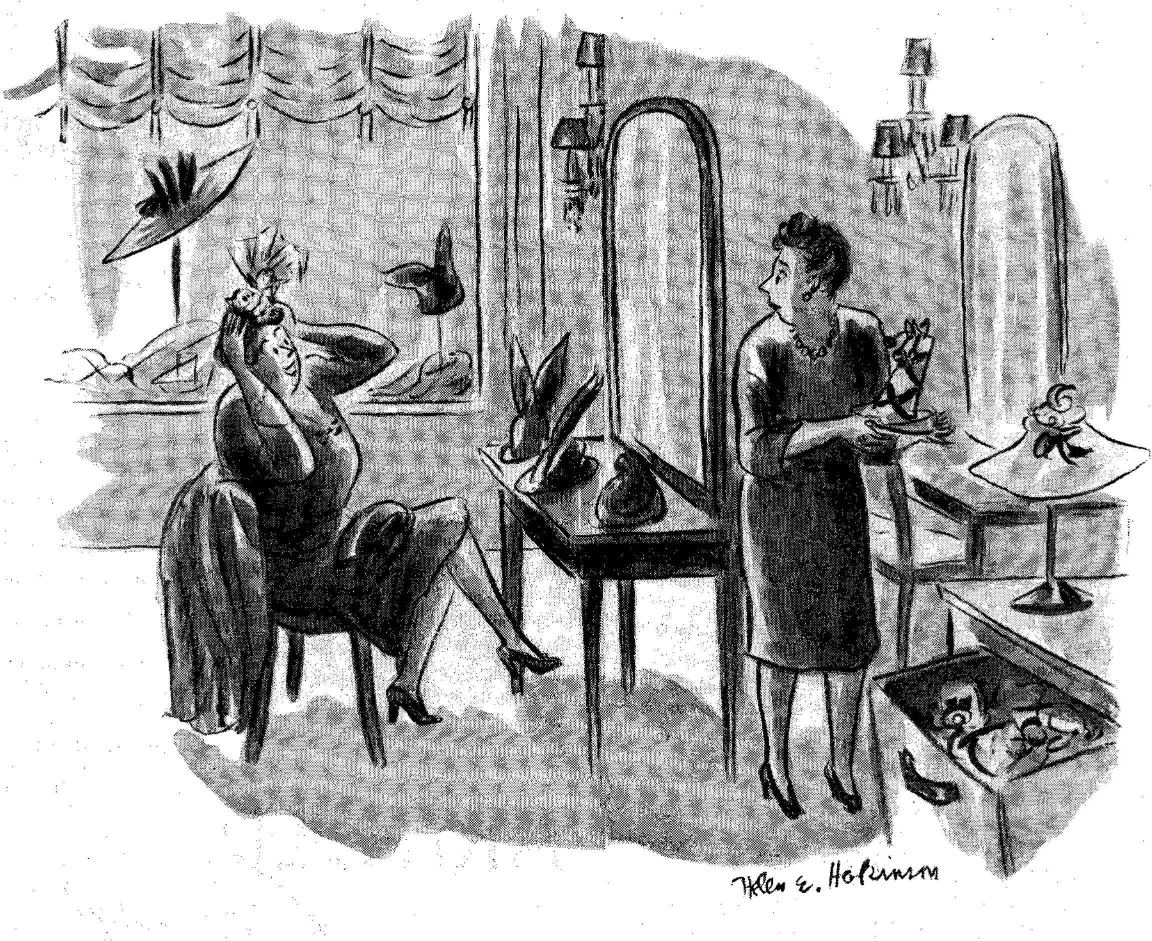
TOTAL peace, we are warned, does not mean that the boys, points or no points, will all be home by Christmas. Not by nine million, or maybe more. It is our reluctant forecast that this December there will be more downright lonely soldiers, sailors, and Marines than on any Christmas of the war. Men and girls left behind in the Orient and in Europe by other men and girls who have had the good luck to get back, and get out, are not likely to be in a particularly cheerful frame of mind, and those who aren't overseas but are stuck in bleak camps in the States won't be exactly kicking up their heels with joy. So presents from home will mean as much as they ever did, or a whole lot more.

The same old mailing rules and regulations apply this year, and it's still advisable to do your packages up securely and sturdily, even though now they're not likely to have anything more lethal than a case of baked beans dropped on them. The mailing period for Christmas packages going abroad is the same, too—September 15th to October 15th. Packages for men in this country—in hospitals, in camps, and at naval stations—can be sent with the carefree disregard for time we enjoyed before Pearl Harbor. Anywhere up to two weeks before Christmas is probably safe enough. Last year, eighty-four million packages reached the service people they were meant for. Uncounted thousands of others did not, mostly, the Post Office says, because the well-meaning senders didn't observe a few simple official rules and words of advice.

In case you've forgotten, here's a résumé of pointers for sending packages overseas. There is an officially approved corrugated-cardboard box about twelve inches long, six and a half wide, and five deep, which means shoe-box size but emphatically does not mean a shoe box. Dennison, at 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), has it, and so does Woolworth, among others. Such boxes cost ten cents, and if you'd ever seen a service man's Christmas gift that had been well mashed en route because it had been sent in an ordinary box, you'd realize that these containers are more than worth the dime you spend on one. Brown, waterproof paper, at ten cents a sheet, is also a good investment, and naturally a tough twine should be used. Dennison has these essentials, too. Postal regulations limit any overseas package to a length of fifteen inches, and a combined length and girth of thirty-six inches. It's a good idea to enclose in each package a list of the articles it contains, together with the name and address of the person you're sending it to. If you do, there's a good chance that, even should your package lose its wrapping, the conscientious G.I. mail clerks will get its contents to their destination. (The Post Office wants you to put your own name and address on the list, too.) It's safer to write addresses on the wrapping paper; stickers all too frequently come unstuck in the humid holds of transports or at some damp tropical station. Five pounds, as we must all know by this time, is the limit on Christmas packages going overseas, but you may send one a week to your service man or woman during the mailing period. Postal inspectors, reasonably, request that gift knives and razors be properly sheathed because of the hazard involved. And even though the war is over, you can't send liquor, matches, or inflammables, such as lighter fluids. No ammunition, either.

One more generalization: a lot of the items you will consider sending as presents are taxable—lighters, watches, jewelry, cosmetics, and so on—but the prices of the gifts you find in these columns include whatever tax there may be.

THINGS to eat are still a No. 1 present, but only if you keep your enthusiasm well in hand. For nearly four years now, our armed forces have been wishing that something could be done about cooks who, with the best intentions



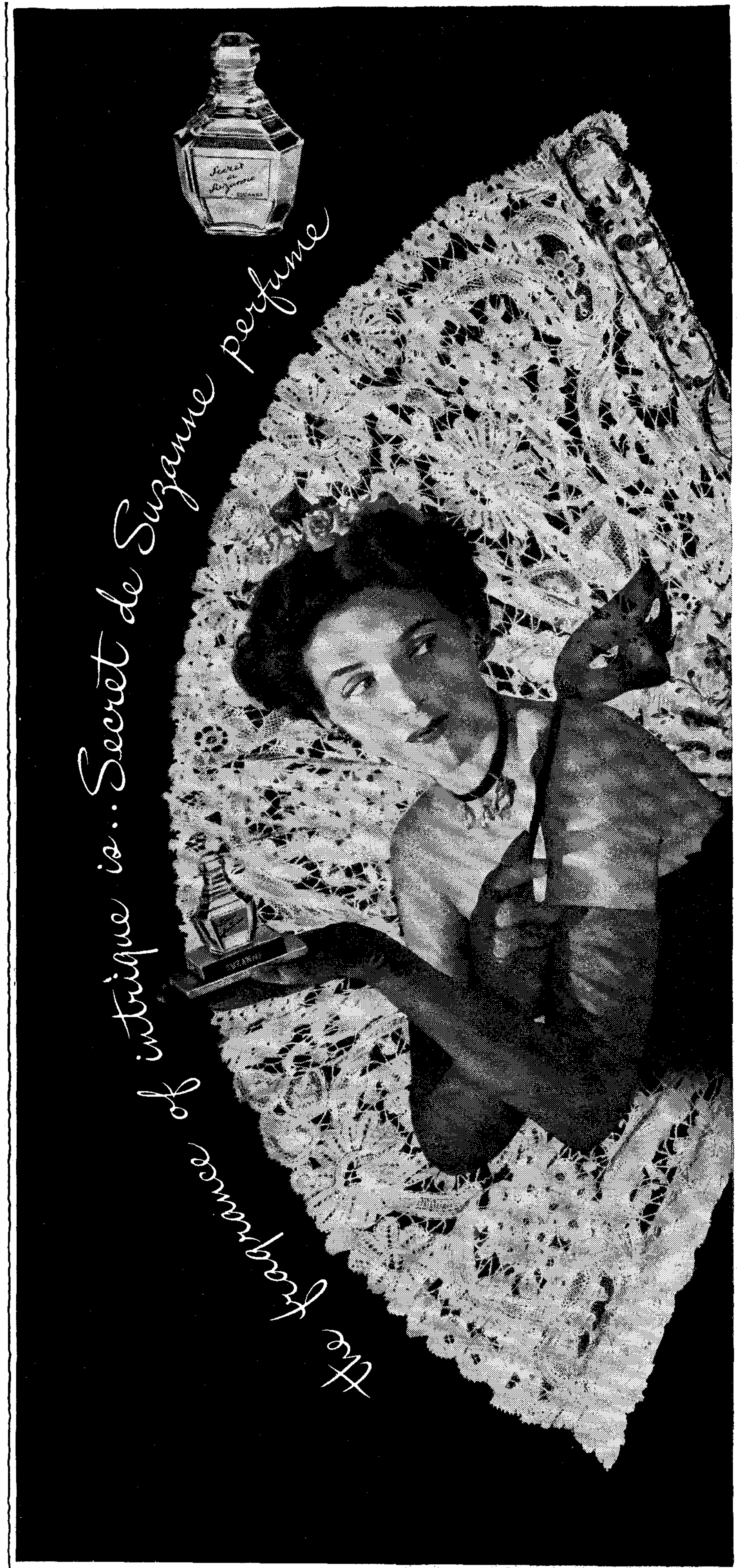
"Oh, you needn't worry about what you show me. I'm trying to be silly."

in the world, persist in sending their finest—and most perishable—delicacies all over the globe. The fact that you have never had any complaints is not necessarily a sign that your gifts have arrived intact. After all, you'd hardly expect a man to tell you that the cake you so lovingly sent him was a wreck when it reached him.

Almost all edibles, no matter how imperishable, should be packed in tins. This is especially true of food bound for the Pacific, but it's a wise precaution anyway. Reports from widely scattered outposts show conclusively that pure luxuries, things that in no way resemble Army fare, are what all ranks and both sexes want. A list of requests from some girls in the C.B.I. Theatre with five overseas stripes on their sleeves indicates that college-dormitory eating habits have carried over into military life. The young women, whose tastes, it might be noted, have been emphatically seconded by a number of male G.I.s, ask for cheese, olives, anchovies (both paste and whole), lobster, devilled ham, sardines, shrimp, potted game and meat pastes, and various other cracker spreads. Triscuits are especially popular with such spreads (it appears that they arrive in good condition and that their slightly salty taste is welcome), and so are Bent's water biscuits.

Fruitcakes packed in tins travel well, and so do Jordan almonds, burnt almonds, dragées—of both the chocolate and the nut variety—and chocolate bars, though not too well to overheated climates, it seems. Coffee essences, or a compressed coffee put out in small briquettes by Dover Food Shop, 683 Lexington Avenue (56th), are fine. Such specialists as Bellows (67 East 52nd), Charles (340 Madison Avenue, at 44th), Hammacher Schlemmer, Alice Marks (6 East 52nd), and Guildery Gifts (547 Madison Avenue, at 55th), such delicatessens as Maison Glass (15 East 47th), Vendôme (415 Madison Avenue, at 48th), and Enoch (872 Madison Avenue, at 71st), and the food departments of Altman, Macy, Gimbel, and Bloomingdale all have excellent selections and have been at the business long enough to know what will arrive whole and what would be shattered on the way.

SO much for foods. Gifts of a more lasting nature to send to men and women in uniform have by this time pretty well found their proper level of practicality or junk. A lot of eye-catching stuff has been bought, sent abroad, and hastily thrown away, and plain


the fragrance of intrigue is .. Secret de Suzanne perfume
Secret de Suzanne
SUZANNE

SUZANNE PERFUMES

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 15, 1945

The Treasury Department points out that radio's support of the Seventh War Loan Drive reached an all-time high for any product or cause in the country's history. The dollar value of war bond advertising contributed by America's patriotic stations, networks and sponsors amounted to $23,513,742. This is more than twice the support given to the Sixth War Loan and a pretty good target for the upcoming Victory Loan.

★

In Germany Cpl. Isaac Lewis got a letter from his wife saying she and the children were moving from Southern California to Stockton and that they'd live for a while in a trailer camp. Their permanent address would follow. No letter came for a month. Cpl. Lewis, en route to the Pacific, stopped off at Stockton, looked all over for his family, couldn't find them, appealed to the U.S.O. They tried to locate the family for three hours, but no luck.

At noon Corporal Lewis appealed to Station KGDM (the CBS affiliate). At 12:15 the station broadcast a call for Mrs. Lewis. Five minutes later she was on the phone.

★

Bill Dunn, Columbia's senior Pacific correspondent, has covered Gen. MacArthur's headquarters since it started moving northward from Melbourne in 1942. On August 21 he left New York, broadcast from Yokohama a week later, and on September 3, 1945 he lunched with the General in Yokohama, planned a big dinner in Tokyo.

★

Ely Culbertson holds a lighted cigarette when he speaks over the radio. Doesn't smoke it; says he just likes to hold it for timing and to relieve nervous tension.

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

and commonplace articles, having demonstrated their worth in foxholes and barracks and in the limited quarters of men at sea, have moved to the top of the list.

At this stage of military operations, you needn't bother about sending a service man much of anything to wear. That is true of the girls, too, except for lingerie and some accessories. On the other hand, you will do well to send a man repeat orders of several of the mechanical devices you already have given him since he went into service—those little things that get lost or broken or that just get left behind when an outfit moves. One is a cigarette lighter. Macy offers twenty-two varieties of this invaluable friend of the fighting man, at from sixty-four cents to $15.94. A sturdy one we especially liked is made of aluminum and costs $4.23. Bloomingdale has Lektrolite lighters for $1.50. Lord & Taylor have two good lighters—one, a rectangular affair with rounded sides, of heavy-gauge bar aluminum (whatever that is), is $4.50; the other, made of aluminum painted black, and fine for pipe smokers because it has a shield to guard the flame in a high wind, is $2.50. Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has windproof silver lighters for $9 and some of those fuelless ones at $6. Jensen's lighter, in a heavy and handsome silver case, is $24, and the famous Ronson lighter is back in circulation (we found it at Bergdorf, for $6) in a black metal case with a name plate for marking. For women, Black, Starr & Gorham will sell you a small, plain gold cylinder lighter, about the size of a jumbo lipstick; it's $30, and beautiful. Brooks has its male counterpart, a long, slender job of some sort of silver metal; $5.50. Cartier is happy to be able to offer again that jeep of service men's lighters—the Zippo, for $2.50. George Stern, 191 Madison Avenue (34th), has a small, silver-plated, featherweight lighter that won't make a girl's over-shoulder bag sag; $3.75.

Christmas presents of leather always look good, and many of them are really useful as well. The unfitted leather toilet case is one of the barracks dweller's few means of keeping together (and reasonably clean) the small necessities of daily living—razors, combs, brushes, toothpaste, and so on. These cases are such favorites with service men that Saks-Fifth Avenue has come forward with one for the girls; it's made of leather, and has a mirror in its top, a separate waterproof case for washcloth and soap, and a continuous strap inside, in bottle-box tradition, to hold jars upright. Abercrombie & Fitch's male version of this case is of cowhide with a waterproof lining and a pocket in the top for wet things; $12. Bloomingdale's man's case is a pigskin arrangement with a zipper fastening on the top and at both ends so that it will open flat and entail no groping; $12. One at Altman, also of pig, has a top pocket and a strap fastening, which men in the Pacific, where zipper-repair shops seem scarce, like because it can't get out of order; $12. Mark Cross has a neat, saddle-sewn case of Scotch pigskin, lined with oiled silk and equipped with a snap fastener and a pocket in the top for wet things; $14.10. Dunhill contributes wallets of raw Mexican pigskin, with money compartment, picture frame, and pass window; $7.80.

A soldier away from home carries in his wallet not only his money but almost his whole right to and reason for existence; in it, in addition to his money, his identification card, his passes, his receipts for money orders home, and his duplicate immunization record, there are almost sure to be up to half a dozen snapshots. Macy offers a tan goatskin wallet with a change purse and separate compartments for folding money and passes, at about $6. Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd, has an excellent hip wallet of English pigskin for $6, and Abercrombie & Fitch are still putting out their twill-lined classic of perspiration-proof leather for $7.80. Bonwit has made up a billfold for girls, in navy, red, or brown saffian, with metal-bound ends, two windows (one for a pass and the other for an identification card), and a change purse on the outside; $8.41. For Wacs, Lord & Taylor have a slim billfold of bright-red saffian with gold corners, an identification-card window, and two compartments for bills, one with a snap fastener; $12. Jensen can supply you with expensive and beautifully simple wallets in brown alligator for men; these have just one identification-card window. They're $28.80, but the three initials that you can have stamped inside are on the house. At Mark Cross, you'll find a pigskin billfold with nine compartments for identification cards, which ought to be enough for the most battered ego; $12. And Black, Starr & Gorham have a flat pigskin billfold with a removable double picture frame and a built-in change purse; $12.

For a man who wants to keep his sacred snapshots separate from his grimy bits of foreign currency, and from the passes at which M.P.s never seem to get tired of looking, a pocket frame could easily be the perfect gift. A soldier frequently carries it in his shirt pocket, so weight is an important factor. Jensen has a nice silver one, light and small, with frames for two pictures, for $14.40, and Black, Starr & Gorham have a similar but larger one for $21.80. Lord & Taylor sell a neat little number in leather for $4.20. Pembrooke House, 207 East 43rd Street, has a brown leather case that, though it can hold twelve snapshots, is small and flat enough for even a boy in Navy blues to carry about without bulging; $2. Cross has a case, blandly called Rogues Gallery, that holds sixteen pictures; in pig, at $4.20, $4.80, and $5.75. Bonwit's multiple frame, covered in green, brown, red, or navy snakeskin, holds fourteen snaps; $3.

Plenty of service men who have had to use the backs of old envelopes for address books now carry the proper equipment about with them. At Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), is an address book called Mondex, which, though flat as a dime, even has a small note pad; $3.75. Alice Marks gives you the works in a leather case that has cellophane windows for eight pictures, an address book, and a small leather folder for calling cards (yes, officers do carry them); $2.50.

Luggage for service people has shaken itself down to the essentials. Officers like a practical canvas carryall, and Brooks has a useful one with hangers for two uniforms, room for a pair of shoes, and two big outside pockets. It will hold most of the gear a man requires for a long trip. It's $28.38. Small pieces of luggage of the most casual sort are necessities for all ranks, both men and women. Gilmore has a zippered bag, made of a sturdy, leather-trimmed mackintosh fabric in gay colors, for girls, and in plain tan, for men; $8.76, either way. At Saks you'll find a canvas kit bag that collapses neatly and flatly when not in use. It's leather-trimmed, has two locks, and costs $13.80 in the eighteen-inch size.

Inexpensive pen-and-pencil sets are worthwhile repeat presents, since they're the sort of thing a man often loses as he moves about. Macy has one for $3.75; Altman's set, this with a pen that has an iridium-tipped gold point, is $4.85. Lewis & Conger's Ink Maker fountain pen is $8.75. If you want to know how it makes ink, you'd better take the matter up with somebody like Think-a-Drink Hoffman.

Good scissors and other manicure things are beginning to appear in the

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In New York at
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shops again. Abercrombie has a set of three excellent scissors, in a leather case, for $10. La Cross's pigskin case, flat enough to slip into a man's pocket, contains nail clippers, scissors, tweezers, file, and comb—a perfect combination at $3.64; you'll find it at Saks, among other places. Silver-mounted comb-and-file sets turn up in a number of shops and are treasured by both men and girls. Mark Cross has a nice one for $4.50.

THE girls in uniform, it seems, are becoming almost as clever as the men at using a needle and thread. Sewing kits, though they are not issue, are as much a part of G.I. equipment as dog tags and mess kits. Most of the kits you can buy could, however, be materially improved. Replacing the scissors by a pair of higher quality or adding more No. 40 white and O.D. thread is a fine idea. The majority of fitted kits could also stand a few more buttons, on which there is a high breakage everywhere. Among the best sewing kits we've seen is a leather roll-up one, at Mark Cross, that has a pair of scissors, thread, thimble, buttons, and needles; $8.40. Saks has kits especially for girls, in red, green, or blue leather. These open flat and round, are fastened with a snap, and have everything, including a tape measure; $5. Bergdorf has a round, very feminine, zippered kit in glazed chintz, about the size of a pincushion, for $9, and Lewis & Conger have a little one in a plastic case for a mere $1.25.

ANYONE in uniform who has been out of the country much will tell you that to a man or woman serving overseas there's nothing like a reliable watch of stainless steel. An American on duty abroad is likely to consider his watch the most valuable of his few possessions; sometimes it's the only thing in a soldier's life that seems to be going right, and in a pinch, of course, he can always sell it at a tremendous price to a native of whatever theatre he is in. And if his watch does act up, he's in a spot; few countries today can offer the luxury of watch-repair shops, and in those that can the work takes from six weeks to two months (i.e., exactly what it takes here). Tiffany has a stainless-steel watch with radium dial and a sweep second hand for $66, and a smaller watch, for girls, which is made of the same metal and is a little charmer; $44. If you want to be elaborate (and you'll have to be the judge of whether the man involved is in a position at the moment to appreciate glitter), Tiffany also has a gold watch with a ribbed edge and

SOON

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With Victory won, more RONSONS will soon be available for civilian use, giving smokers traditional RONSON fast action . . . quality . . . precision . . . dependability . . . durability . . . versatility . . . They're well worth waiting for.
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For Cigars, Cigarettes and Pipes

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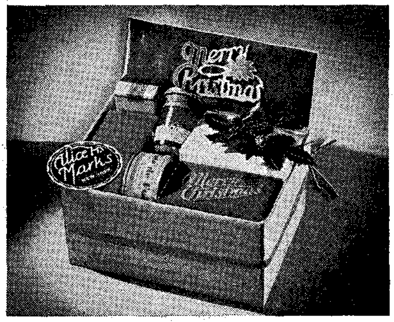

Send a CHRISTMAS SURPRISE BOX of good things to eat to your special man or woman still overseas.

Illustrated $10.00 Others from $5.50

Mailing dates: Sept. 15 to Oct. 15

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MAKES MIXED DRINKS SING

Abbott's BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

a radium dial—quite splendid, and $134. Severe elegance and great efficiency are combined in a stainless-steel watch with a Vacheron-Constantin movement that Cartier sells for $200; it has every virtue a service man's timepiece should have, being dustproof, waterproof, and shock-resistant, and having a shatterproof crystal as well. Cartier also has a robust watch—the Concord, of stainless steel, with a Swiss movement and priced at $59.50. Ross Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th), can supply gold Girard Periegaux watches, with all the "proofs," for $135, and another handsome gold one with a Universal movement, in gold and (where it touches the wrist) stainless steel; $105. Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st), has an almost paper-thin $44 model that is shock- and water-resistant and has a Swiss movement, and (here again, you know best) a beautiful watch in eighteen-karat gold with Roman numerals in gold, for $210. Jensen has a supply of Juvenia stainless-steel watches, including a shock- and waterproof self-winding model, for men, at $62.50 and one for girls at $68. Black, Starr & Gorham have a watch in a fourteen-karat gold case, with a radium dial and a sweep second hand; $137.

Gold cuff links are a gift you will be interested in only if the man in question is a Navy officer. Heavy, flat, oval ones seem to be the favorites. To do the job in proper shape, you should have the links engraved with the man's initials or with his insigne. This latter frill runs into money—around $30—but what you get will be as handsome as any set of links you've ever seen. Tiffany, Ross Pennell, and Black, Starr & Gorham are among the places to look for links at around $40 to $45. Ross Pennell likes block-letter initials in dark-blue enamel; $10 for three.

As for soaps, lotions, and other toilet stuff, the PXs of all branches of the services do a pretty fair job, so our advice is that if you plan to send such things, go in for unabashed luxury. The Gourielli shaving and foot sticks, for instance, put up in a box together with a big bar of excellent, English-style, fine-milled soap; $2.50 for the works. Yardley's wooden shaving bowl costs only a dollar, but plenty of men consider it a luxury anyway. It's all over town. John-Frederics' huge cake of bath soap, explicitly labelled For Men Only, is $1.50, and will furnish lots of lather lots of times. Charbert's after-shave lotion, Of Thee I Sing, comes in a leather case and costs $1.50 and

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ESTABLISHED 1894

Priced in steel, $60 to $70 (10% Federal Tax included); in 14Kt. or 18Kt. gold from $105, (20% Federal Tax included), at selected jewelers.

UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 1405 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA
AND GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

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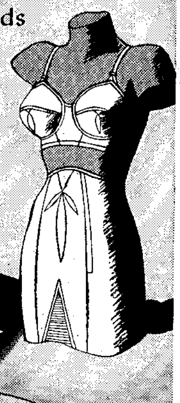
$2.70; the Knize Ten after-shave lotion still appears in little wooden crates at $4.50. Bendel's toilet water, after-shaving lotion, and pine soap are in a single package at $4.20, and Fabergé's Woodhue toilet water, which has always had a simple, refreshing odor that women love, now turns up in a new and brisker version for men; $2.10. Bergdorf's Number Twenty-nine cologne is $6.60, and wonderful. Brooks has half-pint bottles of pine-scented colognes and John Carle's famous Refrigerant Lotion to be used for chapped hands or as an after-shave lotion in winter. Smells like the old glycerine and rose water of our childhood and has some of both in it. Old gentlemen have been buying it since they were boys.

WACS may have gone G.I. right down, or perhaps we should say up, to the tilt of their caps, but they and their sisters in the other services are still true to frippery. Lingerie, especially pretty slips that aren't the least like issue, are their favorites, and you shouldn't have the least trouble filling such wants. At Bonwit, for example, you'll find Kristina handmade slips of fine rayon crêpe in white or tea rose that are beautifully cut and start at $6.50. Bergdorf has tailored slips at $5.95 in tea rose or white with a sheer band on the bodice and such froufrou as appliqués of four-leaf clovers. Bendel's slips and nightgowns, in pink or white rayon crêpe trimmed with touches of lace and appliqué, have hand finishing wherever it matters; $6.75 and $10.75.

Girls in the services are just as fond as other women of sheer stockings. Non-G.I. girdles that are easily washed and dried will be worn gratefully in remote corners of the world, but shopping for these is difficult unless you know the young lady's post-induction size. Bonwit has girdles, of a fine material called Everfast Miracle Shirting, with insets that have plenty of stretch; $7.50. Bras of the same material, piped in blue, are $1.50.

Most men don't care what kind of paper they have to write on, but with the girls it's different. They like the feminine kind of writing paper they had at home and can't get overseas. Air-mail stationery is easily the favorite. Tiffany has some in white or pigeon gray ($2.20 for a hundred sheets and fifty envelopes), and Cartier thinks that a quiet pale blue with a white border ($3.50 for fifty sheets and envelopes) is nice. Mrs. John Strong, 660 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has onionskin paper in pale gray, blue, or green, as well as in melon,


Design for figure beauty

A gently persuasive Flexees Girdle, an air-light Flexaire Bra . . . the inseparable twosome that molds your figure in a sleek, unbroken silhouette.

Flexees TWIN CONTROL

Flexaire for BOSOM BEAUTY

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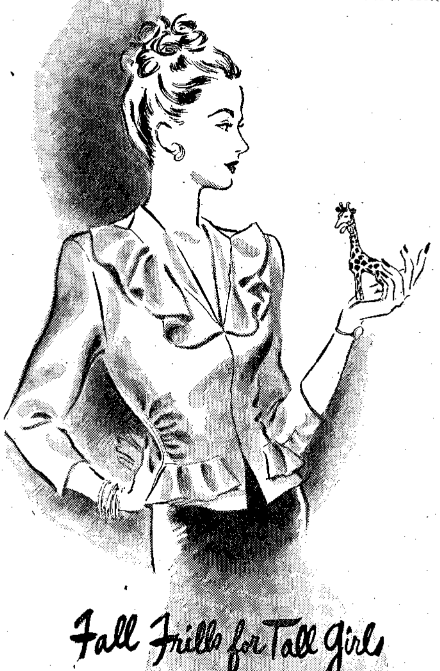
FLEXEES GIRDLES AND COMBINATIONS: $5.95 to $15



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Send second color-choice if mail ordering.

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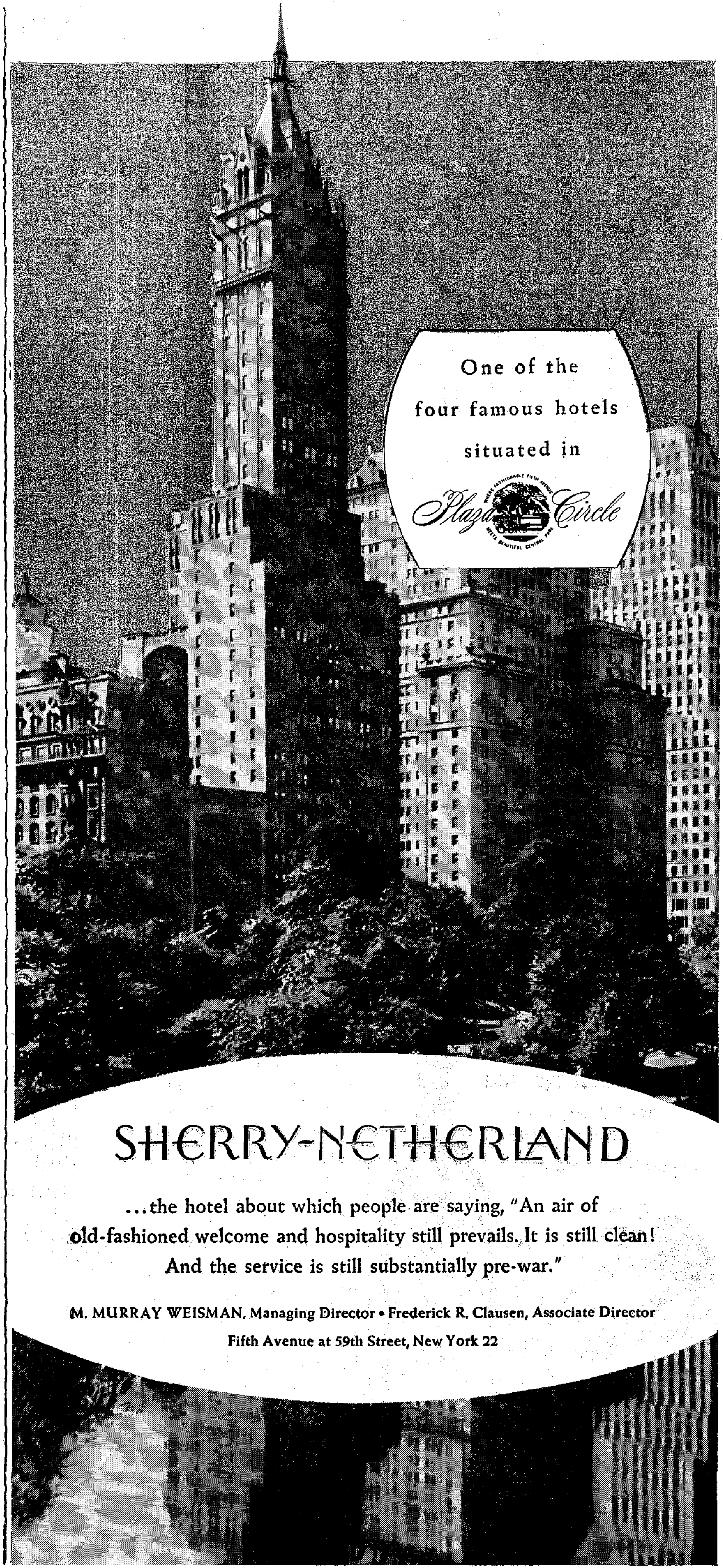
orange, and even just white; $6 for two hundred sheets and a hundred envelopes. Saks has white air-mail stationery with envelopes made opaque by colored maps of the world printed on their insides; $2 for a hundred and fifty sheets and fifty envelopes, plus air-mail stickers. Altman has big pads of thin, deckle-edged writing paper in romantic pale blue, shell pink, or gray. It costs $2 for a hundred sheets and seventy-two envelopes.

MISCELLANY: Cartier has a collapsible cigarette holder in a tiny case, for girls who don't like smoke to get in their eyes; $30. . . . A flashlight with a battery-recharging apparatus that can be hitched to any electric-light socket costs $7.95 at Abercrombie. . . . An eight-day, fifteen-jewel Swiss alarm clock at Saks comes in a good-looking folding case made of natural pig; $51. . . . Dunhill's Havana-blend cigarettes with leaf wrapper, tenderly ensconced in cotton; twenty cents for ten. And Dunhill tobaccos, in practically airtight tins. . . . Abercrombie has assembled a pipe set which includes a pipe, a pouch for tobacco and pipe, and four quarter-pound tins of A. & F.'s own blends; $12.50. . . . Men in the Army of Occupation in Japan will, we are told, encounter much the same climate as in the temperate zone (if there still is one) this country is supposed to be in. Men who have just New Guinea and Philippine khakis to their backs might like to have one of Brooks' chamois shirts, which are thin enough to wear under anything, $29. . . . Bathing trunks from Spalding, for those who are stationed where swimming is a possibility; $5.50. . . . Mil-du-rid—that's right, gets rid of mildew—is a colorless fluid that is handy in the tropics. It keeps leather free of mold, which is one of the great irritations in humid regions. Shoes, wallets, hat linings, and so on all can be preserved with it. Eighty-five cents a pint at Bloomingdale, among other places, and definitely a specific for the Pacific.

•

> Mrs. Ruth K. Cummings, the bride, has come on from New York to act as matron of honor, while Oscar Cummings, lawyer mother of the bridegroom and an ordained minister, will perform the ceremony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of a few close friends and relatives.
>
> Mrs. Frank Hale, a friend of and brother of the bridegroom, will be best man.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Who mixed these drinks?



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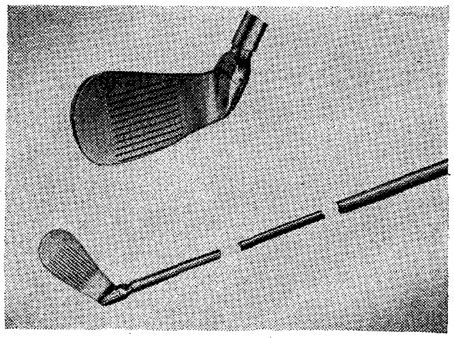

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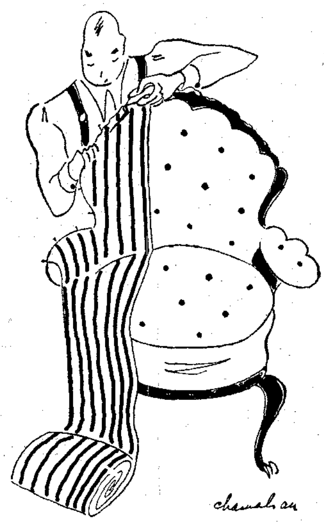
A NAZI HOSTESS

DURING the last week of the summer term of 1937, a notice appeared on the students' bulletin board of St. Anne's Society, the women's college at Oxford to which I belonged, announcing that Mia Schneiders, the German housekeeper of the college, would welcome to her summer home on the banks of the Moselle any of her English friends who would care to visit her there, at the practically nominal charge of ten dollars a week. Mia herself, the notice added, would be travelling out to Germany at the beginning of July and would be glad to pilot her guests through the complications of the journey.

It was this last sentence which finally nerved me—seemingly the only member of the college so ill-organized as not already to have arranged her summer holiday—to plump for a fortnight on the banks of the Moselle, in spite of the fact that I spoke no German. I had not myself ever had occasion to see much of Miss Schneiders, but I was told by some of my fellow-students that she was a capable, rather jolly sort of person who would probably make an excellent hostess and guide. I was naturally, therefore, somewhat daunted when, the day before we were to leave, she told me, with elaborate expressions of regret, that she would, after all, be obliged to delay her departure forty-eight hours. She had been invited to the wedding of a very dear friend for whom, it seemed, the entire ceremony would be ruined if she were not present. "He would be heartbroken were I not to be there," she said. "He is a very good and old friend. He would do *anything* for me."



She went on swiftly to explain to me how very simple my journey would be and urged me to go on ahead without her. "Five changes, yes, but that is not difficult. You will see. In Germany everyone is so kind—the voyage will be a pleasure. And when you reach Traben, my sister Anny, who knows English much better than I do, will be waiting to welcome you."

Well, there are a great many kinds of pleasure, and several of them border on pain, so maybe she was right. For twenty-four hours I scrambled in and out of boats and Continental third-class railway coaches, dragging my suitcase after me and clutching a phrase book which persistently fell open at the sentence (relevant later on but not very helpful on a train journey), "Do not take me to any vulgar places."

Ultimately, however, I did arrive and, as Mia had promised, was met at the station by her sister Anny, an amiable-looking creature with a pale face and wispy hair. After we had identified and greeted each other, Anny, to my horror, smilingly wheeled forward a couple of bicycles. "Mia wrote me to be sure and bring these to the station and let you ride back," she said, "as that would remind you of Oxford and would make you feel at home."

THE first forty-eight hours after my arrival at Traben were brimful of gay little discoveries. The summer home turned out to be the second floor in a ramshackle three-story house, the main floor of which was occupied by another family, plus their litter of pigs, and the top floor by a noisy group of young men who belonged to the Kraft-durch-Freude (Strength-through-Joy) movement. In our second-floor quarters there was neither bathroom nor kitchen stove.

When I questioned Anny about these shortcomings, she was astonished that I had not been forewarned. "But did not Mia tell you that our life here is very simple?" she asked, with a worried look. It appeared that there was but one bath in the village, at their Cousin Sophy's, and if I wished to, I could use that, so long as I did so at a time when it was not needed for the laundry. (Such a time did not, I believe, in fact exist. Every morning for the first few days of my stay I trudged through the village to Cousin Sophy's home, towel and soap in hand, only to find her tub filled with sodden linen. After that I took to the river.)

As for the absence of cooking facilities, Anny explained that one of their brothers had taken the stove away. Their mother, it seemed, had died not long before—Mia used later to refer to this whenever I showed signs of becoming critical—and, by rights, Anny and Mia should have inherited her cooking equipment. But somehow this brother had got in first and had simply absconded with the stove. "But Mia will get it back," said Anny in a tone of deep and simple faith. "She has written to Wulf, and it will come. Mia is always successful in getting what she needs." And as a matter of fact, surprisingly enough, she *did* get it back a couple of days, or rather nights, before I left. It arrived about 11 P.M., during a period when the lighting system had blown a fuse, and with shouts of excitement and glee was hoisted into a corner of the sitting room by what sounded like the whole male population of the village.

In the meanwhile, for my every meal I had to walk half a mile through the village to the house of some other Schneiders relatives, who fed me on nauseating (to me) messes of sausage and sour milk in their antimacassared front parlor. These meals were rather dreary, since in addition to the nauseatingness of the food, I had to eat it in a deep gloom because only a few streaks of light managed to break through the dense exhibits of cacti that flourished in window boxes outside the windows.

All these things tended to be dispiriting, but I was young and hopeful, and my limbs were reasonably strong, and, best of all, I liked Anny. She was a friendly soul, though a little blurred, both in features and mind. She made no attempt to organize my activities but just let me wander around in the sunshine, which was all I wanted to do. When looked back on at the end of the holiday, the two days which I spent with her before Mia's arrival seemed a halcyon period of peace. She confessed to me the second day, apropos of the question of returning Heil Hitler salutes to all the children in the village, that she was not as vigorous a supporter of the Nazi regime as she should be. "To Mia," she said, "it is of great importance. But she is much more intelligent than I am. I cannot understand such things."

LIKE me, Mia arrived late in the afternoon. But unlike me, she did the last stretch of the journey not on a bicycle but in a very swell taxi, which apparently belonged to another cousin. Anny and I bicycled down to the station to meet her, and, so that we could all have a nice talk, she insisted that Anny and I leave our bikes at the station and pile in beside her. She was looking very lush and radiant, and, by contrast, made

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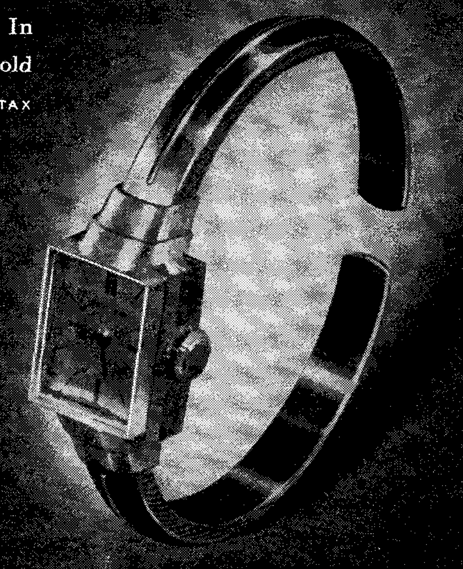

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NEATSOPE

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poor Anny seem even more blurred. Mia was fair, but there was nothing pale or wispy about her. Her hair was a light, golden brown, very frizzy, and her face, particularly when she was in a bad temper, closely resembled that of a strong-minded monkey. She was, I imagine, about thirty-three years old.

She greeted me in what she obviously intended to be a *grande-dame* manner. "And how is my guest enjoying this beautiful country? You have nothing like this in England, have you? I hope that your journey out was as much fun as mine. I had the most delightful gentleman to help me all the way from Ostend to Coblenz. I must tell you all about it. And, *of course*, I must tell you about the wedding." She glanced at me quickly, to be sure that I was listening to her and not just enjoying the ride. "Yes, that was delightful, too," she went on. "My friend and I danced together nearly all the time at the reception. He was quite sad."

I said nothing. This grappling-irons sex technique bothered me, and, as I soon discovered, with a certain amount of reason.

When we had been deposited in front of the summer home and the taxi had been dismissed with a regal gesture and an inadequate tip, Mia turned to Anny and asked brightly, "And what have you been doing to amuse the child all this time that I have been gadding around? Has she been yet to the café?"

Anny looked troubled, so I hurriedly explained that I had really just been sleeping off my journey.

"Ah, well," said Mia triumphantly, "you must be well rested. Good. We will go to the café tonight."

The café was a sweltering little semi-basement room which, from 8 P.M. on, was thick with rural Teutons and an almost anesthetizing stench of beer and sweat. When we got there, shortly after nine, everyone had settled down for the evening. A tough-looking blond boy was playing the piano, loudly but quite pleasantly, and a few couples were rollicking around in the small space in the middle of the room. As soon as we came in, an immense man with a stomach which swung from side to side as he moved surged toward us and, seizing Mia by both hands, broke into a massive flood of German.

"He is our Cousin Friedrich, the proprietor," Mia told me when, after giving her a whacking kiss, he finally moved away. "I have not seen him since our poor mother died. He says we must all drink with him in her memory. Then he will pick you some good-looking partner to dance with."

We sat down at a table, and a few minutes later Friedrich surged back again, carrying in one hand a tray of drinks and with the other dragging a burly, middle-aged man whom he presented to Mia with exuberant gestures in my direction.

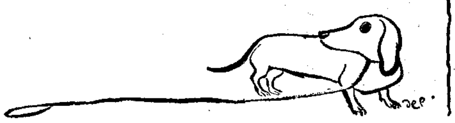
"He asks me to tell you this man knows English," Mia explained. "He was a prisoner in England during the war. You must speak to him. Show him that we are all friends now."

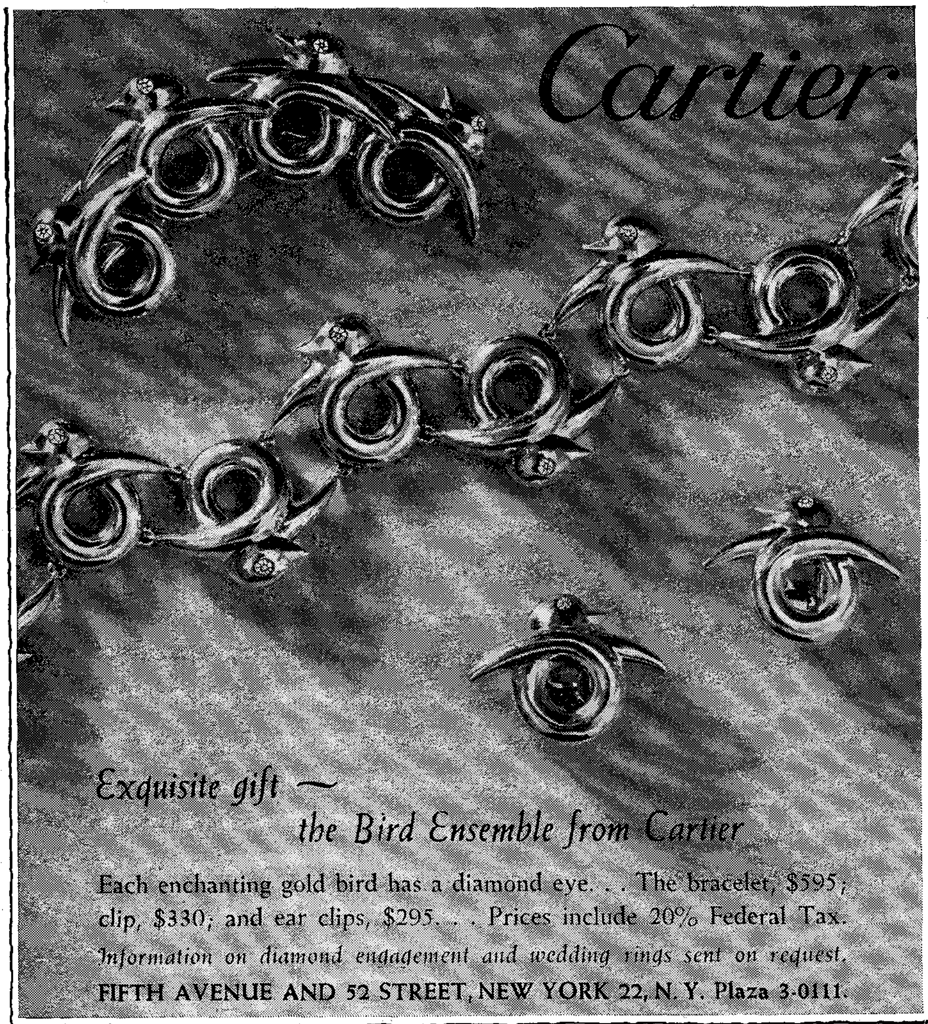
I hesitated, not quite sure how to begin, so the ex-prisoner leaned forward and solemnly delivered the following three sentences, "Hullo. Blast your eyes. Have you any bloody Woodbines?" This, I later discovered, was his entire stock of English.

Grinning, I offered him my cigarette case. As I did, I noticed a small, dark, ratlike young man sidling up to our table. Suddenly, and without speaking, he slipped his arm around my waist and with surprising energy pulled me to my feet and out into the dancing space. I was so astonished that I never even got around to resisting. Guiding me competently between the other couples, he stared down into my face for a good two minutes or so. Then, "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" he asked. When I answered, "*Nein,*" he repeated the question in French. "*Oui, un peu,*" I replied. Whereupon he put his lips to my ear and with complete nonchalance murmured, "*Eh bien, ma petite. Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?*"

Mercifully, at that moment, Friedrich, whom I had seen lumbering up out of his chair a minute earlier, advanced toward us, clapped my partner jovially on the shoulder, and removed me from his clasp. As I swung gratefully away on Friedrich's stomach, I saw the ratlike young man gliding toward Mia.

Our visits to the café continued to be the high spot of Mia's program for me. During the daytime she would drag me up and down mountains in the blazing sun, refusing to let me wear shorts, the only reasonable clothes for such exercise, on the ground that they were in conflict with the Nordic ideals of womanhood, and forcing me to take innumerable photographs of vistas which, at the time at any rate, I sincerely hoped never to see again. Then, at evening, the look of determination would deep-





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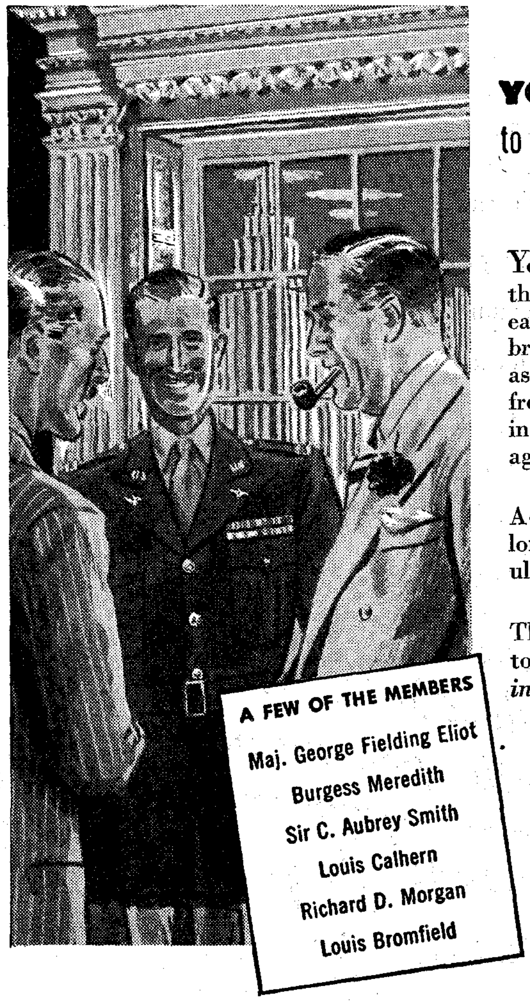

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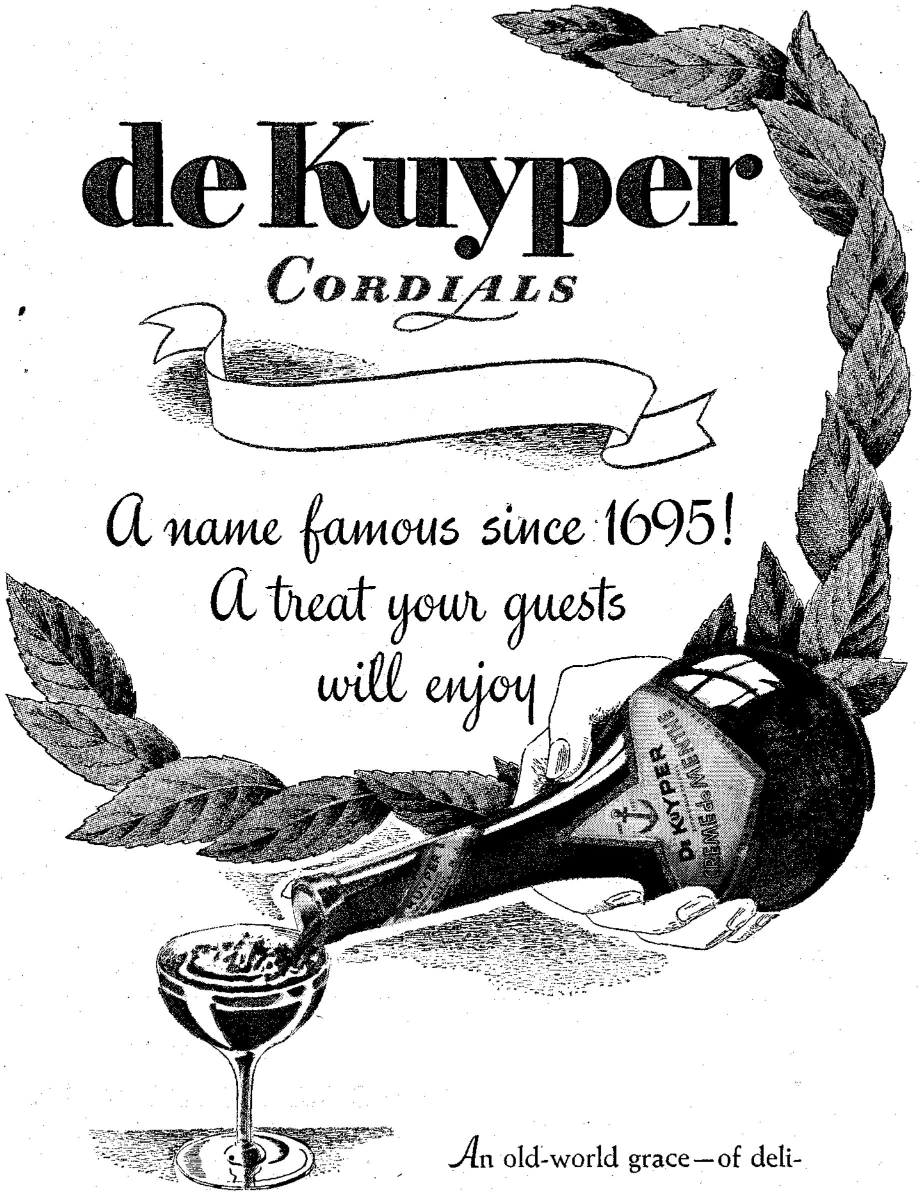

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en in her eyes and, sending Anny over to Cousin Sophy to arrange about supper, she would say playfully to me, "Well, my chicken, romance time again. I shall never forgive myself the failure of your holiday if I do not get you nicely fixed up before you go home. You must not be so shy. In Germany one is not like that."

Definitely, I thought, one wasn't. I seemed to spend my evenings winding in and out of an unending series of amorous adventures, all of them more or less sordid. I soon developed a defense technique of complete noncomprehension. "*Ich spreche kein Deutsch,*" I would insist, with moronlike reiteration. Fortunately, no one else besides the ratlike young man spoke any other language, and he, I was pleased to see, was plainly hoist with his own petard, for Mia kept her claws in him with an aggressiveness far outreaching his own.

In addition to dumbness, I also had a safeguard in Friedrich, with whom I became good friends, and who made a point of disentangling me whenever I really looked as if I needed help. By these means, I managed to reach the end of my fortnight's stay without being, as Mia put it, nicely fixed up. I even, though with considerable difficulty, sidestepped some of our Kraft-durch-Freude neighbors, whose special assignment at that moment, Mia explained to me approvingly, was the increasing of the population.

WHEN the time came for me to go home, Mia had a final bright idea. It was unthinkable, she said, for me to go back to England without having seen Bonn. Was not Beethoven born there and had I not remarked one day that I was interested in music? Besides, "At Bonn I have a very good friend. He will show you the town and get you a good seat on the train to Cologne. I will write to him at once."

Silently, I looked at my railroad ticket. Clearly, I had, as before, to change trains at several places, but Bonn was not among them. However, after a fortnight of Mia's discipline and with the prospect of facing her again in the fall at Oxford, I only smiled wanly when she went on to tell me that I was to wear a large yellow marigold in my buttonhole and wait for her friend in the station restaurant.

"But most certainly he will come," she replied when I plucked up sufficient courage to suggest that he might not. "He is a good friend. He will do anything for me."

I daresay he might have, had he been

in Bonn at the time. Unfortunately, however, he was not, a possibility Mia had overlooked. In consequence I spent one of the most waiflike hours of my life sitting in the station restaurant, the marigold withering in my buttonhole and my courage withering with it. Not only had I got off the train unnecessarily, but, thanks in part to my deliberate noncomprehension policy toward the German language, I had very little idea how to make the necessary inquiries to get onto it again. Finally, in a fit of mild hysteria, I jerked myself to my feet, and gabbling my pet phrases, "Do not take me to any vulgar places—in Germany one is not shy," leaped onto the first train that came into the station. Fortunately for me, practically all trains from Bonn stop at Cologne.

When at last I succeeded in reaching England, I found awaiting me a postcard from Mia, on which she said that her friend had asked her to apologize to me for his having been away from Bonn on the day of my visit. She assured me that he had expressed great eagerness to show me the town when next I came to Germany. This I must do without fail, as she herself had changed her plans and would not be returning to Oxford for the present. There was much work to be done in the Fatherland, and her place now was there. Heil Hitler.

—MARGARET ARMOUR

•

CHATTANOOGA, TENN. (AP)—The second husband of a woman who discovered her first husband, reported killed in action, was still living, has been dissolved.
—*Ashland (Ky.) Daily Independent.*

A very sensible solution.

•

J.H.S. Reid of British Columbia and the University of Toronto will be the luncheon speaker when the Rotary Club meets at 12:15 p.m. Wednesday in Hotel Ithaca. His topic will be: "Implications of the British Election as They Appear to a Comedian."—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.*

Hope he'll touch on the liquefaction of the British Umpire.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Boston Herald*]

Most attractive was the flower table, massed with lovely flowers from North Shore estates. Presiding there were Mrs. B. Preston Cutler and Mrs. Richard C. Storey, who was relieved later by Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge and Mrs. Edward A. Taft....

First prize was won by Mrs. Donald Trussell, for her colorful arrangement of gaillardia in a brown glazed china spittoon.

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Many lined with wool tartan plaid flannel. Sizes 12-40

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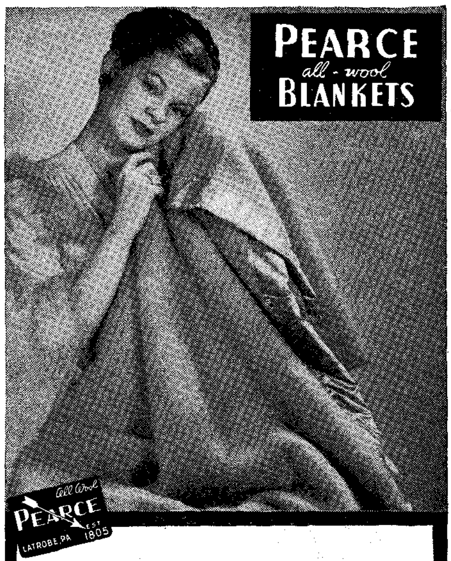

The great urge to buy Pearce Blankets is in the blankets themselves—their finer all wool quality, their deeper, softer nap, their greater warmth—qualities which lead unerringly to pride in possession. Colors harmonize with modern room decorations. See lovely Pearce Blankets at your favorite store.

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C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
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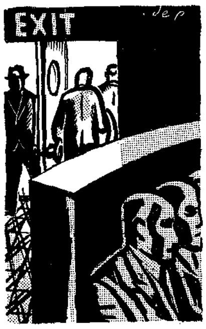
Allen's Toffee

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Invasion

THE photographic story of the invasion of Europe, hitherto told in snatches, has finally been set down fully and well in "The True Glory," a British-American documentary culled from more than ten million feet of film. All the awful and familiar details of the war are included, from the broken merchant ships going down in the Atlantic to the tanks plowing angrily through the fields of France. But the film is by no means episodic. Every action shown is explained in relation to the larger strategy of the invasion. The commentary is no dull, military mumbling. It is mostly a medley of observations by ordinary soldiers and sailors—American, British, French, Polish—plus an occasional interjection by General Eisenhower, who sounds just as casual as anybody else. Throughout, the emphasis is always on the men in the ranks, and the camera seldom lingers on the brass hats it happens upon as it roams the battlefronts. There is, perhaps, too little in "The True Glory" about death to give it as terrible an impact as it might have had. Even so, the fourteen hundred cameramen who had a hand in its creation have given it an intimacy with battle that is frightening to see. The many scenes of liberation that follow the invasion have a heart-warming freshness, but there has been no hesitation about juxtaposing them with the overpowering horrors of the German concentration camps.



As an example of coöperation between Great Britain and the United States, "The True Glory" might well be worth a statesman's study. There is a meticulous regard for the part each nation played in victory, and even in the narrative a pleasing balance is maintained between the British and American voices. As might be expected, it falls to an Englishman to explain, in rolling iambic pentameter, just what is cooking from time to time, and remarks like "Down we cast the gauntlet challenging him to stand and fight" make a tidy contrast to the unstudied comments of the enlisted men. One of them, the final observation, pretty well sums up what the film is aiming at: "To the victor belong the spoils. That's what they say. Well, what are the spoils? Only this: a chance to build a free world better than before. Maybe it's the last chance. Remember that."

"DUFFY'S TAVERN" is one of those Paramount films that involve practically everybody on the studio payroll except the doorman. This particular specimen derives from a radio show of the same name, and it features Ed Gardner, a radio comedian whose humor consists entirely of malapropisms. Mr. Gardner's verbal conceits run to such remarks as "I am full of personal maggotism." He is able to confect this sort of thing at great length and to no purpose as a bartender in Duffy's Tavern, a taproom that is about as lively as one of the chapels at Walter B. Cooke's. Under Mr. Gardner's spell, nothing that happens at Duffy's seems very diverting, and it's a relief when the picture becomes merely a string of variety acts, in which people like Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Cass Daley participate. The acts aren't much good, but at least they get you out of that saloon.

"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES" sets out to prove that a Wisconsin farm run by Norwegians is an idyllic and handsome place. In that it succeeds. But for all the lovely photography and the excellent acting of the cast, the film rapidly resolves itself into a loose series of bucolic scenes that just barely hang together. In its meanderings, however, the picture has a pleasant enough time following a pair of children, played by Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins, around the Wisconsin landscape. Against the competition of these redoubtable little ones, Edward G. Robinson as a Wisconsin farmer and Agnes Moorehead as his wife perform as well as they ever have in their careers. Wherever you stand on agrarian matters, you'll probably like a good many of the outdoor shots.

"STATE FAIR" is another excursion into the rural areas. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are responsible for this latest screen adaptation of Phil Stong's novel, and they are a long way from "Oklahoma!" Life on the farm, obviously, is hardly as bouncy as life on the ranch, but it must be a lot more vigorous than "State

Fair" would lead you to believe. The film includes such standard items as the champion pig, the prize cattle, the midway, and the trotters, and most of the actors look as though they would feel a lot more at home in the Copacabana than in a barn. Among those scattered around the fair grounds are Dick Haymes, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, and Charles Winninger. Of the various songs turned out for this film, the best is probably "It Might as Well Be Spring." "Nice," I believe, would be the word for it; I don't think you could use anything stronger.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(SECOND THOUGHTS DIVISION)

[*From "The Lure of Alaska," by Harry A. Franck*]

... the baby we brought back from the West Indies only yesterday—well, at least only 18 years ago. —*Page 2.*

Modern business blocks ... well, modern buildings, at least. —*Page 5.*

Fog—no, a cloud ceiling ... —*Page 7.*

The best guides in the United States must live in Alaska three—seems to me it is now five—years ... —*Page 32.*

One last misgiving. No, it seems it isn't one. —*Page 46.*

Finally, by the middle of the afternoon —oh, no, I see it's only 9 A.M.! —*Page 47.*

The most interesting observation the casual and disinterested—no, very much interested ... —*Page 53.*

Mrs. Smith and her two daughters—no, her daughter and a chum from Montana ... —*Page 55.*

A Mr. Blanchard (or rather his women folk) ... —*Page 78.*

... discovered gold by accident, up Bonanza Creek. Or rather his squaw discovered it ... —*Page 96.*

One of the latest finds in the university museum—no, it was still in the clean-up room ... —*Page 126.*

... "Walrussia" was ours for $7,200,000 in gold—oh yes, and those cable charges. —*Page 148.*

... the average Sourdough is—I was going to say pathetic, but it is really the opposite. —*Page 168.*

... (Hirsh, if I've got the name right) ... —*Page 169.*

... who taught them, or at least had them taught ... —*Page 189.*

They came from Vladivostok—no, from Kamchatka ... —*Page 210.*

... between England (that is, Canada) ... —*Page 216.*

... theirs by right of conquest—well, at least of amicable division of labors ... —*Page 233.*

Nome's best, or at least cleanest, hotel ... —*Page 241.*

Alaska's public railway runs—if that is the word ... —*Page 242.*

... 700 miles from the United States—or at least from Seattle. —*Page 26*

HE** and **SHE

(two people you'll
want to know better)

HE. Darling, your skin is as velvety-soft as the orchid you're wearing.

SHE. Darling, I wish I could return the compliment... and I could, if only you would break down and start using Gourielli Grooming Aids.

A DEAD SILENCE ENSUED...AND THEN...

HE (*stubbornly*). I don't want to be beautiful.

SHE. But you are, dear... I mean, you're by far the handsomest man I know. I'm thinking of your comfort.

HE. Considerate woman!

SHE. Definitely. I know just the thing for your sensitive skin and your beard which does grow so fast, my darling. It's Gourielli's Super Size Active Ozone Shave-Stick (2.00). My brother told me all about it, sparing NONE of the details! Seems it gives the kind of shave men like, especially those with tough beards and tender skins. Has some special base which releases nascent oxygen and makes the skin feel soft as... soft as...

HE. The orchid you're wearing?

SHE. No, dear, the carnation *you're* wearing. And then, there's the convenience angle. You don't even need a brush with Ozone Shave-Stick. Just your razor and hot or cold water.

HIS STUBBORN EXPRESSION CHANGED TO ONE OF BEATIFIC DELIGHT

HE (*thoughtfully stroking his chin*). What a find for the office!

SHE (*firmly*). Home, too. But wait, I haven't finished. Now comes Gourielli After-Shave Lotion (2.50 and 1.50)* to brace and refresh and make your face feel as if it had been dipped in morning dew.

HE (*sardonically*). And now, do I powder my nose with Moonlight Mist Complexion Powder?

SHE. Wonder man! I almost forgot...You finish this superior shave with soothing, invisible Gourielli Talc for Men. (1.00)*

HE (*dryly*). That is all?

SHE. That is all... Roger!

BUT IF HE COULD HAVE READ HER MIND!

Here's what she was thinking about:

Gourielli Emulsion, soothing after-shave, ideal for sensitive skin. (3.50 and 2.00)*

Gourielli Cologne for Men, "Tang" scent. (3.50 and 2.00)*

**Plus 20% Federal Tax*

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LETTER FROM FRANCE

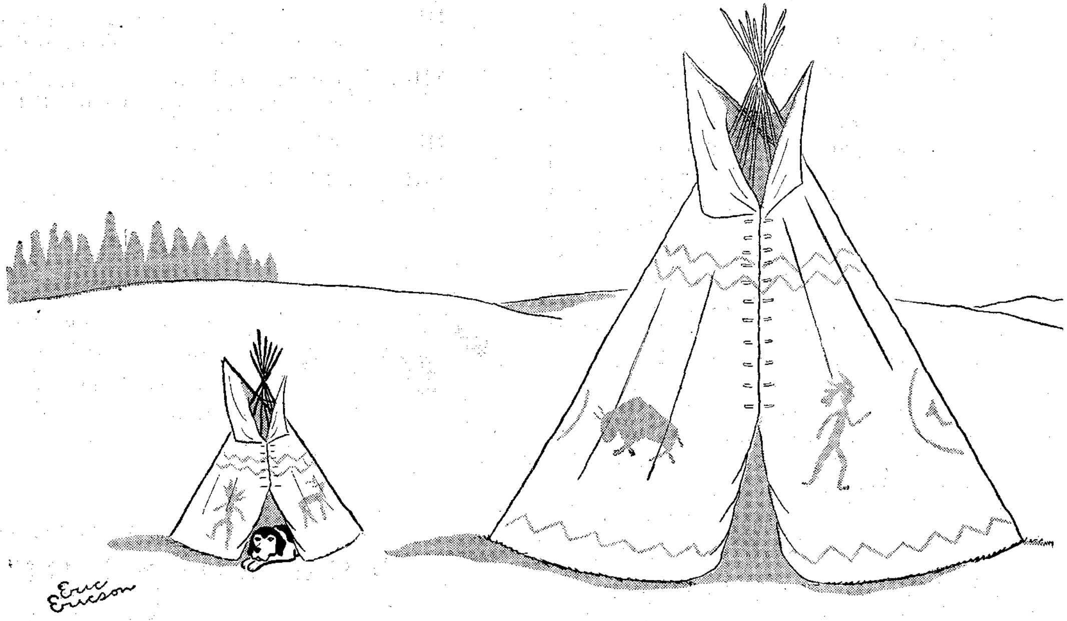
SEPTEMBER 6 (BY WIRELESS)

WINE, which is normally France's third biggest agricultural occupation, and one of the first-rate features of French living, was hurt less by the war than any other business or pleasure in the land. Yet there is probably less wine on the Paris dinner table now than at any other time in the past hundred years. There is plenty of wine—indeed, too much—in casks near the vineyards, but there is not enough coal to blow the bottles to hold it, and even if it were bottled, there wouldn't be enough coal to ship it. All over France, except in the wine capitals like Bordeaux and Beaune and in the neighborhood of the vineyards themselves, people are limited to a ration of one bottle of ordinary wine per person per week—when it can be found. Before the war, a bottle a day was every Frenchman's right.

The peasants who work in the vineyards have a legend about the relation of war to grapes, and they have seen enough of both to feel that they can speak with authority. They say that the good God sends a poor wine crop the year a war starts, a fine, festive crop to announce that the war is coming to a close, and another bad one to mark its end. As a matter of fact, 1939 was a poorish wine year, 1943 was a three-star, or superb, wine year (however, so was 1942, when it looked as if the war were never going to end), and 1944, the year the war ended for the vineyards, with the liberation of the big wine regions, was also poorish in quality if rich in quantity. If that isn't proof enough that the peasants know what they're talking about, a heavy May frost made this, the real victory year, the worst one for wine since the war began.

For several reasons, providential and psychological, France's wine-and-spirits situation, now that the marauding Germans are themselves being occupied, turns out to be bright indeed compared to that dark picture which, especially outside France, was taken for granted during the Nazi occupation. For one thing, from 1940 through 1943, although French vineyards lacked the copper sulphate needed for spraying twice a summer to prevent mildew, nature furnished them with unusually dry weather and the spray was not missed. (1944's rainstorms came after the grapes had been picked.) For another, during the five years of war in the Bordeaux, Burgundy, Loire, and Rhône wine districts—for the Alsatian vineyards alone was it a six-year war, one that ended in the destruction of whole wine villages during the Colmar campaign—not only did war not ravage their property but the Germans themselves got away with less bottled goods, and of a poorer quality, than their reputed efficiency led people to give them credit for. Apparently, on the other hand, the world underestimated French efficiency in what was a special sort of resistance—hiding, fibbing, and fobbing off. The French hid enormous quantities of their best wine from the Germans simply by walling it up in their cellars, and they patriotically lied about the quality of the stuff they delivered to the enemy, who ordered vintage burgundies and ignorantly accepted *piquette*. Then, too, the French fobbed off on the Nazi Army messes sixty-four-proof *eau de vie* in place of the eighty-proof cognac the conquerors paid for. When the thirsty Germans requisitioned whole vineyards as a way of getting what they wanted, the wine production of those areas mysteriously declined. And Providence was on the French side. Of the first five war years, 1940 was double-star, 1941 was not bad, 1942 and 1943 were, like 1928 and 1929, downright great, doubleheader vintage years, and 1944 was at least copious. As a result of these fine and generous years, and because the French unloaded on the Germans their inferior stuff, there is in France not only more wine and brandy than there was six years ago but better wine and brandy.

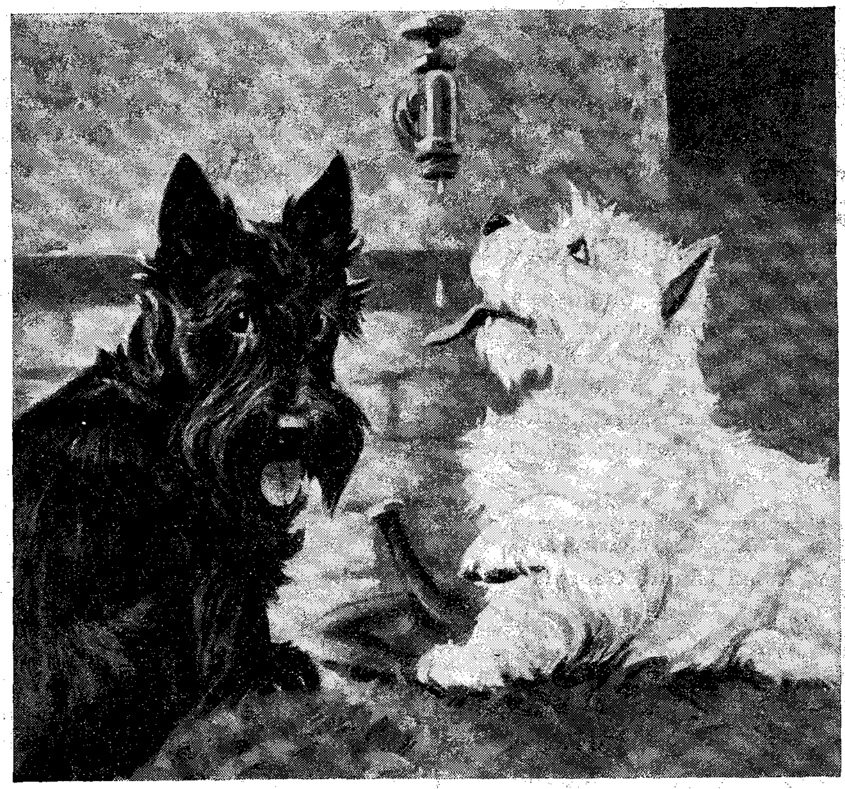
FOR the French consumers, the main thing wrong with the wine situation is the coal situation. Another thing that is seriously wrong is the black market. There is not enough legal transportation to pass the wine around by train, and black-market-trucked wine can cost as much as two hundred francs a bottle (for a muddy Anjou) in a black-market restaurant. What is wrong with French wine for the American wine merchant is the price. Word was recently received here that the American ceiling prices had been lifted on French wine and that the shipments already in New York or on the ocean were selling or would sell at prices which will discourage consumption (nine to ten dollars a bottle retail for champagne, for instance, and almost that much for brandies). Bottled wines cost here from five to nine times as much as they did before the war. (Fine wines, as it happens, have jumped the least.) Prospective American buyers were startled at the listed prices of the promising, unbottled 1943 wines sold in the lovely Burgundian town of Beaune at its traditional auction, held this year in June instead of November. One fifty-nine-gallon barrel of Savigny-les-Beaune, which before the war would have been worth at the vineyard twenty-three-hundred francs, or about forty francs a gallon, was knocked down for a hundred thousand francs, and practically no wine changed hands for under a thousand francs, or twenty dollars, a gallon. It must be remembered that the 1943 wines are still too young to bottle and that they were sold to wholesalers, who in a normal world make a profit on what they han-



dle. These wines, from the vineyards which constitute the ancient endowment of the town's medieval hospice, are comparable, on the whole, to the fine '34s from the same fields—clean, sound, good, light, and with plenty of bouquet. The Savigny wines are invariably well made and scrupulously cared for; they have always brought a good price in vintage years and the Beaune auction has always provided a useful index to French wine prices in general. This year all that the Beaune prices indicated to Americans was that unbottled wine at the wholesale price of a thousand francs a gallon would, at the Army-pegged rate of two cents to a franc, cost the eventual American consumer a great deal more than he'd like to pay. However, that thousand francs, which means twenty dollars to us Americans, to the French means only about four dollars, their inflated franc having just been estimated by the Banque de France to have the purchasing power of about four mills, or two-fifths of an American penny, as compared to the prewar four-cent franc. French prices seem high to us because for once the dollar, by being pegged, is taking a licking in terms of the franc, which for the French is so cheap that wages have quintupled since before the war. The French farmhand who in 1939 was paid fifty francs a day now gets two hundred and fifty, and the good stenographer who got eight hundred or a thousand francs a month now gets between five and eight thousand. This two-way franc mixes everybody up. The French seem to think that after the October elections the franc will be pegged at eighty to the dollar for them and possibly even for us. But until somebody figures out what money is worth, it will be difficult to figure out what French wines are worth.

The French wine dealers, who have more confidence in the staying power of their wine than of their franc, are not impatient to sell. A franc that has steadily sunk, in the course of two World Wars and the peace between, from twenty cents to four mills has taught them that goods are better than paper, even from the mint. There is a certain old French gentleman, well known in wine circles, who is cheerfully sitting on sixty thousand bottles of Meursault and says that he proposes to sell during the next year or so no more than fifty cases a month. For him, fine French wines, even at six or seven times the prewar price, are not dear, since wages are five times what they were and since, above all, a tangible, durable article like a good bottle of wine automatically has a great-

A Little, but Oh, My!



Blackie: "What do people think we are, Whitey—magicians?"

Whitey: "Have patience, Blackie, we're not going dry."

"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Nobody likes a shortage—especially of BLACK & WHITE. But these abnormal times can't last forever. Meanwhile it's good to know that the BLACK & WHITE you manage to get is the same fine quality you've always enjoyed.

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Tomorrow
But Soon
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE WATER
IMPORTED

For 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them.

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INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE
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Manufactured and Bottled in England by
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er value as an investment than something as ephemeral as a five-hundred-franc kilo of butter on the black market.

Meanwhile, the French government is counting heavily on the export of wines, champagnes, and brandies to help maintain a balance of trade. The need for such export will become increasingly acute now that lend-lease has come to its sudden end and now that the American troops are leaving France. How the French growers and *négociants* are going to be persuaded to sell and how, at today's franc-versus-dollar prices, the American public will be persuaded to buy is unquestionably a problem for which there is no satisfactory solution. There can be little export trade until de Gaulle and Truman and their governments effect a basic change in the dollar-to-franc ratio.

THE cognac situation in France today is really brilliant, if you can do your drinking around the town of Cognac. In Paris, it is complicated by your having to know someone who knows someone who can occasionally find you Courvoisier V-S at four hundred and fifty francs a bottle, which is nine dollars for Americans. The report of the death of the cognac business under the Nazis was as greatly exaggerated as the report of the death of French wines. Refugees arriving in North Africa during the occupation had supposedly seen with their own eyes the seizure, for scrap, of scores of the old copper stills on which the quality of cognac largely depends. According to morbid rumor, trainloads of brandy had been shipped to Germany to be redistilled into motor fuel, and the cognac vineyards had been torn up and the fields replanted to potatoes. A visit to Cognac last spring established that there was a shortage of potatoes but that there was ten per cent more cognac on hand than before the war. The town was at that time still the *Quartier Général* for the French Army group operating on the Royan Atlantic Front. The handsome, prosperous little city was full of Colonial officers and their black Senegalese batmen, with high red chéchias perched on their ebony skulls. At the bars, the French A.F.A.T. girls, who correspond to our Wacs, were consuming their wartime ersatz apéritif, *pineau*, which is merely sweet, young, unfermented wine from the cognac fields, liberally laced with cognac itself. (It's not very good.) At the French Army press camp, in the elegant hamlet of Jarnac, a few kilometres distant, the array of cognacs hospitably offered to American war correspondents was a fountain of delight. The press camp was set up in two adjoining châteaux, one of which belonged to the Bisquit cognac family. On the ornate Bisquit terrace, the cognacs were served in subtle gradations in accordance with the time of day or the purpose—one type of cognac if you intended to drink it with soda, another if you drank it with ice, another for drinking neat before luncheon, and a fine, full-bodied affair for after dinner. The terrace overlooked a sunny, flowery garden and the garden overlooked the River Charente, where the French were fishing for trout beneath the willows. And beyond the willows, on the softly rolling slopes, the *vignerons*, whose forefathers had worked there before them in other springs, were tending the spirituous vines in the tepid sunshine. It was a civilized and civilizing sight, despite the fact that the Ministre d'Agriculture had just publicly made what sounded to the Cognac townspeople like a puritanical reference to the prewar alcoholism of France. Figures show that more cognac has been sold to our armed forces since the liberation of Cognac last September than was ever supplied to the Wehrmacht in the same length of time. The Allied armies have consumed around two million bottles, purchased in large lots by, in the case of the Americans, Quartermaster Corps officers for resale in special rest areas and in officers' messes, and naturally no one knows how much the G.I.s have lapped up in bars.

In the town of Cognac, the ceiling price for three-star cognac, fixed by a Vichy decree that is still enforced, is about two hundred and thirty francs a bottle. However, an honest Paris *négociant*, to obtain brandy or even decent wine at the legal price, which is far less than what black-marketeers clamor to pay, has to give what is called in the trade a *soulte*, defined as "compensation" in the French dictionary but meaning baksheesh in any language. If he doesn't figure his *soulte* in his selling price, he is a philanthropist, and if he does figure it, he is acting illegally, even immorally, which lots of businessmen all over France are sick of acting.

Much of the credit for the fact that the cognac country is in such excellent shape must go to the good member of a pair of German brothers. The bad member was the official Champagne Führer—that was his actual title—of the Wehrmacht. The good brother was the Cognac Führer. Both were born in Cognac, where their family were brandy merchants who, because they were enemy aliens, lost their business and moved back to Germany after the first World War, and both had friends in the region and a friendly feeling toward fine brandy for its own sake. Contemptuous of the average German's inability to appreciate the difference between *fine* champagne and schnapps, the good brother added to their ignorance by letting the Wehrmacht buy watered brandy under the misapprehension that it was getting cognacs. Obviously, this game couldn't be played every day in the year for four years, so several of the larger houses, such as Martell and Hennessy, were occasionally compelled to make substantial deliveries of standard stuff. The bad brother, who was not only the Champagne Führer but an S. S. officer besides, had his headquarters at Reims, and he was such a tough character that the French called him a *phénomène*, which means a holy terror. He annually squeezed from twelve to eighteen million bottles of the bubbly out of the Reims area and also kept a sharp eye out for resistance men. (The Comte de Voguë, who is chief of the Moët et Chandon champagne house and who was then chief of the resistance groups in Reims, was arrested for concealing arms in his château and sentenced to death, but he was not executed.) The Nazis got mixed or poor goods from the other vinous regions of France, but they got everything, bad and good, in Reims. The Champagne Führer had the right to make what were called *des impositions de champagne*, which meant that he could demand so-and-so many thousand bottles from any firm he chose. He chose each one, in turn. So the popular story that the Germans were diddled in their champagne deals and given nothing but the sweetest and worst is unfortunately not true. However, there is a happy ending to the Reims tale: the Germans, in their hasty retreat, left a lot of what they had paid for behind them.

There was no fine war year in champagne, like 1915 in the first World War. In Reims, a decent bottle of

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
Everything for the boys
For Him or Her
PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her
BEAUTY TIPS (red)
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT
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SHE LOVES HIM, his uniform, his Navy cap— his choice of cigarettes *. . . luxurious Marlboros! Tobaccos cheaper cigarettes* cannot *afford!* Yet merely a penny or two more.

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

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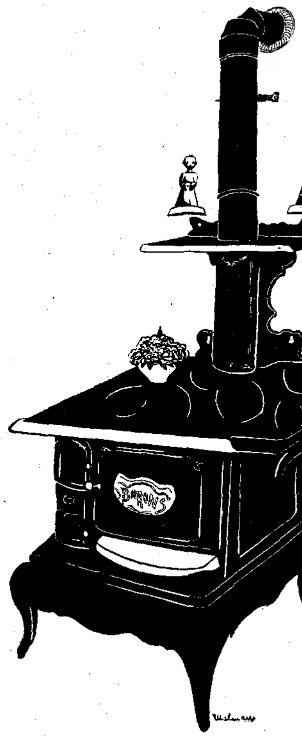
champagne now sells, or should sell, at from a hundred and thirty-five to a hundred and fifty francs wholesale. It's the cheapest wine in France. There has always been more than people could drink, and it is especially plentiful now, since no one is giving parties or celebrating baptisms or weddings, at all of which champagne was protocol for the French of every class. Despite the relative abundance, however, there is actually less of it in Reims cellars than there was six years ago. During the German invasion, most of the villages around Reims and Epernay were evacuated, wholly or in part, and the vineyards were abandoned, so instead of the vineyards' turning in a normal crop of six million gallons in 1940, for instance, the champagne country produced a meagre quarter-million gallons.

ANOTHER lot of wine the Germans left behind consisted of several hundred thousand hectolitres of burgundy that they had in depot in Paris, at the Halle aux Vins. Unhappily, it doesn't do even the French any good now, since the Halle was burned by incendiaries during the liberation and the heat turned the wine, which had been sugared because it was not first class to begin with. The burgundy region is farther north than the Bordeaux vineyards, and there is a really fine burgundy year only every five or six years, and in certain types of poorer burgundy sugar is added to increase the alcohol. It also speeds up fermentation and sometimes makes the wine turn. The Bordeaux vintners rejoice that they have many good years and don't have to add sugar to their wine. When it is fine, they bottle it at the château, which gives Bordeaux wines a certain cachet. Big Bordeaux landowners, like the Marquis de Lur-Saluces, who owns Château Yquem, and the baronial Rothschilds, who own some of the noblest Bordeaux reds, are gentlemen who, when their wine is not fine enough to bottle in the *chais* at the château, put it into the common regional depot, where it becomes anonymous. Because of the Germans' faith in anything official, they preferred the Bordeaux *mise-en-bouteille-au-château* wines to the Burgundy wines (whose best *crus* had already been sold to the Belgians, Europe's greatest burgundy fanciers), and it is now thought that the Bordeaux wine stock, though higher in quality, is lower in quantity by fifteen per cent as a result of the Wehrmacht's demands. There still remains a scattering of excellent '34s, a large stock of full-bodied '37s, and plenty of good '40s and '41s, for current consumption, and plenty of '42s and '43s to lay down, even in the States, prices permitting.

The Germans left their mark on Bordeaux in other ways. Since the days after the French Revolution, when the Girondists invented themselves in Bordeaux, down to the days of the tottering government of the Third Republic, which fled there to fall in 1940, Bordeaux has always been a city of what could be called violently conservative political temper. The new order of Pétain and Vichy found considerable support among many families on its Quai des Chartrons. They are called the Chartronards, and are the special, stuffy, snobbish, intermarried gentry of the wine trade. The Chartronard *négociants* have for the past two hundred years been one of the country's most select bodies of commercial figures, busy selling great clarets to the English nobility and frequenting the aristocratic châteaux of the elegant vineyard owners. Many Chartronards, who in 1939 were already financially extended, as were some leading export houses and a considerable proportion of the growers, found themselves in a real fix in 1940, when it looked as if their Allied markets had disappeared forever. On top of whatever pro-Vichy collaborationist sentiments some of them may have entertained, all of them found themselves faced with the dilemma—like everybody else in France, after all—of selling to the enemy or selling to nobody. And to sell no wine meant to abandon their cellars and vineyards. Many of the



Chartronards took the first course. Disagreeable incidents have been more numerous in Bordeaux than in the less elegant Burgundy between the *purs*, or resistant, wine elements and those accused of having hobnobbed with the enemy, and over a glass of wine at that.

PERHAPS the chief difficulty in the wine situation in postwar France is not the wines but the things needed to keep on making wines. Of such things, France has taken a great loss, from occupation, from destruction, from the general dislocation brought on by war. To get ready for next year, the French vineyards need the sulphate of copper for spraying against mildew, they need sulphur from Sicily to use against the oïdium, a parasite which attacks the woody part of the vine. They need phosphates from Alsace and Tunis for fertilizer. They need hoes, rakes, spades, harrows, plows, baskets, pruning knives. They need horses to replace those the Germans took. If they cannot get horses for plowing in the narrow rows between the vines, they need to have Americans invent for them a sort of narrow-waisted tractor that can pull the plow in place of the old mare. They need cork from Spain. They need the coal to make bottles. They need to take their older wines out of the wooden casks, where they are slowly losing their life, and put them in glass. And they need consumers to buy their wines. —GENÊT

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Cleveland Press*]

Vacation plans are simple this summer. They consist of getting acquainted with one's own backyard or a beach somewhere on Lake Erie. You can dream of far-away places, but you're not going there this year.

Alberta Gehring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo E. Gehring, and Marjorie Russ, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russ, are visiting the former's aunt, Mrs. Hermine Hammer in Westport, Conn., for a week.

A contingent of Cleveland girls are at Glen Bernard Camp, Sundridge, Ont., for August. They are Shirley Brown, Susan Kork, Marion Fisher, Mary Jean Sturrock, Martha Harris and Phoebe Cover.

Miss Fern Long will vacation at Warm Springs, Ga., from Aug. 15 to Aug. 27.

Among the many Clevelanders at Chautauqua has been Carabella Johnson who is now at Cambridge Springs for two weeks before returning home.

For August, Mr. and Mrs. Wirth Howell of Lakewood are with Mrs. Howell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Manchester at Bar Harbor, Me....

Nancy Dean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grove P. Dean, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Swain of Hartford, Conn., at their summer residence in Madison.

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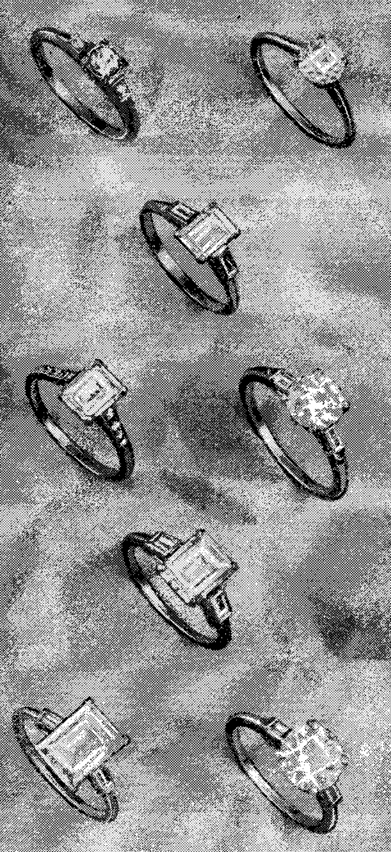

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THE RACE TRACK

Some Horses and a Jockey

NOBODY can say that the racing at Aqueduct last week was entirely dull. Take the Discovery Handicap, on Saturday. In this new $25,000 sweepstakes, Bobanet, who was a 49–1 chance because of his moderate form all season, showed undreamed-of speed and determination, led for most of the mile and a furlong, and then was disqualified for bumping Chief Barker and Buzfuz and for carrying Buzfuz almost to the outside rail. First money—$20,100—was awarded to Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's War Jeep, who didn't bother any of the other runners, saved ground at the turn for home, and finished second. The horseplayers who tore up mutuel tickets on Bobanet were only a little sadder than those who had backed Gallorette, the favorite. She seemed to go all to pieces in the last furlong. Maybe she had a touch of sun, or maybe she just isn't as good as she was several months ago. On the other hand, War Jeep, who had been in Chicago since June, may be one of the three-year-olds worth paying attention to.

As for the other races, nobody was surprised to see Apache win the Bay Shore Handicap, on the opening day of the meeting, because he was back on his home grounds, where the footing is apparently to his liking. The Aqueduct Handicap, in which New Moon led all the way, seemed to be a consolation prize for a collection of horses who had been pacemakers in the richer fixtures. There is little I can say about the Babylon Handicap beyond hoping that the colts in it grow up to be consistent three-year-olds. They probably won't. So few horses do.

MRS. GRAHAM'S Maine Chance Farm horses are doing all right. Her Star Pilot, who won the Hopeful Stakes, at 20–1, on the last day at Belmont, is one of the favorites for the Futurity. His dash through the last quarter mile was something to see. Star Pilot's share of the Hopeful Stakes, a matter of $55,300, and War Jeep's Discovery purse brought the year's earnings of the stable to $309,810, around $10,000 more than Mrs. Graham spent for yearlings last year. You might put Doc Asbury's Revoked, one of the other runners in the Hopeful, down as one of the better two-year-olds. He carried 126 pounds (Star Pilot had 112) and drew the rail post position, which trainers say is a big handicap on the Widener course, yet he finished third.

JOHNNY LONGDEN is certainly the most travelled jockey in history. Diogenes Checkpoints has just showed me a chart of the young man's course. On August 28th he won the second race at Belmont on an animal named Hal; on the twenty-ninth he rode Busher to victory in her match race with Durazna at Washington Park in Chicago; on the thirtieth he was back at Belmont; on September 1st he popped down to Garden State Park, in Jersey, and won the Trenton Handicap on First Fiddle; on the third he was in Chicago again, winning the Washington Park Handicap on Busher, and on the fifth he rode at the opening of Hollywood Park, which, I hardly need tell you, is in California. A tidy bit of mileage in nine days. Most of it was done by plane. As a matter of fact, Longden commuted all summer between the eastern tracks and Chicago, where the stable of Louis B. Mayer, to which he's under contract, was racing. Longden is a quiet, leathery little man. He was born in England thirty-five years ago and was brought by his parents to Calgary, Alberta, when quite young. Because he was too small for farm work, he started riding at fairs and on the half-mile track, eventually working his way up to top man at Polo Park, in Winnipeg, and at Chinook Park, in Calgary. He has been on the big time for a decade. He is not a brilliant rider, but he gets a lot out of his mounts. Among his whips is a trenchant thing made by taping the tips of three old-fashioned buggy whips together. Somebody once asked Longden when he used it. "Only under unusual circumstances," he said.

—AUDAX MINOR

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WASHINGTON—(AP)—A reason for the shortage of white shirts was offered today by Representative Dickstein (Dem., N.Y.)

He said in a statement that large shipments of shirt materials large shipments of shirt material can manufacturers without the necessary goods.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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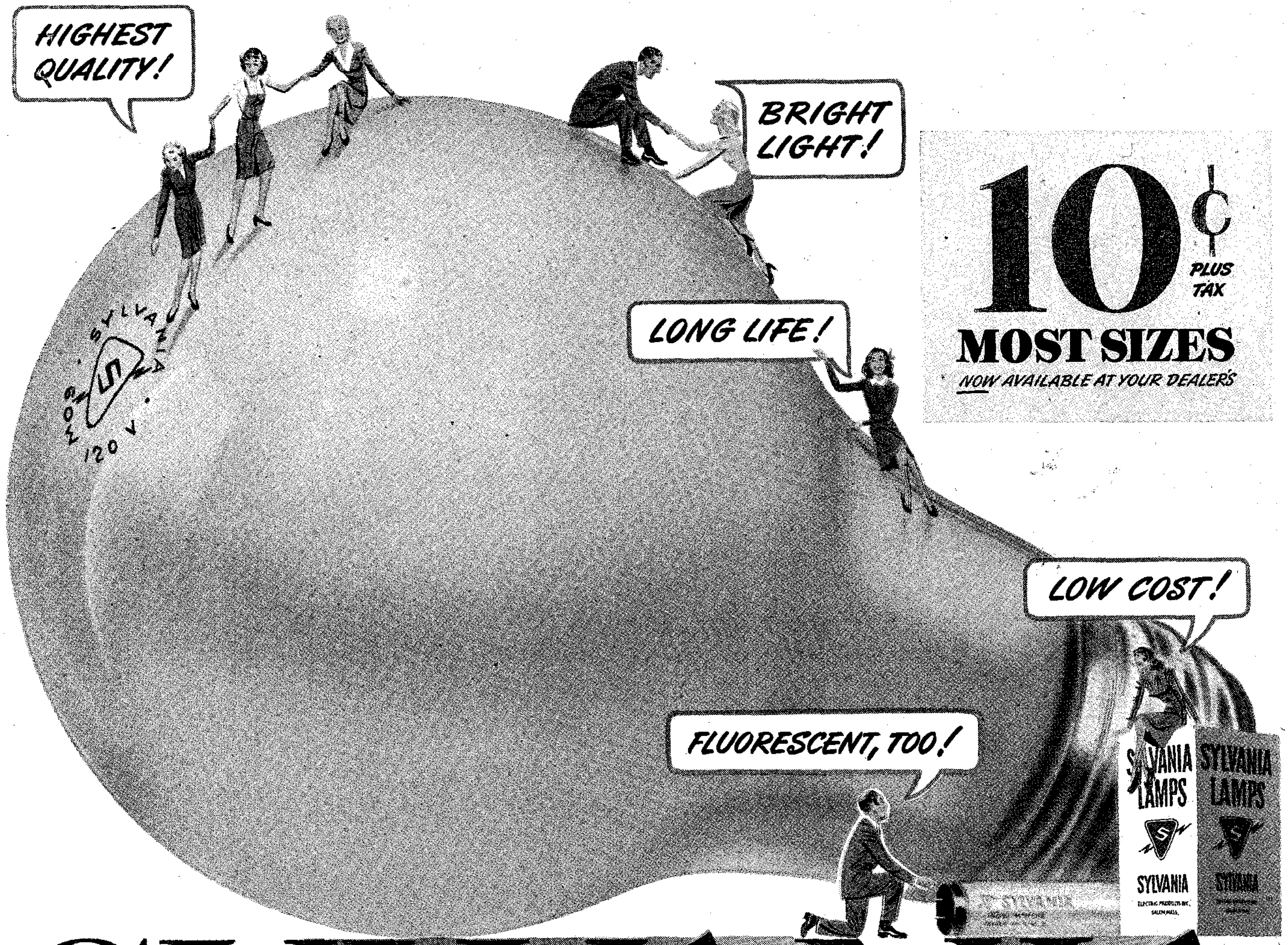
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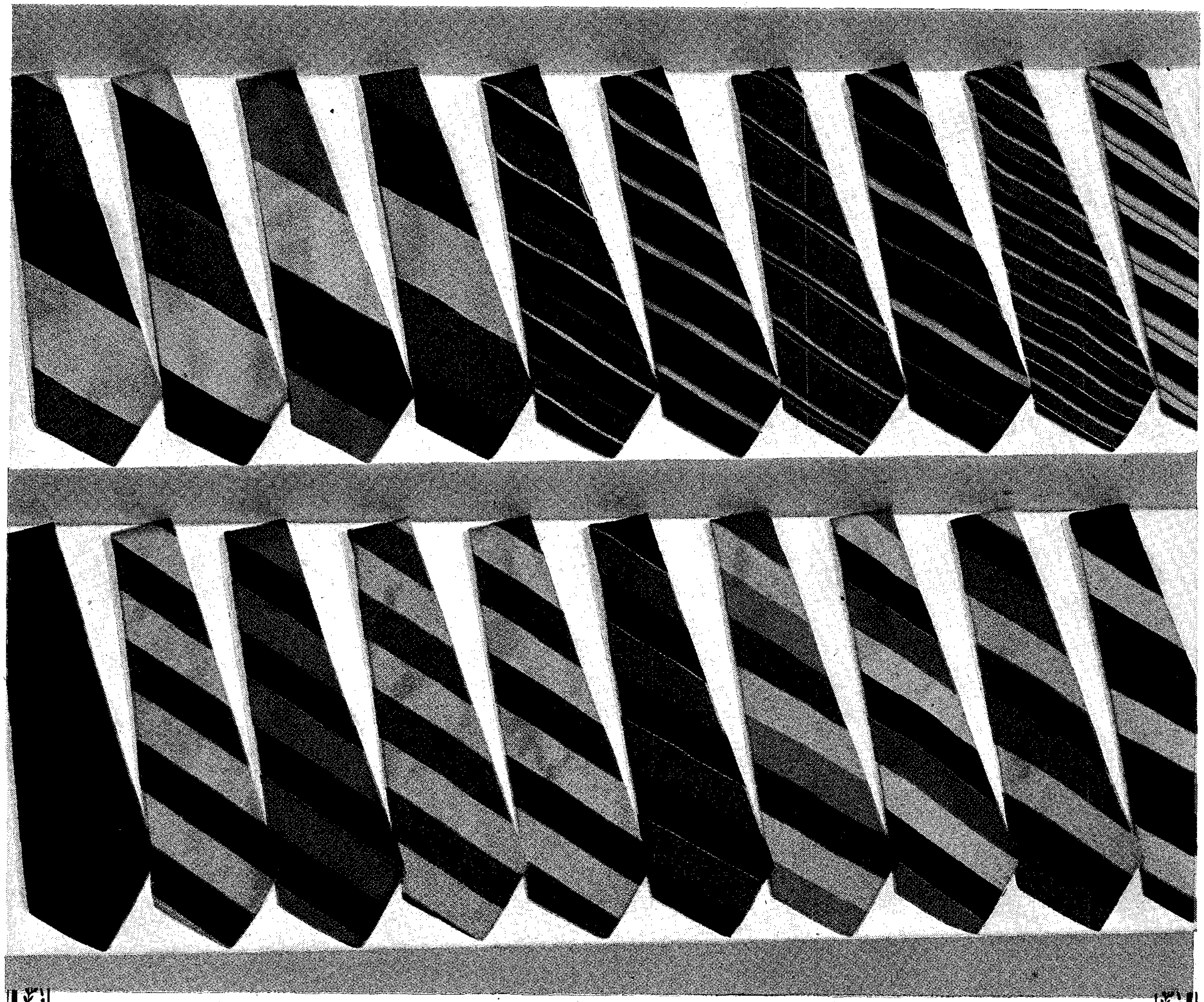

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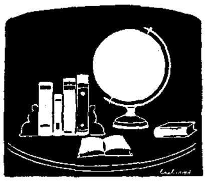
BOOKS

Dr. Reik on Love

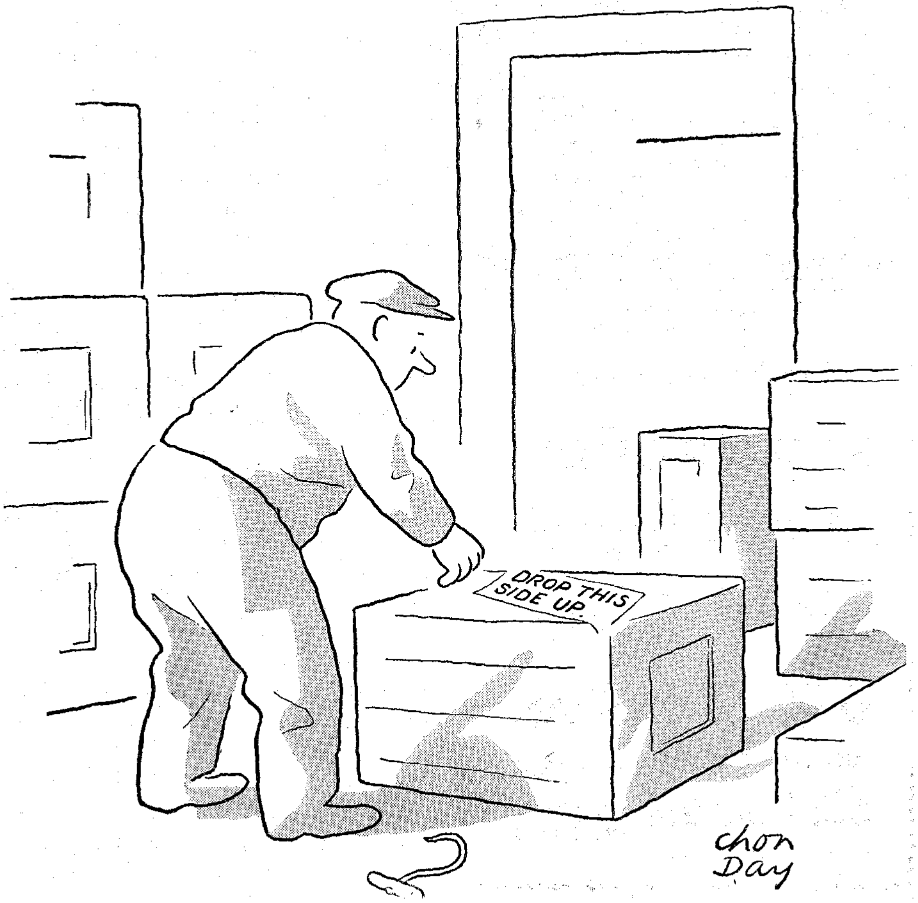


AMONG the disciples of Sigmund Freud whom *the war in* Europe drove to seek refuge in this country, one of the most distinguished and most original is Theodor Reik, whose "Masochism in Modern Man" (published first in Germany and then, four years later, over here) is the definitive work in that field. Turning away from the shady pastures of neurosis and perversion in which most of his colleagues feed, he has written two books, "A Psychologist Looks at Love," published last year, and a companion volume, "The Psychology of Sex Relations" (both Farrar & Rinehart). These books are intended for the unneurotic layman, both take issue with those psychoanalysts who for almost forty years have uncritically and unquestioningly supported Freud's assertion that love is a sexual phenomenon, that it is sex made sexless. Love, according to Dr. Reik, is not sex. Children are *not born with the instinct to love*; they feel the need, and acquire the capacity, to love rather late. Love is possible only after a certain phase of development is reached. It is a fusion, under certain favorable conditions, of "the sex urge, the need to conquer, and affection." Falling in love is the result of an internal crisis, of that very serious self-dissatisfaction that seems to occur periodically in everyone who grows up in our culture pattern. Love is an antidote, an attempt to reëstablish one's damaged self-esteem by shifting one's ideal from oneself to an imaginary person (handsomer, cleverer, more courageous, and more efficient) whom one would like to be, and then to a real person who fulfills the expectations one has *had for oneself, and whose identity*, after a psychic struggle, becomes fused with one's own.

Dr. Reik is certain that the emotion of love was not experienced by the cavemen. Love is a product, he says, of civilization, even of a certain kind of civilization (it is unknown in many Oriental cultures), and it is essentially a matter of values. "The genesis of love becomes possible only when one person is valued more than another, or rather, more than many others," he writes. To fall in love, you must attribute a higher value to another person than to yourself. It doesn't make any difference whether the values attributed to the love object are real or imaginary. Matters of contention though they may be among the scientists, these ideas will probably not strike the general public, which has never swallowed Freud's libido theory and is not without experience of its own to go on, as sensational. But to take issue again and again, as Dr. Reik has done, with such a powerful and intellectually organized group as the American psychoanalysts requires integrity and a passion for truth. To Dr. Reik, "sex means . . . the expression of a merely biological drive which in its original form [seldom found] is as primitive and elementary as hunger or the needs of excretion. The sex-drive gains its great psychological significance only in its alliance with non-sexual drives [ambition, love, etc.]. Unless it is so allied, it is not a factor in the formation of culture." By no procedure in the world, he insists, can sexual excitement be converted into the creative energy that produced the Gothic cathedrals and the quartets of Beethoven.

Dr. Reik has very interesting things to say about the battle of the sexes, the vindictiveness of lovers, jealousy, unfaithfulness, promiscuity, human dignity in sex, and sexual fantasies. He is at his most illuminating in the discussion of whether sex relations between two persons in love are selfish or altruistic. They are both, he says, and neither, since they are really beyond such considerations. When a man's regard and respect for a woman are implicit, they will express themselves spontaneously. Oversolicitude on the part of a man is not an expression of tenderness but a substitute for it.

From the literary point of view, "The Psychology of Sex Relations" is an uneven performance. In his effort to write simply enough to be understood by the intelligent layman, Dr. Reik sometimes overshoots his mark by a mile or two, but this is forgivable in an author who is writing in a borrowed language, and often very well indeed. Judging by his other books, it is clear that Dr. Reik is thoroughly at home in the world of literature, and one can't help wishing that he had used passages from, say, "Madame Bovary" or "Anna Karenina" to illustrate his arguments instead of those dreary young generalities, John and Jane. But after the sweet ignorance of Dr. Marie Stopes, the moralism of Havelock Ellis, and the clinical jargon of most psychoanalytic writers, many of these pages seem almost inspired. They constitute a cour-



by Dorothy B. Hughes

YOU MAY TRAVEL
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Dread Journey

"...She was afraid. It wasn't a tremble of fear. It was a dark hood hanging over her head. She was meant to die. That was why she was on The Chief speeding eastward. This was her bier..."

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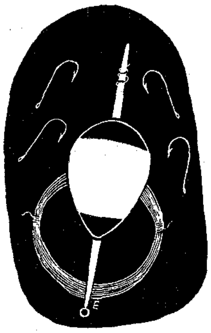
ageous and important expedition into what will probably always remain the dark continent.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

VERSE

RAINER MARIA RILKE considered his letters part of the body of his imaginative work. He stated this belief in his will (he died in 1926), no doubt remembering that he had often sent off to friends, in the freshness of recent experience, material that he later shaped into permanent form. Scholars have found omissions, confusions, and overlappings in the German editions of Rilke's letters, edited by his daughter, Ruth, and her husband, Dr. Carl Sieber. Any translation of these originals must repeat their faults in some degree. "Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke," translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton (Norton), is a selection from the correspondence between 1892, when Rilke was seventeen, and 1910, when he was thirty-five. It is a well-rounded collection, even though it leaves out too much of the shrewd and practical Rilke. For example, the letters to his publisher, Kippenberg, beginning in 1906, are underrepresented.

Those who are familiar with the entire correspondence in its original form have been known to point out the sameness of its tone, a sameness that at times seems to verge on obsession. It is true that a surface monotony exists. Rilke never plays the fool, never humorously belittles his work and aims, as less absorbed writers, in moments of silliness or bitterness, allow themselves to do. If he seems continually to underline the worth and dignity of his tasks, we must remember that certain lightnesses may have been edited away, and we must remember the peculiarities of his background and his time.



What is often called Rilke's "snobbery" is explained by the correspondence. He often claimed aristocratic lineage, but he never tried to hide the facts of his childhood—the cheap flat in Prague, the neurotic mother, and the petty-official father.. From his background he acquired a horror of "the little official post" in which, in the ordinary way of things, his life would probably have been spent. He early discovered that when he asked anyone for a job to carry him through difficult times, nothing whatever happened, but when he asked anyone for money outright, or for a pleasant place to write in, he almost invariably found immediate help. He was able, that is, to profit from the still-active patron system, as it existed in pre-1914 Europe. He soon discovered in just what ways this system could save him from uncreative routine and the pressure of poverty. His charm, his sensitiveness, and even the purity of his aims appealed to certain men and women who were rich, appreciative, and often titled. These people almost at once began to draw interest on their investment, in the form of exquisite works of literature composed under their roofs or on their money. Rilke advocating the simple life and unremitting labor, in the letters he sent out to his friends from a series of vast castles, great houses, and Grand Hotels, has figured in the anecdotes of his detractors. Another Rilke had to exist, and did exist. He could withdraw from any situation with gentle stubbornness. He could live as a recluse surrounded by Bohemian gaiety, as Cocteau and others have testified. He loved solitude, even when it was accompanied by squalor, and he was as good at getting out of castles, when need be, as he was at getting into them.

These letters show Rilke growing from the indecisive, arty, and provincial young man into the severe, civilized, completely equipped artist. They provide a background for his first great works: "New Poems" (1907 and 1908) and the prose "Journal of Malte Laurids Brigge" (1910). Underneath the unvarying seriousness of surface, of which I have already spoken, slowly gathers an incomparable variety of observation, insights, and interests—"the bewildering richness of his mind." I know of no other correspondence that affords so much pleasure to the sympathetic reader. Little by little the panic and the complaints of the young poet subside, and we are listening to a man who has endured all the blows his civilization can deal and has profited spiritually by them all. The tendency to make a religion out of Rilke has been strong. Reading these letters, one can understand from what sources this tendency springs. For Rilke, far ahead of his time (see, for example, his analysis of Cézanne, written in 1907), recognized certain focal points of modern neurosis and unease. He understood disintegration because he himself had very nearly disintegrated. He sought unity, insight, composure, and patience

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because he had seen these qualities work cures. His search corresponds to our modern search, and contemporary poets who approach Rilke in seriousness and gifts unanimously agree that it was, and is, a kind of religious hunger that activated Rilke and makes modern man uneasy. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

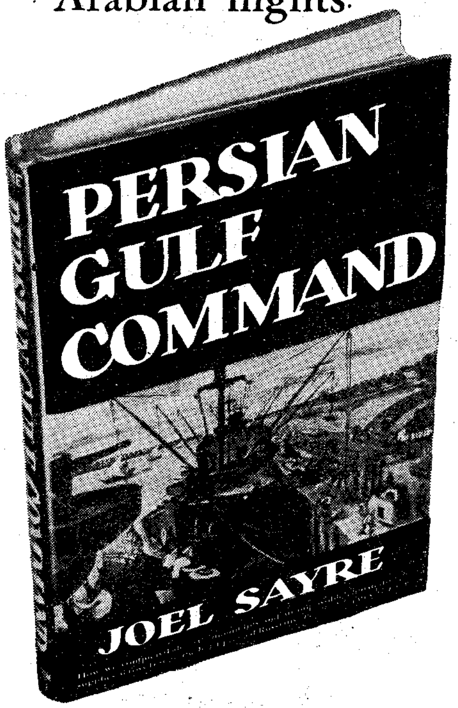
FICTION

He Brings Great News, by Clemence Dane (Random House). To the reviewer, who, in the line of duty, has yawned his way through the historical fiction of the past few years, this admirable novel about the aftermath of the Battle of Trafalgar offers a dangerous opportunity to make a monkey of himself. Nevertheless, Miss Dane's story of the mission of the young lieutenant who was assigned to bring to England news of a great victory and a great loss is a beautifully told, exciting narrative pulsing with the breath of life—a quality we have almost ceased to look for in current historical romances.

The West Window, by L. P. Hartley (Doubleday, Doran). This is the kind of novel about which Americans almost invariably say, with slightly lifted eyebrows, "This is the kind of novel the English do so well," implying that our own writers cannot be bothered with such fragile matters. Mr. Hartley (an Englishman) has told so neatly and with so delicate a wit the story of a gentle little boy, his passionate, possessive sister, and the results of the girl's loving domination that you must look twice to realize that here is something more than comedy. A certain morning freshness about the novel is marred, though not fatally, by a suspiciously literary flavor in the talk of these English children.

Beachhead on the Wind, by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown). The story of a landing party on one of the Aleutians, where there was no battle except with the bitter wind and where there were no heroes—only seven miserable men, each looking out for himself. The episode is told by one of the sailors, who, invalided home, is obsessed by a neurotic sense of guilt and an urgent need to tell his tale, in which (inevitably) nobody is interested. Such narratives are unquestionably a valuable part of the testimony of war, but this one loses some of its effectiveness because of

The story of some Americans who worked a modern miracle in the land of the Arabian nights.



➤ Over a single-track railroad, through mountain passes, unbroken deserts, and the vilest climate on earth, the men of the P.G.C. (short for *Persian Gulf Command* or *People Going Crazy*—usually both) supplied the Russians with the materials that saved Stalingrad and pushed back the Nazi tide. *It was like serving all of Greater New York with the Coney Island scenic railway . . .*

Across Iran, working, cursing, griping, and perspiring, they delivered 4½ million long tons of everything a fighting people needs—from ammunition, food, clothing, and medicine to an entire Ford plant. Joel Sayre spent nearly a year in Iran with the P.G.C. His story is the epic and often hilarious account of the unorthodox soldiers who horrified the West Pointers but performed one of the most miraculous feats in the history of war. *$2.00*

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By JOEL SAYRE
With a preface by JAMES THURBER
Illustrated by BRUCE MITCHELL of Life

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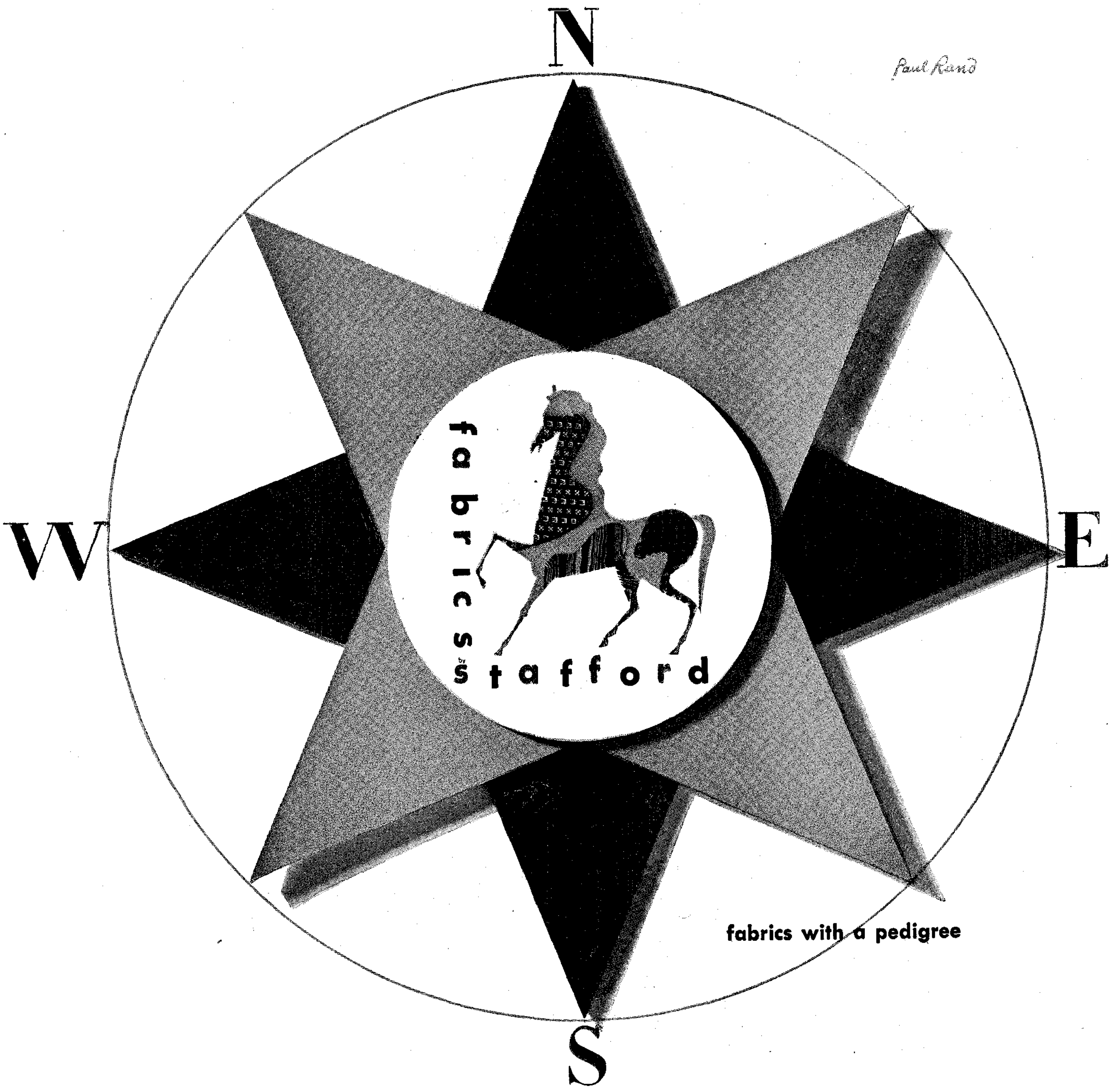

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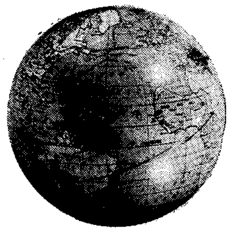

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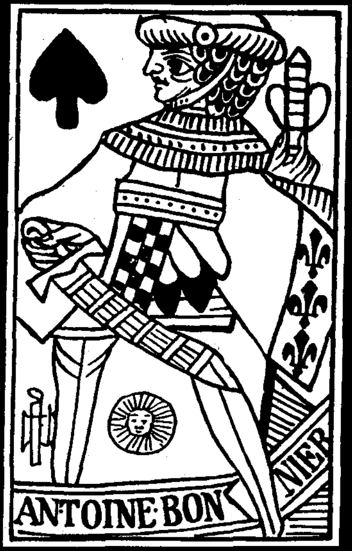

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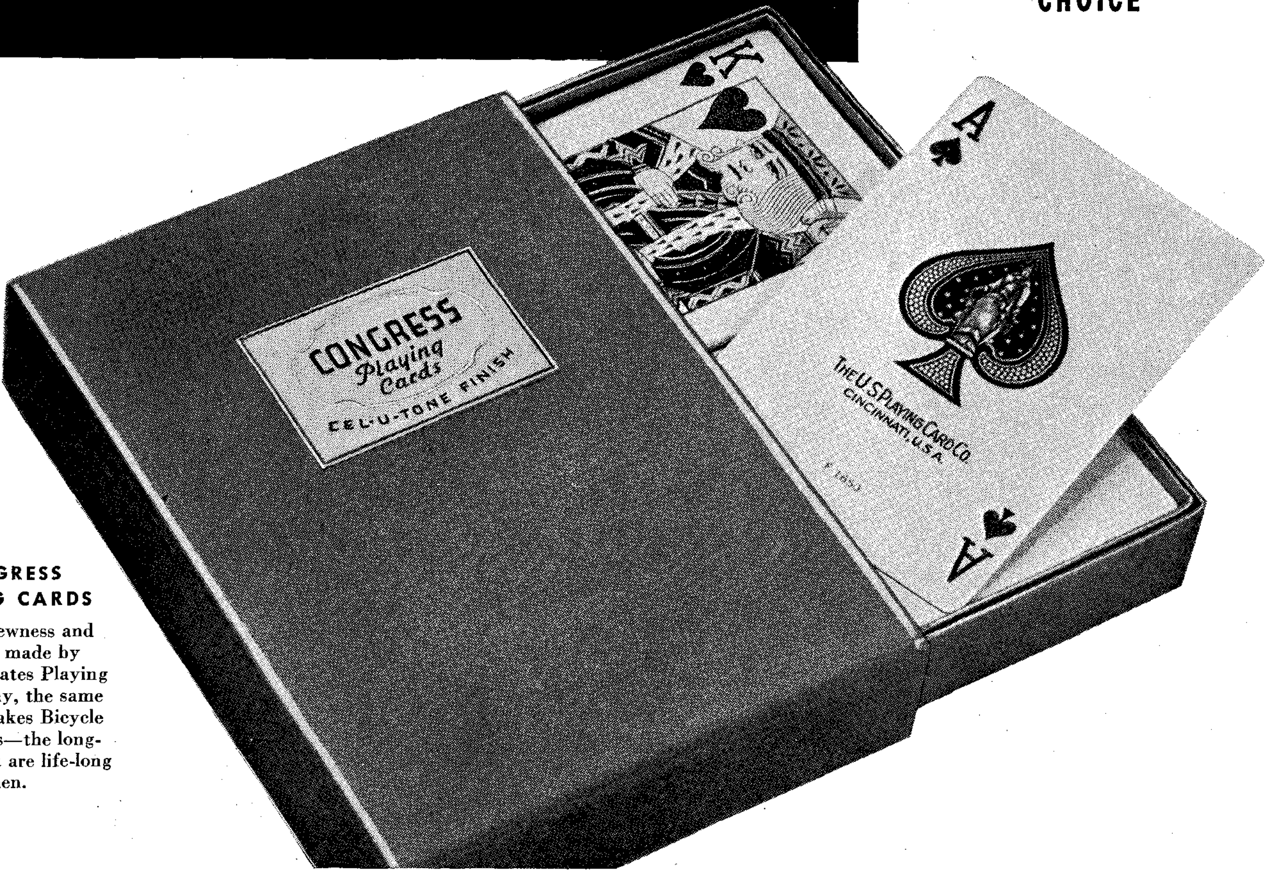

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Mr. Jonas's occasional lapses into a self-consciously literary style.

Desert Episode, by George Greenfield (Macmillan). How two company commanders felt and what they thought about just before and during the battle of El Alamein. What counts in this brief novel is the vividness of the scene and the sense of heat, dust, and flies, all of which Mr. Greenfield makes real and unbearable. The much too talky characters are drawn with a shaky hand and do not amount to a great deal.

January Thaw, by Bellamy Partridge (Whittlesey House). A young New York couple (whom the author does not seem to suspect are a trifle dim-witted and more than a trifle pretentious) buy a beautiful old Connecticut house with a flaw in the title. What happens when an old man and his wife, who have a claim on the place, move in with the New Yorkers makes a story that Mr. Partridge does his undistinguished best to render amusing.

GENERAL

Inside Rome with the Germans, by Jane Scrivener (Macmillan). The journal kept by an American woman (whose name is not Jane Scrivener) from September, 1943, when the Germans occupied Rome, to the next June, when the Fifth and Eighth Armies chased them out. The book necessarily lacks suspense, but it's no less interesting for that. The author is a Catholic religious, which accounts for her having been able to get about the city, and she kept her wits about her, recording the endless cruelties of the Germans (and the bravery of Italian patriots in the face of them), the Romans' sniggering at the "open city" farce the Nazis solemnly maintained all that winter as their trucks and tanks rumbled through the streets, and the contempt with which both Romans and Germans treated the black-shirted hoodlums of Mussolini's rump republic—"Pinocchio's Republic," the Romans called it. In sum, the diary is a testament to the basic decency and courage of the everyday people of Rome at a time when they were literally without a friend in the world.

Big Business in a Democracy, by James Truslow Adams (Scribner). In this remarkable document, which he hints may be his last, Mr. Adams looks at American big business and finds it a bully good thing—a func-

"NAY, NAY!" . . . said MR. CLAY

*© 1945
*Reg. T.M.

"I guess you didn't hear me say
I want a rum of rich bouquet
And mellow flavor, if I may."

. . .

The waiter returned (his name was Chico)
And said, "Try *this* made with *Ronrico!*"
"Yes, yes! By every test," said Clay
"Ronrico Collins are the best
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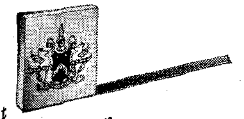

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tion of our democratic way of life which will probably be the "Mount Ararat on which the ark of free civilization is to rest after the world flood." The author, politely brushing aside the snide remarks the "reformers" have been making for years about big business, writes a loose and chatty history of it, using the General Motors Corporation as his model. If his reasoning at times shows a ravelled sleeve, if he tends to breeze past some of the more serious allegations against big business, at least Mr. Adams' enthusiasm is boundless and, as he carefully points out, entirely gratuitous. It adds up to a very pretty compliment indeed, and industry, never exactly surfeited with unpaid-for valentines, ought to be very proud.

DILEMMA IN JAPAN, by Andrew Roth (Little, Brown). This crisp book is a study of the two basically opposed points of view about what to do with Japan: whether she should be permitted to keep the Emperor and the ruling oligarchy to (and here you must take a firm hold on your semantics) retain "stability" and prevent "chaos," or whether we should get rid of the autocratic caste and attempt the free dissemination of "democratic ideas." Mr. Roth, who has recently become pretty well known for his attacks on what is called the "Japan Crowd" in the State Department, is a proponent of the anti-Emperor school and his argument is impressive. He gives the record of liberalism and anti-militarism in Japan before and during the war and discusses the democratic element that exists in the country today. If his book gets the circulation it deserves, it should help equip the American public to enter the portentous debate with some idea of what the whole thing is about.

THE AGE OF JACKSON, by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (Little, Brown). This is not merely a history of a Presidential administration, it is an exhaustive inquiry, and a brilliant one, into Jacksonian democracy as an intellectual as well as a political-philosophic movement. As Mr. Schlesinger sees it, the real struggle of the Jacksonians was not so much between them and Hamiltonian conservatism; it was, rather, an inner one in which the Jacksonians strove, often unconsciously, to reconcile their philosophy with the Jeffersonian philosophy of anti-Statism they inherited—the "Jeffersonian myth," the author calls it, which pretended that an active, aggressive liberalism did not need a strong government to carry out its reforms. Mr. Schlesinger believes that a backward glance at the battles and victories of Andrew Jackson is important to American democracy in these years of swift social changes.

THE CHEROKEE STRIP, by Marquis James (Viking). Sketches of persons and places of the author's boyhood, in a wholly satisfactory book that is more than an amiable tour de force. Young James, a country-newspaper reporter while he was still in high school (and no "campus correspondent," either), was an observant youth, and little seems to have happened in Oklahoma Territory that he didn't get at first hand or hear about. There are stories of posses and bad men, of Comanches and the Pony Express, and of other horse-opera matters; there is also a subtle and humorous self-portrait of a young man in his and the West's days of innocence.

THE CASTLE BUCK, by Phil H. Moore (Longmans, Green). Tales of hunting and fishing, some tall and some realistic, by a retired American engineer turned Nova Scotian sportsman. A number of these stories have appeared in outdoor magazines, which is another way of saying they are perfect for those to whom a rod or a gun is the staff of life.

NOTE: "Gardner Rea's Sideshow," a collection of the artist's cartoons, a number of them from *The New Yorker*, has been published by McBride.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WRONG MAN, by H. C. Bailey (Doubleday, Doran). An American colonel with an inexplicable amount of leisure time, finds that the wife of a friend, evacuated to an English village, has got herself involved in a murder case and goes to bat for the lady. Since the evidence, as Inspector Underwood of the Yard points out, is not very clear, the colonel calls in Joshua Clunk, whose operatives finally hack their way to a solution of the mystery, having to do with dark dealings in the antique-furniture business. Rather difficult going, even for Clunk's admirers.

THE PORTABLE MURDER BOOK, selected and introduced by Joseph Henry Jackson (Viking). Famous murder cases mulled over by Edmund Pearson, Dorothy Sayers, William

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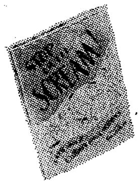

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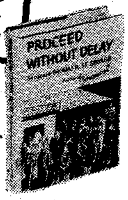

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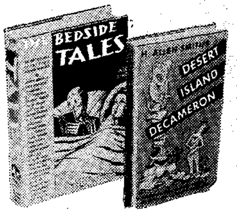

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Roughead, William Bolitho, Christopher Morley, and other specialists. One of the purposes of this collection, according to Mr. Jackson's introduction, is to exhibit murders typical of a wide variety of times and places; as it turns out, the bulk of the cases are English and American, but a nice balance has been maintained between the old, familiar ones and those that will be new to most readers. An especially good job of its kind.

DREAD JOURNEY, by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Miss Kitten Agnew, an actress whose name, we are told, is one to conjure with in Hollywood, sits in her compartment on a transcontinental train practically popeyed because she is sure she is going to be murdered before the trip is over. Some acquaintances on the journey begin to agree with the young lady, and so everyone is thoroughly tense before the climax, which unfortunately doesn't bear close inspection. A frightening story, since Miss Hughes is expert in conveying the feeling that at any moment everything is going to cave in on the reader.

PUZZLE FOR WANTONS, by Patrick Quentin (Simon & Schuster). This is a Peter Duluth mystery, which means that a wide audience of readers are presumably ready to burst out laughing whenever this toughish private operative opens his mouth to say anything. Duluth and his wife are staying at a lodge near Reno this time, at a houseparty to which have been invited three ladies and the husbands they are about to divorce, a situation which practically guarantees a spate of murder. Duluth clears things up and, about half the time, is as funny as he is expected to be. Recommended for his fairly special clientele.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

If you've wondered how Gene Markey wangled his way out of a sidetrack job in the Navy and into active service, here is the inside story. It was told me by Penny Singleton's baby's godmother, Isobel Lowe, who is here to join her husband, Com. Paul F. Foster, due in a few days. Isobel, who played in Broadway's "Good Gracious Annabelle," says her husband ran into Gene in the Panama Canal Zone. Foster, she says, arrived looking like a bundle of wet wash, was due for inspection and had no change of clothing.

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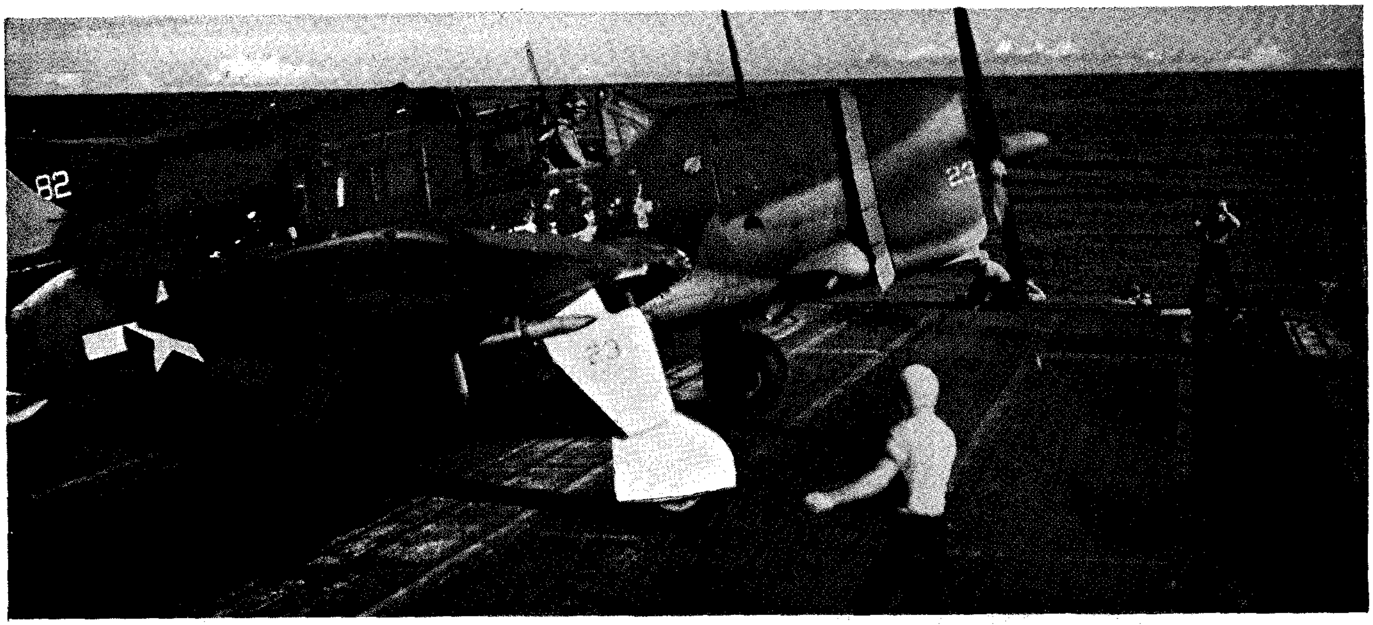
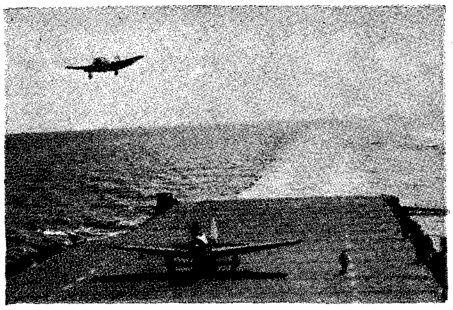
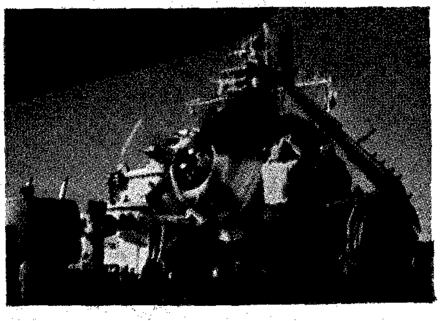


the "sunday punch"

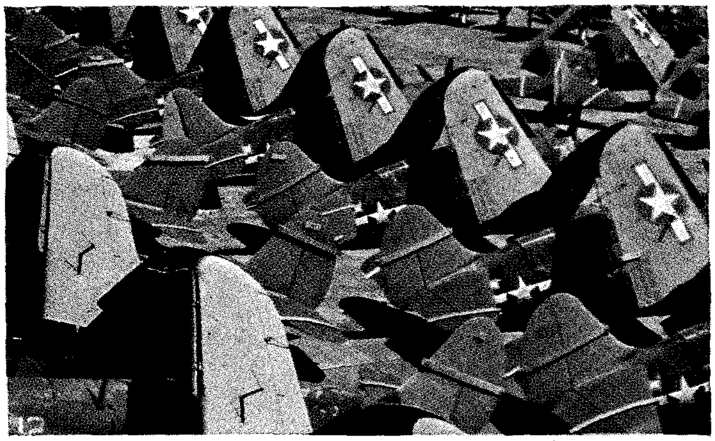
This is the story of one of the deadliest weapons of the war—of one of the most versatile airplanes ever built, of the gallant men who fly it, and their magnificent combat record . . . But it is far more than one airplane, one day's headlines, one heroic step closer to victory.



Revenge was sweet at Rabaul, Japan's "little Pearl Harbor," where the Helldivers first made combat history . . . tearing through the Zeros to blast the Jap fleet. Score: 3 ships sunk—11 damaged. But that was only a good beginning.



Steadily spearheading our ground assault, the Curtiss SB2C Helldiver squadrons struck from the carrier fleet with smashing successes over the Marianas, at Saipan, the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, over Okinawa and Tokyo itself.



The "Fist of the Fleet" delivers its Sunday Punch for the Marines, too, flying from Pacific land bases. Here you see how folded wings facilitate storage. Current version of the SB2C Helldiver carries a devastating bomb load, eight five-inch rockets, and fires a stream of 20 mm. shells from wing cannon. An all-Curtiss-Wright plane, fastest and most powerful of its type, the Helldiver is powered by a sturdy Wright Cyclone—harnessed to a 4-bladed Curtiss Electric propeller.

BEHIND the battle record of the Curtiss SB2C Helldiver is the story of thousands of men and women workers—one of the most skillful teams of builders ever known. It is the story of the courageous men of the air who fly and service our planes . . . an American story—with the pay-off in the promise of the future, when America's airpower is destined to serve a world at peace, in trade, in travel and in communication.

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